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THE

WILD SPORTS OF INDIA.

O. Hooper Phot. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

MAJOR HENRY SHAKESPEAR.

THE

FIELD SPORTS OF INDIA:

WITH DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SPORTSMAN:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

REMARKS ON THE BREEDING AND RISING OF HORSES,

AND THE FORMATION OF LIGHT REGIMENTAL CAVALRY.

BY

MAJOR HENRY SHAKESPEAR,

LATE COMMANDANT NASSUCK IRREGULAR HORSE.

SECOND EDITION, MUCH ENLARGED,

WITH PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:

H. ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

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SK 235
S52
1862

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In offering a second edition of this work to the public, it appears becoming to preface it with a few words expressive of the sincere thanks of the author for the very favourable and kind consideration the first edition has met with. The rapid sale and success of this was quite unexpected; indeed, it was not his intention to write a book for the reading public of England generally; his aim had been a book of instruction for the young sportsman going out to India, and possibly the perusal of this by those dear to him.

My friends have advised me in this edition to give in minute detail every information, *ab initio*, which may be useful to the sportsman going to India, both for his health, his comfort, and for his safety. I trust that I have done this without making the book tedious to the general reader, while it will enable the young hunter to pursue the sport with less risk to his

health and life; and it is a satisfaction to me to feel, that in this edition I have endeavoured to make some return to the anxious parents who may have been under the impression that the perusal of the first edition of my book has imbued their sons with a taste for wild sports.

If a boy has no natural and innate love of sport, or a longing desire for this excitement, the book will be read like any other story-book, and laid aside; if, however, the thirst for manly sport and excitement exists in his heart, he will endeavour to quench it with, or without, the knowledge derived from a book; with the aid derived from this, he shall happily quench his thirst again and again; without it, he may unhappily quench his thirst with his life.

The training that makes a sportsman makes a soldier; it gives him endurance, and ability to stand exposure to the sun and climate; it gives him an eye for country, in addition to the advantages enumerated in the preface to the first edition, viz. familiarity with danger: and I could mention names of men greatly distinguished for their conduct throughout their entire career in India, and most especially during the late Mutiny; who have been well known for their

courage and skill in all noble woodcraft; who have from their early days followed the pursuit recommended in this book, with advantage to their own health, and, what is of more consequence, to the benefit of mankind in general.

The native words have been used for the information of the young shikaree or sportsman, the English words have followed as translation for the general reader.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

SINCE the commencement of this work, England has been suprised and horrified by the terrible mutiny and revolt of the Bengal army, and by the cruel enormities committed by men who had taken the oath of fealty and allegiance to the East India Government. It is not too much to say that, in many cases, young and gallant gentlemen, descended from the chivalry of England, have fallen helpless and almost unresisting victims, who, had they been acquainted with the use of their weapons, and accustomed to handle them, as well as manage their horses at speed, might have escaped, or, at least, have sold their lives dearly, and died in arms.

Courage without skill will not avail in the time of danger: and men of great natural courage will, from being unaccustomed to scenes of peril, lose their presence of mind at such moments.

Knowledge such as is called for in the examination of candidates for cadetcies is very useful, and actually necessary; such also as is acquired on the parade-ground is likewise necessary; but they are not the only kinds of knowledge required by the soldier. One man, accustomed to look danger in the face, feeling the consciousness of superiority over his enemy from knowledge of his weapons, is, at the hour of peril, worth a host of men who have not had similar training. Danger which would appal others, is to such a man a delight; and almost as necessary to him as the breath of life is the excitement attending such scenes.

I must beg my readers to be indulgent, and to forgive many mistakes and ill-worded sentences in the following pages; requesting him to bear in mind that those who are in the habit of taking much out-door exercise, can rarely brook the restraint required to keep them steadily at work writing a book.

"This child"—as the American most happily terms himself—when very innocent, inherited a love of sport, and with it a seat on horseback, quite at variance with a seat at a desk. From using the spear, his right hand soon became a great deal too

hard and unpliant to use the pen. Thus this book trusts for support only to its matter and utility.

That a thirst for adventure, and a love of excitement and danger, may be engendered in the hearts of the rising generation, and that England's sons may rouse themselves from their beds of luxury and ease—

> "Wield the keen brand and poise the ready spear,
> And back the wild horse in his wild career,"

is the earnest wish of the author, and aim of this work.

May the reader always bear in mind, that he who walks in the untrodden forests of India, teeming as they are in many places with wild animals, goes, as it were, with his life in his hand; and, though

> "Fate steals along with silent tread
> Found oftenest in what least we dread,"

that there is One who is always watching over and caring for us, even when we do not take care of ourselves.

> "For Death, he gathers here and there,
> Now spares the dark, now strikes the fair,
> Now poisons with a kitten's claw
> The man escaped the tiger's jaw;
> Controlled alone by Him whose will
> Chooses the good from out the ill;
> Daunted alone by Him whose power
> Creates the little daisy flower,

Rearing it in simplicity
And all its native beauty free,
Beneath the giant forest tree.
Dared oftentimes by him who knows
That God is with him as he goes—
Then, Death, thou canst not give alarm
To him who, shielded from all harm,
Goes forth in humble faith of heart,
And laughs to scorn thy threat'ning dart,
Allowed on him prepared to fall,
When ready, at his Master's call,
Surely, our earthly work being done,
Death hath no sting, Life is but then begun."

H. S.

13*th Sept.* 1859.

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ERRATA.

For "Koormbins" (*passim*), *read* "Koormburs."

WILD SPORTS OF INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

"Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

INTRODUCTORY.

Advantages to be obtained from a Love for Field Sports—Weapons: Rifles, Hunting-knives, Swords.

THERE are many sportsmen in India who have had more experience in shikar, that is, in hunting and killing the large game with which its forests abound, than the writer of the following pages:—there are few who have followed the calling with more zeal and delight, or who can look back with greater pleasure to many hairbreadth escapes and successes. They are detailed, not for the instruction or edification of old or experienced sportsmen, but to teach the young and uninformed.

When I arrived in India, in 1834, an accomplished English sportsman, that is to say, a shooter of small

game, what would not I have given for the experience of twenty-seven years, now offered in these pages!

Ye anxious parents, who perchance read or hear of the title of my book, with a full determination and dread resolve that your boys shall not peruse or obtain it, bear with me a little, while I explain to you, that by making them shikarees, or hunters of the large game of India's magnificent forests, you are keeping them out of a thousand temptations and injurious pursuits, which they can scarcely avoid falling into, if from no other cause than ennui and thoughtlessness. Induce them, if possible, to become fond of field sports. This will keep them fit for their duty as soldiers, both in body and inclination.

Depend upon it, that the deep-set eye, thin nostril, and arched brow, are not to be baulked of excitement. The possessors of these—I may say *gifts*—love and are formed for excitement. If not satiated in one way, and that an innocent, manly, and useful one, your boys may take to the gaming-table, or to an excess of feasting, rioting, or debauchery. Excitement they must have, or die. Let them, therefore, become bold riders, cunning hunters, riflemen of the woods. Inure them to toil while they are young, and a green old age shall reward *them* for their choice, and they shall be thankful to you for your encouragement and advice.

The active form, the muscular arm, the sinewy hand, the foot whose arched instep betokens its

spring and elasticity—beneath which, when naked on the ground, water will flow—were not given, combined with the above-named gifts, to waste their activity, strength, and lightness, in frivolous pursuits or effeminate pleasures.

I do not mean to hold up to scorn the quiet book-reading and studious character of a station; nor to state that there are not many such worthy men in each and every cantonment; but to inculcate the lesson that activity and employment are necessary to keep youth from vice—prone by nature as we all are to it, and more easily allured by its temptations than to good. I point out an amusement, and a useful pursuit, and a way of passing his leisure time, to the boy who, freed for the first time from the trammels of school, can rarely sit down and amuse himself with books, and, in consequence, is likely to fall into idleness—the root of all evil. To each one is his talent given by God to cultivate: to the Preacher, in order to save the souls of the poor, unlettered, and ignorant heathen; to him who has been blessed with the gifts of good nerve, energy, and strength, that he may save the bodies of these same ignorant heathen from the fell destroyer that lives in the forest and preys upon them. Who shall say that the poor idolater saved by the latter from destruction shall not become converted to Christianity by the former?

The author of this book has sons of his own already in India; it was for their instruction and guidance

that he first conceived the idea of writing this work. He hopes and trusts that they will study it, and become shikarees.

Exposure to the sun is the bugbear usually put forward to prevent young men from venturing into the forest or jungle; but, believe me, that with moderate care in keeping the head well covered with a thick cap, which will be hereafter described, with the use of other necessary accoutrements, and with the abstinence from wine and liquor during the heat of the day, and while exposed to the sun, this pursuit will not injure the health.

After upwards of twenty-seven years of service; after having, on three separate occasions, had bones broken in hunting—twice from horses falling and rolling over; having been wounded by a wild boar, wounded by a panther, and again wounded in action, the author of these pages is still in good health, and capable of riding a hundred miles in the day: this he has actually done, and even a greater distance than this, at different times, within the last few years.

I am obliged in this shikar account to be, I fear, very egotistical; but as it is to contain, strictly speaking, the hunting adventures, incidents, and accidents which happened to me *personally*, I must beg the reader's forgiveness and patience.

The knowledge I would impart to others has been gained by actual experience, or by information derived from native hunters, when verified and proved.

Amusement is not the business of life; nor would I wish any one to neglect the most trivial duty for which he is paid, and for the performance of which the government he serves has its just claim. There is a time for all things, and there are many leisure hours at the disposal of young men in India, which may be profitably employed in shikar.

To give all the information I possess to the aspirant to the useful, and I hope it may be called the honourable, title of a shikaree, that is, a slayer of the wild animals of India, and to explain to him what it is advisable he should procure in England, and what he will require in India, is the purport of the preliminary chapter of this edition.

The hunting apparel, as it best pleases him, may be made up here or there, but if not made up here, he should take the material with him, and it should be made from head to foot of the patterns described.

There can be no fashion in clothes for this work; they must be made easy for the wearer, but not loose enough to impede his progress in the jungle. For the protection of the head a fore and aft hunting cap, with the brim on either side to extend a couple of inches beyond the ears, with small ventilators at the top, and covered with a light cloth (not black velvet) of any neutral tint;—light slate-colour or light brown is the best. This cap should be made strong enough to save your head in the event of your coming down hunting on rocky ground, but not made too heavy;

and it is easy enough to have covers of different coloured cloth (padded with cotton if necessary), agreeably to the tints of the jungles you are going to shoot in, as well as to the season of the year. This will admit also of their being washed. These covers must have button-holes to fasten to buttons fixed under the brim of the cap; they can thus be taken off and changed. A tape as broad as your finger, and six or eight inches long, with a button and hole at the end of it, should be sewn at the back of the cap to fasten it to a loop of similar tape sewn on the back and inside the collar of your shooting jacket. A strong and narrow black ribbon is also required; it should be sewn at the ends inside the cap, just long enough to go round the chin. This can at all times (save when riding hard in high wind) remain inside the cap. Your shooting jacket should be made so as to reach some three inches below your hips. A coat with pockets, such as is used in England for shooting or hunting, inevitably comes to grief in galloping through jungle or forest, and in shooting, the pockets are always catching in thorns, and shaking the bushes, when you should be moving silently. Five pockets are necessary, viz., for your shikar or hunting knife; small telescope; powder flask; a few bullets and caps, and your pocket handkerchief.

For eight months in the year cotton clothing, strong enough not to be torn by thorns, is as warm as you will be able to bear; and it is a good plan to

have two pairs of jackets, one a very little larger in size than the other; you go out very early in the morning with two jackets on, and take off one when the heat increases.

A light brown cotton corderoy is the best material for shooting trousers; it keeps out the spear grass, is not easily torn, and perhaps only for two months in the year is too hot to shoot in, while it will always be a capital riding trousers for hog-hunting. Have them made pretty loose from the waist to the knees, and tight from that downwards.

To have your boots or shoes made for shooting in India, is of greater consequence than is dreamt of in the philosophy of most young sportsmen. Have them made in England, Wellington boots, with soles not thicker than will bend with your foot as you walk, easy enough to pull off without trouble. The heels hardly higher than the soles. If the sole of the boot will not bend with your foot as you put it to the ground, you cannot walk silently. You can have some light shoes for going about among rocks, for bears, or over them for ibex, but the boot keeps out thorns and speargrass from the instep and ancle; and if the upper leather is made light, a boot of this sort will hardly be heavier than a shoe.

The trousers should be just large enough to go over this boot, not made lower than the ancle; if it bags at all at this part you will make unnecessary noise in walking.

A small hunting spur, the neck of which is just long enough to hold the sharp rowel, fastened with straps and buckles, is always to be worn, shooting or hunting, if you use, as I always use, a shooting horse or galloway to recover wounded game. This spur is not in the way, as I remarked in my first edition; the spur is the legitimate thing to punish a horse with or to stir his courage either for the encounter with animals or to exert his utmost power. Skilfully used only, both for his rider's safety and his own, never used to the extent of cruelty; and it is very rarely required, indeed, in a perfect hunter, though it is often required for the young horse until he has been broken in. With a spur of this kind, you may, on a courageous hunter, even without a weapon in your hand, gallop close to and round any savage animal, and thus mark him down until your shikarees (native hunters) bring up your rifles. The very short-necked spur does not, if you slip backwards, catch in the bushes or grass.

I suppose that a boy who has a love for field sports implanted in his nature will for many years before he is proceeding to India have an opportunity of sporting, and that he has attained to the art of shooting game flying and running. Most probably he commenced with sparrows, and gradually advancing through the list of small birds has learnt to kill neatly his partridges right and left.

All his youthful training will be of this great use

to him, that it will give him quickness of eye and familiarity with his gun. Now-a-days, rifle shooting has become so universally practised, that a boy has a very good chance of becoming an adept with this weapon before he is old enough to obtain a commission in the army, or has passed an examination which qualifies him to proceed to India in any capacity. Thirty years ago there were no opportunities in England, similar to those which now present themselves, for the acquisition of rifle shooting: consequently our children have great advantages over their fathers.

In my first edition it is stated that for a complete battery it is necessary to have two double-barrelled rifles. There are so many excellent rifle makers, that it would be invidious to give the names of one or two. If the price of the rifle is no object, of course go to the very best, who are the most experienced; but if high price prevents your obtaining rifles from the best makers, you must purchase what you can from those who charge less, though I would recommend that application should be made to the first-rate makers to make their best shooting rifles, but perfectly plain as to engraving and finish; and perhaps these will be found not more expensive than the rifles highly finished of inferior makers.

The turning out a single-barrelled rifle to shoot accurately is a very simple matter, but it is the putting together of two barrels, so as both shall

throw quite accurately, which is the difficulty, and which requires much time and trouble, and many nicely conducted trials, before both barrels will carry their bullets without diverging or crossing one another.

The experience of many years has brought me to the conclusion that a two-grooved bore is preferable to polygrooved, or three or four grooved; but the grooves should be broad, and the belts to correspond accurately, the bullets not to fit too tight, only requiring a thin greased rag or patch, or what is better, that the bullet should be sewn up in rag, just large enough for it. The stock must be as long as you can use it, and the bend in it to suit so accurately, that your cheek should find the part of the stock by resting on which your right eye catches at once the sights in line.

The best length for the barrels is thirty inches; and if the calibre is twelve, the belted ball will weigh about nine to the pound. These broad-belted bullets cause very severe wounds, tearing the flesh and bloodvessels in their progress, and letting out life more rapidly than plain spherical balls.

I found that my two-grooved rifle, throwing with similar charges equal weight of lead, hit harder and caused more severe wounds than a polygrooved rifle one and a half pounds heavier in weight; but if you prefer the polygrooved rifle, or one with four grooves, use with it a slightly cupped missile, similar to that fired out of the Enfield rifle; it will penetrate

farther than a spherical ball; but you will require a twelve-bored rifle to be at least thirteen pounds and a half weight, while a two-grooved rifle, as above described, need not be more than twelve pounds weight, and I think will be a more effective weapon.

The rifle should be bored, if possible, so as to throw its ball up to one hundred yards without rising; thus the ball should pass through the centre of ten sheets of paper put up at the exact height of the shoulder of the shooter from ten yards to one hundred. For this trial the sights should be folded down flush with the elevation. The screw in the centre, between the hammers of the rifle, should be so exactly centrical as to immediately serve the eye for this sight.

The folding sights may be made for distances at the discretion of the sportsman; they are usually made by the rifle-maker, for 150, 250, 300, and 400 yards; but as even the best antelope shots in India scarcely ever fire at above 200 yards at antelope, and as in the jungles it is very rare that game can be seen to be fired at above 150 yards, I should prefer the folding sights to be arranged so that an increase of thirty yards only should be obtained between each sight: thus, without the sights raised, that is flush, the rifle should carry 100 yards, first folding sight raised 130 yards, second sight 160, third 190, and fourth 220, which distance is sufficient for all shooting at game.

There would be no difficulty in having another set of folding sights made for long distance practice, up to 800 or 1,000 yards, if you wish it, but you cannot have these high sights to fold into the elevation between the barrels, and thus they are not adapted for a sporting rifle. The reason that any standing sight is objectionable is that there is often not time for the quickest eye and most experienced sportsman to catch the fine notched breech sight and the muzzle sight together, so as to cover the deadly part of a tiger, or other life-taking animal, when he is charging you at full speed; nor can you keep the sights in a line through bushes or other cover on an animal difficult to see from his similarity in colour to the jungle he is rushing through. Perhaps the space between you is only a few paces, and it takes but a few seconds' space of time for the animal to pass over these before he is upon you.

The other objection is that it is impossible to make rifles so that the ball is projected in a direct line, and not in a parabola, with charges proportioned to the weight of lead driven by them, if the sight is raised at the breech. I have known sportsmen, on the plea that their rifles threw their bullets above the animal aimed at, at short distances, condemn all rifles, and prefer shooting with smooth bores.

To return from this digression. The principle of swivel ramrods, such as are used for carbines, is an excellent one for shikar rifles; the extra weight is

not a matter of consequence, probably half a pound will be the difference. Wooden ramrods are apt to break, and the steel swivel ramrod, with the catch at the muzzle, has the advantage of being always in its place when required; and that may happen when from any cause whatever you may be separated from your shikarees (native hunters). When you are with them you should always load with a strong wooden loader, made nearly as thick as the bore of the rifle will take, shod with brass, and concaved at the end, so as not to flatten the bullet, with a round handle at the upper end. Rifles of the bore I advise will take two and a half drachms of the strongest powder, and this will be about the bullet-mould full of powder.

Your smooth bore should be of a similar calibre to the rifles if polygrooved, but if the rifles are two-grooved, have the gun made of a bore similar to the spherical size of the rifle bore, viz., about number twelve, of the exact bend and length of stock and barrels, and seven and a half pounds' weight.

There is no chance of mistaking the smooth-bore bullets for the belted ones, and in case of necessity, such as the rifle bullets having been all expended, the spherical bullet of the smooth bore may be used. Both rifles and gun should be furnished with swivels and straps to carry over the shoulder, as in some shooting, such as ibex and bears, the hunter may require both his hands free to get up or down. Be

very cautious how you sling rifles on the shoulder; slings are also sometimes required for carrying rifles when on horseback. All nipples should be of one size, and all apparatus as much as possible adapted for both rifles and gun. Now to that most important matter—the trial of your rifles.

Unless you are a very good rifle shot yourself and have had much more experience, and consequently attained much more knowledge in these matters than falls to the lot of most young men, you had better get the best informed friend you can procure to see the maker try your rifles, as well as to shoot them in your presence. Of course the maker may be so good a shot as to be able to shoot as accurately from the shoulder as from a rest, but do not be under the impression that either your friend or you can do so; and do not be contented with two or three shots, and at a uniform distance; try and have your rifles tried at all the distances agreeably to the sights, as well as at near distances, and with the full charge, as recommended for use against large animals. Then have their penetration proved; and this is not so easy, for it does not prove that because a bullet may be shattered to pieces against an iron target that the rifle is a very hard hitting one; firing into the ground or at a log of wood before a scarped bank will be a better trial, for you will be able to see the shape of the bullet after it has passed through the wood, and the direction it has taken. The lead used should be pure and soft for this

trial. The smooth bore can be tried with ball up to one hundred yards, and with a similar charge to the rifle.

If you have money to spare, you may add to the above mentioned battery one large-bored single rifle, say to carry a two-ounce-and-a-half bullet, and two-grooved. This, when you are watching on the ground for a tiger or other large animal, is very useful for a first shot, for after all it is the *premier pas qui conte* with these animals, and you would use this bone breaker for the first and steady shot over a rest. This rifle would carry four drachms and a half of powder; length of barrel two and a half feet. You would have, of course, one of your double-barrelled rifles resting against the screen, to take up immediately you had fired your big one. Do not trust this double rifle to any one. Now this big rifle is also the one you keep near your bedside, for the purpose of letting off if any one of your companions is seized at night by a tiger or panther; the sudden discharge will generally induce the animal to drop his victim, and possibly he may be recovered.

There is another way of trying rifles at the respective distances from ten to one hundred yards, instead of putting up ten sheets of paper and firing through them at one time; and this is by firing each distance separately at a very small mark: two inches diameter is quite sufficient. In whatever way you try the rifle fire over a steady rest, and pull the trigger by degrees. A rifle to carry accurately must not

recoil, at the same time it must be loaded with a heavy charge if it is to drive the bullet through the animal fired at. Strength, therefore, is required, and especially metal in the barrels.

If a man is a very large and powerful man he may be able to shoot with and carry two-ounce double rifles, or more, but he must bear in mind that he will find it very difficult to obtain native shikarees (hunters) to carry them, and keep up with him in a long day's work. One of the largest men I ever had in my service, the famous Hoorcha of the Neilgherries, used to groan under the only heavy double rifle I ever had; the bullet of this was three and a half ounces' weight, and the rifle weighed some seventeen pounds; the metal of the barrel, however, was not sufficient to take a charge of five drachms of powder, which would have been the proper charge to drive the large ball through a large animal.

I mentioned in my first edition that the best rifle that I ever had was made by Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, though doubtless there are other makers quite as good. Now, referring to the size and weight of rifles, I have recommended what best suited me. Should the sportsman who has to carry them, from any cause whatever, wish for lighter rifles, he must have smaller bores, and the weight of the rifles and the barrels be in proportion, only lighter: thus if a light-made man wants a lighter rifle, let him have one carrying fifteen bullets to the pound; this may be

made nine pounds weight or thereabouts, and if a large, powerful man, who is equal to carry and use a heavier rifle, say a two-ounce double rifle, that is, carrying bullets eight to the pound, it should be made at least sixteen pounds in weight. That rifles of fifteen bore will kill their game well, I proved by killing and bagging some nine head of large game, including elephants, bison, bears, and deer, out of fourteen shots with a rifle of that bore, by Westley Richards, and a double gun by Mills, of similar bore; this was in August 1845, in the Aneemullee jungles, but the rifle had sufficient metal for its bore, and my nerves had been braced up to steady shooting by the air of the Neilgherry Hills. The effect of this to a sportsman coming from many years' residence in the hot plains is very advantageous to steady shooting.

My own battery consists of two heavy double rifles, and a double gun: the heaviest is a Westley Richards rifle, weighing twelve and a quarter pounds, length of barrel twenty-six inches, polygrooved, carrying bullets ten to the pound. It is a splendid weapon, bearing a large charge of powder without recoil; that is to say, its own bullet-mould full of the strongest rifle powder. This weapon, with its sights folded down, carries point-blank ninety-five yards, and with great force. It has two folding sights; the first being raised, the rifle throws its ball one hundred and fifty yards; the second, two hun-

dred and fifty. However, like all polygrooved rifles that I have seen fired with large charges, the ball describes a parabola in its flight, rising gradually on first leaving the barrel for forty-five or fifty yards, and, at that distance, has risen some five inches; the ball then descends in its flight until it reaches the target at ninety-five yards: which is point-blank distance.

My other rifle is a very broad-belted, two-grooved one, by Wilkinson of Pall-Mall. It takes a similar quantity of powder to the other, and the bullet is the same weight. It does not throw its ball in the form of a parabola, but point-blank from the muzzle up to ninety yards. The folding sights are for one hundred and fifty, two hundred and fifty, and four hundred yards. This rifle, perhaps, is the strongest shooting one of the two. Its balls have gone through and killed a full-grown bear, while running, at one hundred and twenty yards; and, on another occasion, broke the backbone of a bear at eighty yards. The weight of this rifle is ten and a half pounds, and the length of barrel thirty inches.

I generally carry the last-described weapon myself; my shikaree, Mangkalee, being the strongest, carries the Westley Richards rifle; and my younger shikaree, Nursoo, carries the double gun in a sling, and a strong spear in his hand. Each of us is armed with a shikar or hunting knife, the sheath of which fits into the breast of the shooting-coat. Thus the

knife is ready to the hand, and can be used in a moment—this moment is time sufficient to save or lose life.

My hunting-knives are some seven inches long, and one and a half broad in the blade, partly double-edged, fluted, coming to a keen point, and kept as sharp as possible. There is a spring in the sheath which catches the handle of the blade when it is down in the sheath; when required for use, this spring is pressed open with the little finger, at the same time that the hilt is grasped. It requires no buckle, or other fastening; the steel button in the side of the sheath fitting into a button-hole in the pocket of the hunting-coat. I think, after much experience in knives, that this is the best weapon that can be made, consequently I have left the pattern with Messrs. Wilkinson and Co., Pall-Mall.

I never allow my shikarees to shoot. If I did wish to have a man to shoot with me, I would not allow him to carry my rifle, but have him independent with his own; for, in the case of allowing your gun-carriers to shoot, you are sure to have your rifles emptied when you most urgently require them.

I know many men who think that a rifle cannot be too large in the bore. I consider myself rather an authority in this matter, have had made to order (or rather by mistake) a double rifle, carrying bullets weighing three and a quarter ounces. It was, to look at, and for target practice, a fine weapon, but

was not nearly heavy enough; and though not heavy enough for its large bore, it was too heavy for one to carry through a summer's day in India. Having been nearly killed by a large tusk elephant with it in my hand, I sold it on the very first opportunity for nine pounds less than it cost me. I always prefer a heavy to a light rifle, and for this reason, it is steadier in the hand to fire. If my reader will take a rifle or gun, one ounce bore, and (say) of about seven pounds weight, run up a hill or even over a furlong of plain ground, then fire immediately at a mark, or running game (of course, not waiting long enough to take breath), he will find how difficult it is to keep this light weapon steady to his shoulder. Let him then take a rifle of similar bore, twelve pounds weight, and do the same. He will find the latter steady itself by its weight, and he will make a much better shot with the heavy than with the light rifle. It is only the heavy rifle that will take a large charge of powder without recoil. This drives the bullet through the animal; and where the bullet escapes, owing to the impetus nearly ceasing, the wound is much larger than where the bullet enters the body; consequently, the life-blood flows more rapidly, and the animal becomes more suddenly weak from this wound, than from one caused by a ball which only enters, but does not pass through him.

Another great advantage is, that the large charge of powder propels the ball with so much greater

force, that it crashes through, and breaks bones, without deviating much from the first direction taken. The small charge of powder is all well enough for target practice, but it is of no use for actual service against large animals. Rifles of the same bore, size, and weight, are of great advantage; there is no making mistakes in the hurry for bullets, and no changing powder-flasks. I always carry a pistol powder-flask, with a large top or charger adapted for the heavy rifle, half-a-dozen bullets, and a few percussion-caps, in my own pocket; so that if by any chance I am separated from my shikarees, I have some ammunition always with me. In a climate like India, we do not overload ourselves with powder-flasks and belts.

On horseback, I always carry a sword at my side, and sometimes, if expecting any desperate work, when on foot also; in the latter case, the belt is passed over my shoulder instead of round my waist, so as to keep the point clear of the ground. The sword is the queen of weapons.

I have never had any experience with the steel-tipped conical ball, having always found zinc hard enough to kill elephants (if hit in the proper spot of the head), and lead for all other animals. However, I daresay it would be useful; and Gordon Cumming, who speaks warmly of the steel-tipped conical ball, must be as good a judge of these things as could be heard, and no doubt speaks to the point. Whether

two-grooved rifles would carry them as well as a polygrooved rifle, I cannot tell; but I was very glad to hear the above-named great shikaree state, that one of the rifles he used in Africa carried only an ounce ball. This coincides with my own opinion, that it is not necessary to have small cannon to kill game with. Of course, in African hunting, which is so much carried on from the saddle, the very heavy and large-bored rifle is a great drawback; if for no other reason than for the extra weight that the horse has to carry.

The jungles of India are generally too thick for riding game through; though I have tried it, and sometimes with success. I use the horse in them to recover wounded game: the best description of animal will be mentioned in the accounts of shikar to be detailed hereafter. A first-rate horse for hog-hunting, if he be also one from whose back game can be shot, and who will stand by himself in a jungle, is worth, to a man devoted to the sport, nearly his weight in silver. Descriptions of some of the best horses I have had, may perhaps not be out of place, when I treat of the different kinds of game that have been killed from their backs, together with their numerous feats, accidents, and escapes.

Your saddlery, of course, will be made up in England; and agreeably to your weight have your hunting saddles made; if above eleven stone, these should not be less than fourteen pounds complete. It is a

great mistake for a heavy man to suppose that because he can ride on a racecourse, or for his evening exercise, in a light saddle, that this will suit him for hog-hunting. The lighter saddle is smashed all to pieces by a horse rolling over on it; the leather, also, is torn by the thorns; besides this, the smaller and thinner saddle either cuts a horse's back in a long day's hunting, or fatigues him much more than the saddle of weight adapted to a heavy man.

Sometimes you will require to carry a pistol—revolver or other—with you; holsters, therefore, should be procured, such as are attached to a leather surcingle going round the saddle and over the girths, with two straps on either side to be fastened to plated D's, which are fixed to the saddle. The other holster (*i. e.* the one on the right hand) will be very convenient to hold your sandwiches or anything you take to eat.

The holsters, though not used generally for hog-hunting, are a great protection to the knees in riding wounded deer through a jungle. A strap, three feet long, with a swivel hook at one end to fasten on and take off at pleasure from a ring in the pistol handle, is actually necessary, with a buckle at the other end to fasten on to a strap sewn on in the centre of the leather between the two holsters; the pistol thus can be taken out of the holster with the strap attached to discharge from horseback, or it can be unhooked from the strap when the rider dismounts, and put into a

light holster which is on the sword-belt round the waist, from whence it can be drawn for use on foot in a moment. The strap should always be hooked to it when the rider again mounts his horse, for galloping is very likely to shake the pistol out of the holster, and it is lost.

Broad and soft reins, and headstalls with plain curb and snaffle bits, and a chiftney or other more severe bit, with twisted snaffle bits, with half cheeks, a couple of running martingales, spare girths and stirrup leathers, and reins, also some watering bridles, horse-rugs, and rollers, should be taken out. Though all these articles can be procured at either of the presidencies, be sure that you are measured for your saddles, and go to one of the best makers in London. If you can afford it, have two saddles of similar pattern and weight, though a little different in the size of the tree. It is a bad plan to have to change your saddles and bridles in the hunting field. Procure thin felt saddle-cloths to put under your saddles; they are useful for many horses, and save the pannels of the saddle, which are apt to get very hard in a hot climate, from the excessive perspiration and rapid drying process that takes place when saddles are exposed to the sun by your native horsekeepers.

The only other thing required is a leading-rein for your shooting horse; have this made six feet long, one inch broad, and a spring hook and swivel sewn at either end; these hooks are fastened to your snaffle

bit, and become a third rein when you are riding your shooting horse. When you dismount to shoot at game or lead your horse, you unhook the off-side from the bit, and attach the hook to the buckle of your sword-belt; the horse, therefore, cannot move away from you. This rein is very useful to fasten your horse to the branch of a tree, should you wish to leave him at any time in the jungle. The hook should be of one inch in diameter, of steel, and strong. This leading rein must have no buckle in the middle. A single twisted snaffle bit and rein will also be of great use. Now, in the directions for making all these bits, be very careful to order them to be made much smaller in the mouth than those for English horses, both curbs and snaffles. Stops are requisite on the snaffle rein if you have buckles attached to your bridles, to prevent the martingale-ring getting over them.

If in the army, you will, of course, have your regulation sword; see this proved yourself; and for shikar have a sword with a handle rather flat than round; as a protection to the hand, instead of the basket hilt an iron hilt about half an inch wide. If you fall on the handle of a sword of this make you will not break your ribs, which you might do by falling on a basket or other hilt.

Now if you are ambitious of sabreing hog or other animals off horseback, have your shikar blade made thirty-nine inches long, and very slightly curved.

You can with this blade reach animals at a distance, and with less chance of injury to your horse. The point is both safer and more deadly than the edge; but the objection to this long blade is that when on foot it is almost impossible to keep the point off the ground. A wooden scabbard, covered with leather, three or four inches of the point, and as much of the upper part to be covered with stained iron. This sword and scabbard go into a broad loop of leather, attached by a strap about six inches long, depending from your sword-belt. The sheath, the upper part of the iron of which is made larger, should fit quite tight into this loop of leather; but to use a sword of this length to kill a hog, you must be in practice, otherwise your arm will get fatigued, your horse, perhaps, dangerously wounded by the animal, and it is not impossible that you may inadvertently wound your horse with the sword. Whenever you cut at anything off horseback, remember that the edge of your blade must be inclined a little outwards.

Let not the young sportsman think that because he can go on walking in England, or wherever his home may be in Europe, from "morn till dewy eve," without breaking his fast, that he can do this with impunity in a climate like India, and under its burning sun, or inhaling the miasmata of its jungles.

He should always, even if going out from cantonments to get a shot at an antelope, or beat a grass

bheer or rumnah (grass allowed to grow to be kept and cut for stacking), in the neighbourhood, take a sandwich, biscuit, or crust of bread in his pocket, together with a chagul (a leather vessel made for carrying drinking water), and a brandy flask of small dimensions. These may not be required nine times out of ten, but the tenth time the sportsman may have a chase for miles after a black buck antelope or a hog; he may find hyænas, wolves, or any other animal, that may possibly keep him out in the sun till noon; his horse may fall with him, and be so lamed that he will have to dismount and lead him for miles, or he may himself be rolled over and much hurt. The draught of brandy-and-water now acts as a cordial—taken immediately, it prevents fever setting in, enables the man to get home and under medical treatment. Had he become faint, and obliged to remain in the hot hut of a village or under a tree, perhaps without any one to bring him assistance for hours, the after consequences may be very serious.

I have always advocated the practice of taking a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate, with a bit of bread or toast, before the sportsman goes out of his house in the morning, even though he goes for a ride or a walk only—because in almost all parts of India, and at all times of the year, there is a considerable deal of miasma; and I think that without anything in the stomach a man is more likely to inhale this miasma,

the impregnation of fever, when his stomach is empty.

Another fruitful source of fevers and rheumatism of the worst kind, is the practice that many fall into of sitting after walking or riding in an unsheltered verandah, or under the trees of the garden. At this time in India you are often saturated with perspiration, and this is productive of much harm. If you sit and take your ease after exercise at any time of the day in India, do not sit in a current of air, nor under a punkah pulled violently or near a thermantidote.

Of all shooting in India, snipe-shooting is the most deleterious to health. A burning sun overhead, while the feet and legs are in a swamp, acts much upon the same principle as a fire and giving water to geese whose livers are required for *pâtés de foie gras*. Very few men can stand this shooting without suffering; and I do not think that the sport repays one for the ill health that must necessarily follow. You go into and sleep in an elephant jungle, but it is to shoot an animal worth having when killed; there is sport and excitement, and you do good by his destruction.

CHAPTER II.

HOG-HUNTING.

Hog-hunting—Courage of the Animal—A Hunt—Horses—Spears—Various Adventures—Instructions to young Sportsmen—Shikarees.

THE great variety of large game in India makes it difficult, as I said before, to select what subject first to write upon. I wish to blend instruction with amusement in this my first essay.

Every man has his peculiar fancy or taste in sport, as in other matters. I consider that hog-hunting, especially in the hilly countries of the Deccan and Nagpore, is the very first sport in the world; *ergo*, I will commence with it.

A hog-hunting party is generally formed in the cantonment. Some join it from love of the sport, and to ride for the spear of honour—the first spear—that thrilling sound, which once heard no man ever forgets who has a soul for hog-hunting! Others join it for amusement, for the fun of the thing, to eat, drink, pass the time, and enjoy jovial companionship: for a hunter has a merry soul, always "within the limits of becoming mirth."

Let us, however, to the jungle side, and see the formation of the beaters, and how the beat, or hankwa, is to be managed: which of course should be left to the most experienced hand in the party.

The native shikarees of that part of the country should be consulted; and if there are not any, the villagers, who always know the whereabouts of the hog.

Whether the beat is a sendbund, or date grove, as is commonly the case in the Deccan,—whether it be a hill side, or a hill itself, or in short, whatever sort of cover is to be beaten, the precaution in the first place of posting men on high trees, for the purpose of looking out, should not be neglected. These lookers-out should be furnished with a small white flag, about the size of a pocket-handkerchief, on a stick two or three feet long. I always employ besides these, men with pistols and powder-flasks, at certain points where hog are known generally to break. Of course, men who are trusted for this purpose, must not only know the use and loading of firearms, but be thoroughly instructed not to let the pistol off until the hog is fairly out in the plain beyond them. The man who has the direction of the party is commonly called the captain of the hunt; he must be implicitly obeyed as to the peculiar way in which the beat is to be conducted, as well as to how the riders should be placed. He ought to have the matching of the best horsemen and horses; and his employment is very often a thankless one, for in hog-hunting, as in

other matters, it is very difficult to please everybody. When a large extent of cover has to be beaten, riders are posted in pairs at different points. They are particularly instructed not to move their horses until the hog fairly break from the cover; for the fastest horse in India cannot excel the wild hog in his first burst, nor prevent him turning back to his cover, should he so determine. I have said that it is difficult to please everybody, but the captain of the hunt must do his best. If he is an old and retired sportsman, he will succeed better in managing to the satisfaction of the party than if he still covets, and wishes to ride for, the first spear himself.

An old hog-hunter should not be matched against a young one; for, unless the latter is far better mounted than the former, he will have but a small chance. Even with the advantage of the best horse and young blood in his veins, I will back the wary and experienced spearsman against the fastest Nimrod that ever rode to hounds in England.

The beaters should, if possible, be furnished with gongs (or native tom-toms), horns, rattles, and other noise-making instruments. They are used, or not, according to instructions very distinctly given before the beat commences. Some jungles or covers are best and most thoroughly beaten silently, that is, without shouting or using the above-named noisy instruments. This system is pursued by the brinjarees, or grain-carriers of India, who are most keen hog-

hunters on foot, with spears, and assisted by their dogs. From some jungles the hogs are best driven to the plains, or rideable ground, by noise.

When an old and savage boar is in his stronghold, he is very difficult to dislodge. Neither noise nor driving will turn him out. He constantly rushes out, and knocks over the beaters nearest to him, sometimes wounding them severely, though oftener upsetting them with little injury; for the native, having but very little clothing on him, is uncommonly nimble.

The different systems pursued in driving hog, as well as the different ways they are ridden, must be shown when I come to describe the most exciting runs, which terminated in accidents, either to horse or man. The gallant hunters who have carried me in these must also be described.

At present we will suppose ourselves at the cover side, waiting for the final shout that is to dislodge the mighty boar from the last refuge to which he has betaken himself. Every now and then he is seen trotting sulkily ahead of the beaters. Shouts of "Wuh jata hai,"—"There he goes,"—are heard; and a report from a pistol, denoting that he is fairly in the plain, thrills like an electric flash through every rider.

Waiting, with spear in hand, for the word "Ride," each horseman now, within the distance of a chance of the spear, starts into life.

Now, youngsters, if possible, be not too much excited; ride in the wake of the old and wary hog-hunter, until the boar is viewed, and then, with hands down and heads up, lay into your hog. He goes quietly enough until you near him, and you are under the impression that you are going to spear him at once, when suddenly he bounds away from you. Two or three times in the next quarter of a mile he does this; when, turning rapidly to the right, before you can wheel your horse with him, your old friend with the grizzled beard, cool as if he were sitting at his cup of tea, takes the spear-hand of you, and as he comes up to the boar, who half meets him in the charge, passes his spear through and through him. Quietly raising his weapon, he says in a whisper which you never forget, "First spear." You would scarcely believe him, had you not seen the boar roll over behind his horse.

Down with your spear, youngster! for woe betide, if you miss the mighty beast this time, who, now wounded and deeply incensed, rushes at the first horseman in his way.

I will give you credit for not having missed the hog on this occasion; but the odds are that your spear is carried out of your hand, and sticks upright in the back of the savage foe.

The boar is now at bay: he may, or may not, take four or five spears, perhaps a dozen, to kill him, and

two or three horses may be badly wounded. Generally, however, before the third rider comes up, our old friend with the grizzly beard, having wheeled his horse, will have again faced the boar, and where his vast neck just mingles with his spine—

"Sheathed his blade and dropped him dead."

Over on his back the monster rolls, and dies without a groan—dies as only a wild hog can die, in silence.

Amidst such scenes as these—such pleasures and such excitement—have I passed many happy hours of my life, and hope to pass many more.

This is not the time for soliloquizing. Up come some of the beaters, a sapling tree is cut down, the bagdoor, or horse's leading rope, is brought into requisition, the boar's legs are tied over with it, and eight men bear him off in triumph to the tents. Ere this the old hog-hunter has measured him with his spear; he stands about thirty-nine inches high at the shoulder. Whether his tusk is nine inches or more is left for further discussion. The beat after this goes on with various fortune. The youngster is lucky if he takes a first spear in his first essay at hog-hunting; he must gain experience in this as in all other pursuits.

After this prefatory and fancy sketch, I will proceed to give a description of some runs where horses or men were wounded; or in which my pet hunters have distinguished themselves. No one but he who

has seen it would believe that the wild hog of India can on his own ground outpace, at his first burst, and run away from the fastest Arab racehorse: but such is the fact. Let the hog be mountain born and bred, having to travel in certain seasons of the year forty or fifty miles every night for his food, then try him on his own hill-side, or over the rock and bush of the Deccan, and I will back the hog against the hunter.

This is ground which few men will ride ov er because their horses' legs suffer so severely, that they cannot afford to do it, even should they themselves have the nerve necessary for the work.

Again, no man who has not been an eyewitness of the desperate courage of the wild hog would believe in his utter recklessness of life, or in the fierceness that will make him run up the hunter's spear, which has passed through his vitals, until he buries his tusk in the body of the horse, or, it may be, in the leg of the rider.

The native shikaree affirms that the wild boar will quench his thirst at the river between two tigers, and I believe this to be strictly the truth. The tiger and the boar have been heard fighting in the jungle at night, and both have been found dead, alongside of one another, in the morning.

Of all the animals in India killed by me—and these are the tiger, wild elephant, buffalo, bison, bear, panther, leopard, and wild hog, in short, all of

the *genus ferox* inhabiting those splendid forests—not one has ever made good his charge against the deadly bullets of my heavy rifles, or against the spear, save the wild boar and a panther: they have all been cut down, killed, or turned.

The occasion on which I was nearly disposed of summarily by a boar, was as follows:—

In the month of January, 1851, I was out hog-hunting at a village some ten miles from Hingolee, in the Deccan, and beating the sugar-cane at day-light without success. A villager came up to me and said, "What are you beating the cane for? If you want to see a hog, come with me, I'll show you one." Falling at the time to the rear of my horse, he whispered to a native officer of the cavalry regiment I then commanded, "The sahib won't be able to kill him, he is such a monster, we are afraid to go near the place where he lives." My first impression was that he was the owner of the sugar-cane, and wished to allure us away from it; however, I promised him a present if he would show his large friend. On this he gaily led the way, until, coming over the brow of a hill about half a mile from the cane, he stopped dead, and pointed to an object in a dhall field below us, saying, "There he is." In the mist of the morning this appeared to me like a large blue rock, much too large for a hog; however, the object moved, or rather got up, and there was no mistaking it.

About a hundred and twenty yards on the other side of him was a deep corrie, or fissure in the hills, thickly wooded: this evidently was his stronghold, and if he chose to make his rush for it there was no chance of being able to intercept and spear him. Thinking it possible that he might not run, but fight at once, I started to gallop round the field and place myself between the boar and his stronghold. The native officer with me was a very good rider, a man well known for his courage, and for being one of the best spearsmen and horsemen in the Nizam's cavalry: he was mounted on a good Arab horse. I was on an imported Arab mare; she having been sent by the Pacha of Egypt to the Nawab of the Carnatic, and sold at auction at Madras, whence I had procured her. It was about the first time I had ridden her hunting.

We galloped round, and stood behind the hedge of the field, waiting for the beaters to come up, and if possible to drive the big fellow away from the hill. Standing, as I was, behind a hedge considerably higher than my mare's head, I did not see the boar. The duffadar, who was some thirty yards to my left, but looking over a lower part of the hedge, shouted out "Look out! here he comes." The mare was standing still, and I had but just time to drop my spear-point, which caught the boar in his rise: the blade was buried in his withers. The beautiful mare, from her standing position, cleared

with one bound the boar, spear and all, as this was carried out of my hand; then, suddenly turning, was in a moment in her stride after the hog. The latter had but seventy yards to reach the edge of the cover, so I shouted to the Duffadar Allahoodeen Khan, "There goes my spear: spear him!" Just as the boar struck the first branch of the jungle with his back, breaking my spear in two, the duffadar closed with him in a moment. The boar, having been missed by the spear, was under the horse, and thus for thirty yards the latter, literally lifted off his legs, was plunging and kicking until the rider came to the ground. Fortunately, I had three dogs out with us, and having shouted to let them go, they came up and took off the attention of the boar at the moment I thought he was on the duffadar. The latter had fallen on his sword and broken it, so that he was utterly helpless, for I had not then obtained another spear.

In the next moment the boar and dogs had disappeared in the jungle; which was, as I before remarked, his stronghold. Immediately I procured a spear, I rode up the face of the hill, and round the farther end of the corrie I heard the dogs baying the boar below me; but it was impervious, and from rock and jungle, was inaccessible to the horse. Looking towards the spot from whence I had come, and across to the opposite side of the corrie, I saw the duffadar again mounted, and shouted to him, "Send me a big

spear; come down, and let us spear him on foot: he is killing the dogs." The man replied, "For heaven's sake, sahib, don't attempt it on foot!" It then suddenly occurred to me that this was the native officer who, a year before, when out with another party, had been dreadfully wounded by a wild boar: on that occasion the boar knocked him down, and stripped the flesh off his thighs. At this moment, up came one of my people with my heavy double rifle, and being still under the impression that the boar was killing the dogs, I descended on foot into the ravine, leaving my mare with the gun-carrier. Just as I got to the bottom, I saw the monster boar with his back to a tree, and the three dogs looking very cautiously at him. He was about forty yards' distance from me.

There was an open, green space where the water lodged in the rains, and clear of jungle. At the farther end stood the boar. Directly he saw me, putting his head a little down to take aim, he came straight at me, increasing his pace from the trot to the charge.

When about fifteen yards off, he received the first bullet of my rifle in his neck. Taking not the least notice of it, he came on, and the second barrel, fired at him at about five yards, broke his left underjawbone at the tusk. Fortunately I brought my rifle down to the charge, and striking it with his head, the boar sent me over on my back. While

running over me, he made a glance and wounded me in the left arm. Had I not put down my rifle-barrel at the moment, most probably his tusk would have been buried in my body, and this interesting tale never appeared before the public!

As it was, I had two shooting-jackets on, it being a very cold morning; and I suffered more from the jar on my shoulders than from the wound. As I lay, I seized the end of my rifle-barrels, determining to sell my life as dearly as possible. To my delight, I must say, I saw the boar knock over the man who was running down with my big spear. He did not turn on either of us; for the boar is a noble foe, rarely turning, unless desperately wounded and unable to go on, to mutilate a fallen enemy. The dogs immediately tackled him, and permitted me, though breathless, to get up. The spear-carrier looked covered with blood, enveloped as he was in a large white sheet—the usual protection of a native against the cold of the morning. My first impression was that the man was mortally wounded; but I soon discovered, to my delight, that the blood on the cloth was that of the boar. The man valiantly affirmed that he had speared him, but the mud on the broad blade clearly denoted what an ignominious sheath it had found.

The rifle stock was cracked, and the pin that fastens the barrel into the stock much bent. Having put this to rights, I loaded, and, proceeding in the

direction the boar had gone, heard a pistol-shot and the rush of a retreating horse. This was the duffadar, who had discharged his weapon at him, at a distance of course, without any damage to either party. I walked cautiously up to about fifteen yards, when the boar again began glancing at me with his very wicked eye. A dog's head was very near the line of fire, but, determining to take the initiative this time, I shot the beast through the eye to the brain. Over he rolled, the biggest boar I have ever killed: height, thirty-nine inches; length, not including tail, about five feet and a half; tusks, nine inches.

A pair of plough-bullocks were caught, and the boar, placed on a sledge formed of three or four branches, was with difficulty dragged by them to camp.

I prefaced this story with stating that the boar is the most courageous animal in the jungle. There he was, with a broken spear in his withers—the shaft sticking up a foot and a half from the blade—knocking over a horseman and wounding his horse; receiving two bullets—ten to the pound weight each—the first in his neck and throat—a very deadly part in all animals—the second breaking his jaw, and fired within a few feet of the muzzle; making good his charge; cutting down his enemy like grass, wounding him, then knocking over a second man armed with a spear; defying the dogs; and then,

when in the act of charging again, shot to the brain, and dying without a groan.

The difference between hog-hunting in the plains and hog-hunting in the ravines, with an occasional jungle, is very great. No one uses dogs in the former; while in the latter a wounded hog can scarcely be recovered without them. No hog-hunter ever shoots at a hog near any rideable ground, except in self-defence, or after he has been wounded by the spear.

In the plains of Bengal, where large parties of hunters are out, there are, generally speaking, elephants, from the backs of which wounded hog are recovered when they betake themselves to unrideable jungle.

Poor hunters, like myself, must go in and recover our wounded hog in the best way we can. Experience, gained since the above-mentioned little fight, has shown me that fire-arms are not to be depended on, when going on foot against a wild boar. The spear and sword are the least likely to fail. The service is a very dangerous one.

Hog-hunting can be enjoyed at a small cost, as far as the expense of horses is concerned, if the rider is a pretty good judge of horse-flesh, and does not spare himself. The Arab mare I have above mentioned, cost me 915 Company's rupees, that is, about 92*l.*, in English money. She was the most expensive horse I ever hunted, and was not purchased for that pursuit.

She was the most beautiful mare I have ever seen, of pure nedjd blood, gray, with flea-bitten spots, eyes too large for her head, nostril thin and expanded, the throat of a game cock, the hair of her mane and tail so fine and soft, that the most beautiful woman might have been proud of such texture, and her skin so thin and soft, that the thorn bushes through which I rode her used to tear it: after many of my runs through jungle, I have had her, bleeding from the thorns, looking as if she had been practised upon with a light sabre. She was what you would consider in England a pony, fourteen hands one and a half inches high; but she was as broad almost as a dray-horse, and her tail was set up so high that, as she moved about her loose box, you could, stooping, walk between it and the ground. Her feet were black and hard, and the tendons below her hocks and knees were like harp-strings. Add to this, that her head was so lean that you might have boiled it without obtaining any flesh from it, and you have a picture of what this desert-born mare was.

A good Arab horse for hog-hunting, if not required to carry more than eleven stone and a half, saddle and all, could a few years back be purchased for 600 rupees—60*l.*—at Bombay. You may calculate 20*l.* more for each additional stone weight that your horse has to carry. I am referring to the price of a fresh horse there, out of the dealers' stables, and assuming the purchaser to be a pretty good judge of horse-flesh.

One of the best hunters I ever had was purchased by me at auction at Hydrabad, for 100 rupees—about 9*l.* He was a dark chestnut Arab, under fourteen hands—a pony to look at. Off the back of this little animal I speared a great quantity of hog, some hyænas and bears: and as far as the courage of the horse would go, I believe he would have gone up to a tiger.

On one occasion, I had a long and severe run over rocks and grass, after a wild sow, which, on the second time of being speared, ran up the spear, and fixed on the chest of this horse. He never moved for some time; till at length, I suppose, being convinced that I could not get the hog off him, he swung suddenly round, and the sow being a large, tall one, this movement brought her alongside of him, when he lashed at her with his hind legs, until she was disengaged. This case I mention as an extraordinary instance of the tenacity of life in a wild hog.

A party of us roused a sounder of wild hog in a grass rumnah near Hingolee. Some native officers out with me—very light weights—were mounted on very speedy horses. I was on the above-mentioned little Arab; consequently we separated. They rode their horses to a standstill in the ravines, after different hog. I alone followed this sow; and the ground being covered with bushes, speared her some eight times before she got into a ravine. The bank on one

side was about eight feet high, and having placed her back against this, she came to bay. The ravine was only eight or ten feet broad at the bottom, and up this I galloped, and met the sow in the charge about six times, spearing her every time. At last she caught hold of the horse by the hock, opening the plate vein, from which gushed a stream of blood. Disheartened, and fairly tired out, I stopped, and began shouting, in the hope that some straggling horseman might come up. At length an orderly of mine came up on a pony, when, pointing to the hog, I said, "Tie your pony up, get on the bank above her, and see if you can reach her with the spear; for she is not a hog, but a shaitan (that is a devil): I have speared her more than a dozen times through and through, and she won't die." The man remarked—"How your horse is bleeding." At this moment the poor sow put her head between the root of a tree and the bank against which she was standing; and seeing her at this advantage, before she could get her head out of the noose, I made a rush at her, and speared her through the heart.

We were at some distance from a village; so—cutting off the end of the tail of the sow, remarking at the time to my orderly, "They will not believe that I have killed her on this ground, unless I show this"—we proceeded to the village. There I pinned up the vein in the horse's hock, which was still pro-

fusely bleeding, got upon the orderly's pony, and told him to walk the horse home quietly.

I may here remark upon the necessity of always carrying crooked needles, silk, pins, &c., for the fastening up of wounds, together with a shikar or hunting knife, containing lancet, fleam, &c., on all hog-hunting expeditions.

It is considered, as a general rule, that a good hog-hunting horse can go wherever a wild hog can, as far as the mere jumping of height and breadth is concerned, as well as in following over bad ground, where, if it be such as is considered rideable at all, a good hunter will kill his hog. But hogs, when hard pressed, will throw themselves down fifteen feet, from a perpendicular bank; and I have seen a whole sounder of hog do this, each of them coming on his chest and rolling over, then jumping up and going off unhurt; while we, the riders, pulled up, seeing that the place was impracticable.

I suffered from numerous accidents in riding this little hunter. One time, in the Aurungabad district, I had speared and killed two boars off him in the morning, and was riding after a sow. Twice I had speared her, when, gaining the foot of the mountain, she came to the charge, received the spear, and knocked my little horse off his legs, running under his chest. The fall I had on this occasion was nearly being my last, for I was picked up insensible, from striking my head against the stones.

Fortunately, my trained hunter stood without dragging me, until a trooper, coming up, with difficulty disengaged my foot from the stirrup. The long hunting boot and spur had been thrust through the stirrup with such force that the latter was bent; and had the horse dragged me but a few yards in this position, I must have been killed: for being, as I before remarked, insensible, I was powerless to stop him. I did not come to my senses for about an hour and a half.

At another time, when riding for the spear on this same horse, he sank in a quicksand and rolled over me, and I was again picked up insensible, with two ribs broken.

I never had a horse so devoted to all sorts of sport as this little Arab. On one occasion, before dawn in the morning, as I was galloping out to the meet, he suddenly jumped off the path with me, giving chase to an animal, which turned out, when there was sufficient light to see it, to be a hyena.

His sight was such that I trusted it in preference to my own; and I have known him fix his eye on a certain patch of jungle on the hill above us, which the beaters were driving; and though not one of us could see any game in it, and the beaters themselves had driven up to the bush, a red deer, or sambur, has suddenly sprung out of it. I felt the little horse's heart beat against my heel, and remarked to my shikarees, that I was certain there was some game

in the bush; the distance was two hundred and fifty yards from us. I had several falls with him, owing to his utter recklessness when following wild hog. If I were riding down a hill, and the boar jumped over a rock or impracticable place, this horse would follow exactly where the chase went; and he has in this way rolled over me several times.

The secret of riding a wild hog is to ride as close to him as you can, keeping him on the spear, or right hand of you. You must be able to turn your horse with the hog; and, therefore, the horse must always be in hand. In short, when the hog flags in speed, the hunter must be ready to make his horse spring upon him, so to speak. The spear then given goes through the foe; and if the hog charges at the time, the increased impetus of two bodies meeting at such speed generally drives the spear through from end to end.

It is a good plan, when you are afraid of losing your hog among bushes and grass, to leave a spear delivered in him; for it hampers his movements, and he cannot conceal himself in the jungle. You can do this if there are other riders with you to recover and finish the hog, or if you have a sword at your side.

I always have ridden with a sword, since I met with the accident detailed in the early part of this story.

On many occasions I have sabred hog after they

have been wounded with the spear, and even boars, as high as thirty-eight inches; and once, from having lost my spear, owing to its being knocked out of my hand by a bush, I drew my sword and passed it twice through the hog before she was touched with a spear.

I have never heard of any party attempting to ride and kill a hog with a sabre or sword, but I proved the practicability of it on this occasion. The run was after a single or solitary sow in the evening; at which time, as hunters know, from their not having had anything to eat all the day, hog are particularly speedy and enduring.

This sow got a start of a quarter of a mile, and was ridden another mile before she was pressed. Having got into some sandy ravines, I quite lost the other rider and the hog, and I had nothing to do with the first part of the run, but losing my spear in a jump, I twice sabred the hog before she was touched by a spear. Her height was thirty-four inches—the length of the sword blade. The Arab I was riding was a four-year old colt, only thirteen hands three inches high, but a pure nedjd horse.

The difficulty of killing hog on hilly and very bad ground arises from not being able to press them at full speed from the first. You must put it down as a maxim, that a hog at all times must be ridden after at nearly the full speed of your horse. The secret is to blow him, or take away his wind, in the first burst.

If you do not do this, either from the slowness of your horse or the difficulties of the ground, he will run often for miles, and he will not be caught at all, or brought to bay; unless he is a large and heavy, or sulky boar, who rather prefers the joys of the fight to showing his heels to the rider.

The chief difference between hog-hunting in Bengal, and in the Bombay Presidency and the Hydrabad Deccan, is in the nature of the ground ridden over, the length of the spear used, and the way it is carried. The Bengal hog-hunter uses a spear from six and a half to seven feet long, called a jobbing spear. It is weighted with lead at the upper end; the bamboo is stouter than that used by the hunter in the Deccan or Bombay Presidency, and the blade is much stronger. It is not used as a lance, but the point is carried about a foot and a half from the stirrup, and the horse is made to turn, so that when the boar charges, the spear point enters in without being raised: in short, he runs against the spear. This is the plan most approved, I believe, in Bengal, where I have had but little experience.

The Bombay sportsman, whose hunting-grounds used to be the hills about Poona, Ahmednuggur, and in those districts, uses a spear from eight to nine and a half feet long, under hand, and of lighter material than the Bengal jobbing-spear. We, in the Hydrabad country, use a spear usually eight feet long: the difference of lengths, and the system of using the

weapon, are accounted for, I think, by the difference of grounds, and the habits of the animal.

The sugar-cane-fed hog of Bengal are very large, lusty, and savage. The ground they are hunted over is generally either grass plains or cultivated fields. The animal, therefore, rarely gets much start, is more easily blown, and comes more quickly to the charge than the hill bred and born hog of the Deccan.

I am of opinion that a spear of about eight feet long is, for the country of the Deccan, superior to either the short Bengal jobbing-spear, or long poking-spear of the Bombay sportsman. This may be from my having made more use of the spear described: and, after all, each man has his favourite weapon.

Some of my readers may be cantoned at stations which they have heard reported of most unsatisfactorily for hog-hunting. There may be hog in the very gardens round the houses; yet, owing to the vicinity of deep and rocky corries and ravines, it may have been considered impracticable to ride and kill them. The gardens may be surrounded with the prickly pear, or nagpunnee, of India, impervious to horse; while the hog, who feed a great deal on the fruit of it, dash through the thorn with apparent unconcern. Such a place as here described was the cantonment of Meminabad, or Ambah Jogie, for many years the head-quarter station of the gallant Nizam's cavalry. Perhaps some of my readers will know the locality

of the above station; if not, suffice it to say that it is on the edge of a deep and almost precipitous ravine, on the opposite bank of which is a small building called the Bootanaut bungalow. The ravines below this widen into a river, the bed of which is composed of immense boulder-stones; while the soil, which is only subject to casual inundation, is clothed with reeds and a thick bush called sumbaloo: something like the withy in growth. The wild hog shelter themselves here in the day-time, and at night ravage the gardens of the station.

In the year 1854, there were stationed at Mominabad three of us, who determined to try and kill hog in this very Bootanaut corrie. I had succeeded in killing a few in the cantonment before my two friends came, and had met with some terrible falls in riding the hog in the corries. We three, therefore, with a number of beaters and some dogs, drove the bottom of this corrie, both sides of which were impracticable to ride up.

The first run we had was after a large sow. She was killed with two spears; but only after having given us a most exciting run through bushes and the stony bed of the river. The excitement was such that one of the party, a man who has probably killed more hog than any man in this part of India, sprung his horse off the river-bank into water deep enough for him to swim in. His horse from this run lost all his shoes, and so much of his hoofs that he was not

able to leave the stable for some weeks. My own galloway lost his fore shoes, and this was the cause of our mounting fresh horses.

The sow had scarcely been killed when the beaters reported that a large boar had taken up his abode on the hill on the left of the corrie and river; this was five hundred feet above us, and very nearly perpendicular.

The plan adopted to drive him down to us—as the ground was quite impracticable for horses, while, if he took above, we should lose him—was to send all the beaters and dogs above him. Even the men could not get down to where he was; for we should not have used the dogs had it been possible to drive him down without.

We concealed ourselves and horses as much as possible in the sumbaloo bushes. One of my friends was mounted on a fresh horse, I on a young mare, which had never been hog-hunted before; for, to say the truth, I had not expected that we should have had a run at all. After some shouting and beating, the boar was roused, and came down the almost perpendicular hill, with the dogs behind him.

At the bottom of the hill, and between it and the bank of the river, there was a space of five-and-twenty or thirty feet, clothed with brushwood. Through this the boar ran a short distance, and then came to bay with the dogs.

We started out of the sumbaloo. The other two

riders crossed the river branch; but I, knowing that the only place at which a horse could get out of the river and corrie was about a quarter of a mile ahead, rode up the river for it. Coming to this point, I turned my horse to look for the boar and the riders, since, if they had passed me, they must have been in view on the hill side. Suddenly, and only about fifty yards in front of me, appeared the younger horseman of the two, without his spear, hat in hand, trying to beat off the other horse, who was riderless and attacking him. The ledge of ground between the foot of the hill and the river bank was but a few yards wide; the river rolled below us; the bank was some twenty-five or thirty feet in height, and nearly perpendicular. The boar was not in sight, but I concluded he was in the bushes beyond. The younger rider, after in vain endeavouring to beat off the horse that was attacking him, jumped off his own mare, and let her go. At that moment, a sillidar, fond of hunting, being an orderly of one of the officers, and well mounted on an Arab horse, came up behind me, saying, "Go in, sir, and take the spear." I replied, "I am on a young mare; how can I pass those fighting horses?" He sprang off his horse and said, "Take mine, and my spear." I too had jumped off, and was in the act of mounting the other horse, when the boar, on whose path we stood, passing close by the fighting horses, charged me. There was scarcely three feet between the mare I

had dismounted from and the horse I was mounting, and I had but time to seize the short and heavy spear which the orderly had thrust into my hand in exchange for my own, when the boar, roaring, with his mouth open, as a wild boar does when he charges, rushed upon the spear-blade, the point of which was broken in his throat. Fortunately it remained fixed; and though the great power of the boar nearly took me away into the river, directly I felt the spear firmly planted in his throat, I turned the tables by pressing the boar back again into a bush. The trooper now speared him in the belly, which was of no use; but disengaging my sword from its sheath, I divided the animal's back bone with two drawing cuts. "*Aper profundit humi,*" and breathed his last.

I shouted lustily, "Hurrah for the first spear on foot!" however, the younger hunter replied, "No: I speared him in the bushes, and my spear is there." This was the case; so, leaving the spear fixed in his throat, I inquired, "Where is the other rider?" His horse, it appeared, had fallen in going up the steep bank of the river, and afterwards had attacked the other horse, which caused the rider to dismount and let both horses go.

We found him on his back, considerably hurt. We then returned to the spot and measured the boar. He was only thirty-four inches high; but his tusks were eight inches long. He was an old boar, and

his hind feet were malformed, the hoofs turning out like horns. This accounted for his hardly running at all. He had been constantly described to us as a lame boar, which came into the gardens.

The two horses got into the ravines and grass rumnahs, and were not brought in till the morning of the second day after this happened. They had been, therefore, fighting for about forty hours. One was considerably injured from kicks in the chest. A new Peat's saddle, belonging to the elder hunter, was brought home in three pieces on a villager's head.

These were looked upon as minor injuries, considering that we had accomplished what nobody else had ever attempted; whilst the first hog that was killed was a thorough runner, the last a desperate fighter; and had he not rushed with open mouth on to the spear-blade, but struck it the least on one side, he would not only have got away unhurt, but, in all probability, would have wounded some of us severely in this passage of arms.

Let me warn my young readers from going into a boar on foot. Sometimes this *must* be done; and in that case two or three of the hunters should have spears; but even then it is very dangerous, if the boar is among bushes or cover.

On the above occasion, had I not been armed with a sword, it is very probable that he would have got away; for the spear-blade was very nearly bitten

off, and another struggle might have broken the shaft. To the keen sabre, then, be all praise!

To my instructions regarding riding for the spear, I would add that a sportsman really fond of the thing, and who rides honourably, never rides cunning. Young reader, always ride to the front! There is scarcely any ground that a hog crosses where your horse cannot follow. Blot the words *impossible* and *impracticable* out of your dictionary. You may break many bones without much injury; and depend upon it, if you hunt over the rocky ground of the Deccan, and ride for the spear, you must of necessity have falls.

Rather more than five years ago, *i.e.* March, 1855, while riding for the spear on a little hunter only thirteen hands two inches high, bred in the Deccan, he fell with me on stony ground, and I was laid up in consequence for seven weeks in bed with a broken hip. This was the third time I had bones broken; but, considering that since this last accident I have both speared and sabred several hog, I am not much the worse for it.

The horse I was riding was certainly hardly equal to my weight; but I had killed hog off him, over much worse ground, without his ever falling with me before.

I will now give some instructions for riding wild hog, though actual experience in the sport can alone make a man successful.

To enable the tyro to compete with the old hog-hunter—who is almost as crafty as the wild animal he spears, and who always speaks of a big boar as he would of an honourable enemy against whom he is pitted in a fair fight—I will mention a few maxims, approved of as such in this sport. Ride at the tail of your hog: which means that, from the commencement of the run, you must press him at nearly the very best pace your horse is capable of: this is to blow him. If you let him go along at his own pace for the first half mile, he gets his wind, and will often out-pace and beat you in the long run.

Your horse should have had no food for some hours, if you expect to get a run early. He ought to have been muzzled after finishing his grass at night; in short, kept like a race-horse before running: he is then light, and fit to go his best at once. The boar, on the other hand, has been feeding all night; though he feeds and keeps on till morning at most seasons of the year; especially in the sugar-cane, where he cuts and grubs an incredible quantity in a very small space of ground.

You should, then, on sighting your hog, if he is fairly in the open, shriek your tally-ho, and get your horse well between your thighs. Keep your hands down and your head up, your spear balanced with the point forward, and, so that you can keep it clear of branches or bushes, about as high as your own face. This will bring the end of the butt within two

feet of the ground. Your right hand with the spear is also on your reins, behind your bridle-hand.

In passing through bushes, you bring the point more forward, almost between the horse's ears, or defend your own head and body from blows with the shaft. Carrying it thus, if your horse falls with you, the spear point is before him and you. When you near your hog, you, of course, bring the point down to whichever side of your horse the hog is on. At the moment of spearing, you should have enough in your horse to spring him, if I may use the expression, up alongside the animal. If spearing to your right, the left heel uses the spur; if to your left, the right heel and spur. I never shorten the bridles on the side to which I turn my horse, whether I am rushing him up alongside a hog, or turning him for any purpose. On the contrary, if I wish to turn my horse to the right, I tighten the left bridles shorter than the right ones; which, also, are never allowed to be at all loose, and *vice versâ*. I knot my snaffle rein; it therefore requires but a turn of the hand to turn my horse. All my horses are broken in to this; and in a few days, if a horse's head is put properly on to his neck—and I never buy any horse which is not well made there—I teach my young cattle to turn at speed, and almost in their own length: always changing the leading *leg* for the occasion.

To return to our bacon. Do not waste time in

long lunges with your spear; though, if the taking the first is a very near thing, and your opponent is as close to the hog as you are, the point is likely to be decided in favour of him who has the spear hand, that is, of him who has the hog on the right of him. An experienced hunter, and one who is pliant and clings well to his sadde, now gets the spear, by lying very forward, with his head nearly on level with and before his saddle bow. His legs are at the same moment well round his horse.

The action is, of course, little more than momentary; and it requires a horseman to be in good practice at constantly turning his horse and stooping down on either side of the saddle, as well as to be in good riding condition, to do this feat—a dangerous one, inasmuch as your weight is very much off the balance, and you are so much on one side that if your horse put his feet in a hole, he would almost to a certainty be overbalanced, and both of you would be pitched on to the top of the boar.

The deadly places in which to spear a hog are the withers, behind the shoulder, low down—which will strike the heart, liver, or lungs—the backbone and the loins. You may spear in the head; but in this case you are very apt to break the blade or the shaft of the spear. No one spears there intentionally.

The only time when the rule of riding at a hog's tail bears an exception, is when he has a start of you, and the distance is too short to touch him before

he can get to his stronghold, be it hill, jungle, or ravine. Then ride, and try to cut him off, shouting at him to make him keep farther out. This, however, is very difficult; and when the hog is not blown, it requires a horse most perfectly broken and in hand, as well as that the rider should not only know at what pace exactly his horse is going under him, but that he should know from experience at what speed the hog, also, is going. It must be remembered that he is running cunning; for, directly he finds that, from being nearer the hill or jungle, you have a shorter distance to go, and that this renders his speed of doubtful effect, he will suddenly try and double behind your horse. If you cannot check the horse's speed sufficiently to keep him a little behind the hog, the latter will make good his manœuvre. At these times, all but savage hog do their best to gain their strongholds, without having to fight for it.

On these occasions, when leading and coming up to a lusty boar, if your horse has running in him, and is a powerful one, and the hog does not come to the charge, make your dash at him with spurs in; spear him from behind over the loins, and drive the spear clean through him, and out at his chest. Then passing on, holding fast the butt-end of the spear, you bring the boar round on his fore-legs, with his head away from you; the spear, coming out, leaves his head exactly the contrary way to that in which he was running. The next rider, if

he has his spear ready and down, should just catch the boar now and kill him. But if his spear is not ready, and he pretty quick with it, there is every chance of his having his horse ripped; for the boar, incensed by your having speared him, rushes at the next horseman who is between him and the point which he was making for.

An example of this once happened to us when hunting in that terrible ground, nothing but rock, near Joula, in the Hingolee hills.

The country here consists of deep, stony ravines, with a considerable extent of jungle, and a few hundred yards of plain, so stony that you can see no soil at all between the ravines. The run therefore is very short; and a day's hunting here lays your horse up, with the skin cut off his heels and pasterns, for a fortnight.

We met a large sounder crossing from one ravine to the other; a quarter of a mile was the extent of the ground. There was one immense, large, lusty boar among them. I was mounted on a fifteen-hand, and very large, speedy Arab. A young native officer, a Naga by family, of the gallant 3rd Nizam's cavalry, was out with me. Poor lad! About a year after this he was killed by a violent horse striking him with his head, which knocked him off: he fell on the top of his head, and dislocated his neck.

He was mounted on his famous racing galloway,

Luddoo, and was a beautiful rider, seven stone six in weight only. The large boar was running cunning; and when he got to within fifty yards of the ravine, he made his rush. I also made mine; and my large Arab being full of running, it was like letting go a bow-string. In a second my spear was through the boar, and he was turned right round, and left with his head the way from which he had come. The young lad was close behind me, and going so fast that he missed his spear, and pulled up standing. The boar made a bound at him. By a short spurt, my horse was just in time, as the big brute's head passed behind the rider's loins and over the horse's back to get round and inside of the two; and when the boar saw this, he charged direct. The spear again went right through him, but did not stop him. He caught the horse and cut him in the chest; and, passing between his fore legs, already stretched, brought him up on three legs lame.

This boar was not recovered till next morning, when he was found dead. The horse was laid up for twenty days. There is more credit in killing one hog on this bad ground, than a dozen on the plains: and at most seasons of the year the big boars prefer lying under the rocks, in the cool tops of the hills, to being below with the sounder.

It is very exciting beating a hill, with perhaps one hundred or one hundred and fifty beaters, and half-a-dozen men ready to ride directly the hog are driven

off. This is not an easy task; and with the best and most steady beaters, hog will often refuse to be driven from these favourite hills. In some places it is advantageous for all the riders to be with the beaters, in line and in pairs. They do not gallop till the hog have left the hill. Men should be placed up in trees all round, to give information of this. In other places the riders are posted at certain points below the hill; but these must on no account show their horses, nor must they attempt to ride until the hog are well clear: say a furlong or more from the hill. Good sport is often spoiled by the too forward eagerness of young sportsmen to get off after the hog, and by not giving him sufficient space clear of the hill. In some parts of the country, when hog cannot be driven out of the jungles or hills, it is a good plan to find out from what particular feeding-ground hog come in the morning to the jungle or hill. Then make a line, each pair of riders being some two hundred yards apart, and, say, a mile from the hill. The animals return very early, and you must be on the ground, if anything, before daylight.

The distances that hog will go for their food, at some seasons of the year, when grain is scarce, are almost incredible. A boar was killed by the villagers at one place where I was hunting, in the Aurungabad district; and, on cutting him up, they found green grain in his stomach. They assured me that there was no grain growing within twelve

coss—twenty-four miles—from the spot; so that, supposing this hog had gone in a straight line, he must have travelled forty-eight miles, at least, that night.

I have been very fortunate in not having had horses badly ripped. Such things happen as a horse's entrails being let out by one glance; and I have known horses in their stables from six and eight months, from the effects of a boar's tusks.

I generally ride with a sword at my side, so that, after breaking my spear, I can finish my hog; though, if there are other riders, it is not of consequence. Sabreing hog, that is, cutting them down, is not easy; but using the point is, I think, both more easy and effective than the edge. Why the sport has never been attempted in Europe, I cannot conceive. I should suppose that in the forests in Germany there must here and there be open glades and clear spaces, where a horse could catch a hog and a spearsman kill him; and I have often wished for the acquaintance of one of the jolly old barons who would be good enough to mount me, and allow me to try and kill the sanglier. I think that I could do it without hounds or carbines.

Do not fall into the error of using very long spears, or very light ones: eight feet is long enough for anything. With reference to the choice of horses for hog-hunters, there is no doubt that, if you can ride under fourteen stone, saddle and everything, a

good Arab is the best horse you can have. Again, if your purse is a poor one, and especially if you can ride eleven stone with everything up, you may suit yourself very well with a good Deccan mare, or galloway, which will kill the best hog that ever ran, in three quarters of a mile, if you get off with him. They are very courageous, and, from having excellent feet and being used to the stones, are as good as any horses that can be got, over ravines and corries.

I myself weigh from eleven stone to eleven stone seven pounds, and, riding in large Whippy's saddles, rarely get up under thirteen stone altogether. I have had Deccan galloways only thirteen hands two inches high, off which I have, single-handed, killed hog on very bad ground.

I am not aware of any code of rules that have been written for hog-hunting. It is very probable that such do exist in Bengal, for I hardly think that it is possible that the great hunts that existed there in former years, with hundreds of members, could have been kept together as a body, or made to ride to order in a field, without some written rules known to all its members. Those might have been considered the palmy days of hog-hunting, when the great plains of Plassy were covered with grass, and where one rider off one horse took twenty-one first spears in one day, and where 5,000 rupees were offered, and refused, for the noble Arab on the spot;

but it must be remembered that our fathers and grandfathers, before the time the Bengal hog-hunter took to the jobbing spear of the present day, used to throw their weapons at the hog, and turned their horses to the near side.

I have heard, but cannot now remember, what was the number of contested spears that a hunter must have taken before he was qualified to be elected as a member of the old Harra Hunt, or at the death of how many hog it was necessary for him to have been present.

The plan of throwing spears must have been most dangerous, but there are no chronicles to tell us how many horses and men were annually wounded at these great hunts. It is dangerous enough now in the present day, when men never intentionally let go their spears, to ride with a lot of youngsters in high jowarre (a coarse grain used for food instead of wheat, and growing from four to seven feet high), and spear points are constantly glancing within a few inches of the riders' bodies when hunting and turning hog through this grain. Amusing incidents happen of men on heavy horses riding down men on lighter ones without any notice whatever being taken.

If two or more riders start after a sounder of hog, the man who first comes up should select the biggest boar in that sounder; all those, then, who mean to contend for the spear must pursue that one for any

one of them to claim the spear of honour. It is usual, especially if there is any grass or cultivation to hinder the sight, for the first rider coming up to shout out, "the Boar!" and the animal thus selected generally rushes to the front through the rest of the sounder. If this rider makes a palpable mistake, and any other one takes up a larger boar out of the sounder, and rides and spears him, he is at liberty to claim the first spear of the large boar of the sounder. Any one taking a sow, though much bigger and bulkier than the boar, cannot claim the first spear if a boar is killed. Now in Bengal hog are so numerous that they do not spear sows, and from the nature of the ground they can see distinctly of what sex the animal is when they first lay into it; but in the Deccan and Nagpore, where we often ride a mile after the hog have broken before we see the animal, it has been ruled that boars and sows should both be ridden, and the latter indeed is generally much more speedy than the former, while in fighting she is quite as courageous. The destruction of sows, if carried on for many seasons, will eventually kill off the breed of wild hog in any country, and the system of killing a sow with a lot of little ones about her is much to be reprehended; for all these little ones, after the death of their protector, fall a prey to wolves, hyenas, and even jackals. If you are very hard up for something to eat, spear one or two of the little ones; they are uncommon good eating, and afford great

fun from the difficulty of spearing them, but spare the sow.

I have alluded in another place to the over anxiety of young sportsmen to commence riding before the word is given. Let the starter—that is, the rider who is to give the word—be appointed beforehand, and before this word no one should stir. Accustom yourself to spear on the left-hand side, for hog when pressed swerve from side to side, and the man who cannot use his spear on both equally well loses half his chance against an opponent equally well mounted, who is skilful in this matter. Many hog are lost by riders, on coming up to them, not keeping between them and the jungle they wish to turn back to.

A good horseman on a good hunter should always be able to cut his hog out from the jungle, if he has broken from it two hundred yards, provided the ground is good. It is the reckless riding of youngsters on very speedy horses that constantly heads hog back to a jungle from which they have fairly broken, and all the riding of the experienced hunter cannot correct a mistake of this sort.

In the next chapter, I propose treating of tiger-shooting on foot. Let me impress upon my reader that this is the most dangerous sport in India; and I warn him against following it. At the same time, it may be pursued successfully by the sportsman who, confident in his own nerve and shooting, pro-

ceeds cautiously and attends most strictly to the following instructions.

Two native hunters of approved courage, and in the habit of meeting wild animals of the forest face to face, without losing their presence of mind and turning their backs, must be engaged by you for the purpose of carrying your spare rifles, and of tracking the game both before and after it has been wounded. They should be able to shoot, so far as to hit an animal standing pretty close to them; for thus much may be necessary, in the event of your own rifle missing fire or being unloaded, and there not being time for you to take the weapon from their hands.

These shikarees should also be able to clean your rifles. They must have keen sight, and have all their faculties about them; they must be not easily tired by any amount of work, patient in thirst and hunger, and naturally light and silent walkers in the forest. They must be accustomed not to speak, unless spoken to or questioned by you; and you, on your part, must treat them with kindness, and remember, that at any moment you may owe your life to their courage.

There must be an understood compact between the three of you that no one is to desert the other, under any circumstances of danger whatever.

I have found the most difficult duty to teach this class of men is, to make them follow me closely

in the forest. The shikaree, who has in his hand the rifle you require to use immediately after you have discharged the one you carry, should step into your footsteps, and that so closely, that he can hand you his loaded rifle without causing you to turn back your head, or take your eye off the animal fired at. This is of the utmost importance; for game, in these heavy jungles, once lost sight of, is usually lost altogether; while, in the attack of the tiger or savage animal, the human eye fixed, without wavering in its steadfast gaze from the eyes of the animal, exerts a power which, of itself, appears to be sufficient, either to stop the meditated attack, or turn the animal in his career. Instances of this will be hereafter adduced.

Though your shikarees should know how to load your rifles, except in emergent cases, do not allow them to do so. Such a case might happen as your having discharged your own rifle, taken the spare one, and have a wounded tiger in a bush before you; your eye, of course, must not be taken off him; it will then be well for your shikaree to load your empty rifle.

An intimate knowledge of the tracks of wild animals, and of their habits, is necessary in the shikarees you employ. Of course, after some time, you will acquire this knowledge yourself; but it can only be gained by experience and constant practice in the jungle.

I shall take every opportunity that offers in the following pages to instil this knowledge into the minds of my readers; for, as I have elsewhere mentioned, I hope to make my little book one of instruction.

In the meanwhile, let us to the tale of the Man-eaters, the killing of which occurs very seldom in the life of any sportsman.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN-EATER.

Tiger-shooting on Foot, and from Trees—Adventures.

TIGER-shooting in India, as is generally known, is a sport commonly pursued by men in houdahs, on the backs of elephants; this is the method employed by those who can afford to keep elephants for the sport, or can borrow them for the occasion.

Tigers are also killed by shikarees (hunters), European or native, who make mechauns up in trees (platforms of boughs), with a charpoy, or native bed, fastened on them, and tie a bullock below;—when the animal kills the bullock, or returns to eat, they shoot him. These, then, are the usual ways of destroying tigers—I might say *common* tigers: for if the tigers are man-eaters, they are generally so cunning, that they will not come near a mechaun on the tree; or the country they live in may probably be too rocky and mountainous for elephants to be used. With this preface I will proceed to the tale of two man-eaters which I destroyed, and to whose destruction I shall ever look back with feelings of the greatest satisfaction.

It was on the 22nd of April, 1856, that I came to

a village, by name Painderdee, in the Raipore district of the Nagpore province, intending to march through the ghauts, or mountain passes, to Lanjee, which I thought to be my direct road from Belaspore, —where I had been inspecting a detachment of troops under my command—to Bhundarah, where I had to inspect another detachment. The weather was so hot that I had been obliged, while standing at the head of a ravine waiting for a tiger, to pour the drinking water out of my chagul, or leather bottle, over my shooting boots—though this water, in an arid, parched district, was very precious—to enable me to stand on the ground.

I had killed to my own rifle sixteen head of large game in fourteen successive days, between the 1st and 14th of April: viz. two tigers, full grown, eight bears, seven of them full grown, five deer, of different sorts, and a wolf:—all on foot, except one tiger and one bear, and marching the while. I had been travelling between twenty and twenty-five miles a day since; my people and cattle were therefore knocked up.

At Painderdee I was told that the mountain passes were impracticable for my baggage, and that I must strike down into the direct road between Raipore and Bhundarah, and that, indeed, this was as short a way as the other; while twenty-five miles from where I was, at a village called Doongurghur (*i. e.* mountain abode), there was a pair of man-eating tigers, which

had desolated the village, and killed a great number of the inhabitants. My determination was taken: I felt this was a call: and forthwith ordered the march for the morrow to a place twenty miles from Painderdee, and within five of Doongurghur.

My tents, as usual, were started after dinner, at 9 o'clock P.M., and I started at two o'clock next morning. At seven o'clock I came to my intended halting place; at which, as it happened, there was no water fit to drink, consequently my people had not pitched the tents. I ordered them to start at once for Doongurghur, where there was a tank, or lake, celebrated for its fine water, and for never drying up in the hottest season.

All the villagers, with the exception of one family, had, however, been either killed or had run away; supplies there were none. These therefore were ordered to be forwarded to us, and the zemindars', or landholders' chuprassees promised to attend to this business.

The rajah—as he was called, but who was only a wealthy zemindar, or landholder, of Kyraghur—the great town of that part, sent me word that everything should be done, that his two elephants and all his shikarees (native hunters) were at my disposal, and begged me to go and destroy these man-eaters. He himself had tried a short time before with his elephants, but had not succeeded.

The last victim of the man-eaters was the Byra-

ghee, or holy man, who officiated at the temple of the village. The rajah, upon this, had hired five native hunters (shikarees), men who are in the habit of shooting tigers, who went to the place to recover the body of the holy man; but the stories they heard at Doongurghur were sufficient. They fled the fight; and no wonder, when you consider that these poor fellows are armed with the matchlock only, and that these mountain tigers keep such a look-out from their high fastnesses that not a man can move in the jungle or forest, except in the heat of the day, without their seeing him.

I started with my shikarees at once for Doongurghur, and had proceeded about two and a half miles, when I found two natives with matchlocks, one up in a tree, and the other hid at the foot of it. Addressing them, I asked: "What of the man-eating tigers? and to shoot what, are you sitting up there?" They replied that they were waiting to shoot the chikara, or ravine deer, the gazelle of Arabia; and that as to the tigers, they knew nothing of them. I took one of their matchlocks in my hand as I rode along, praised the weapon, and said, "Come, you and I are brothers. You are a shikaree, and so am I: you must come and assist me in killing these tigers." The man came very unwillingly; and his friend also, having got down from the tree, followed. In a short time we arrived at Doongurghur.

There was the beautiful and cool lake, deep and

still, and the desolate village by its shore. A chuprassee of the rajah, and two men and a boy, being the single family who had remained, came at length out of their huts. The elder man was the kullal, or wine-maker and vendor of the village. He had the most property, and therefore had remained when all the rest had fled or been killed. His eyes were like a ferret's, and he was well primed with drink, which had kept him to the sticking point. When the supplies had arrived, I got a lot of tobacco, and made it common to all; had the shikarees fed to their stomachs' content, and made my own shikarees, two in number, get their food, which I always had ready cooked for them. They were men of low caste, but of the most proved courage. Both had been with me for years; and though they could not shoot—not being allowed to fire off my guns—they had never seen any animal make good his charge, or escape being either cut down, wounded, or turned by my heavy rifles; they stood by me, therefore, without fear. At some other place I will describe them.

The stories here related regarding the number of people killed by these tigers, their ferocity and daring —even to the extent of coming into the village at night, and pulling the people out of their huts—were something almost incredible. I may here mention that, though I commonly shoot tigers, and indeed any animal, and every kind of the *genus ferox*, which I meet in the jungle, on foot, I am not a professed

tiger-shooter on foot. I intended to shoot them from trees, if possible. The animal commonly is very wary; seldom venturing into villages, for fear of being entrapped.

The naib duffadar, or rather lance naick, of my small guard, who was himself a shikaree, volunteered to go and look out for a place where I might sit up in a tree, near a shallow and muddy tank with a little water, at the foot of the large mountain, and to tie one of my small bullocks—a beast about twenty months old—there. Having taken with him one of my double guns, as well as the three villagers, and one of the shikarees, to make the mechaun, he started at the very hottest time of the day, about 2 P.M. This was the most unlikely hour for him to be seen or heard by the tiger.

The spot he went to was not above four hundred yards from my tent or the village, and at the foot of that part of the mountain whence the male tiger, or large man-eater, usually descended. The naick had one of my double-barrelled guns with him, the other men had spears. This tiger was the slayer of the priest; and so powerful and large was he, that his custom was to take up his victims in his mouth and carry them up to the mountain. Their bodies were never recovered.

About five o'clock P.M., the naick came into the camp, a good deal alarmed, saying that he had not finished the mechaun, for the shikaree, he was afraid,

had been carried off; that the man was just below the tree, cutting wood, with leaves to make the curtains to conceal the shooter in the mechaun, but that he had suddenly disappeared.

I immediately ordered my shikarees to get my rifles, intending to go and recover the body of the man. But I inquired very anxiously which of the two shikarees he was, still supposing that the man must have fled through fear. It was soon discovered that the man who had gone with the naick was he who had come of his own accord. I started for the spot, and, on arriving at it, heard the spotted deer roused and utter the shrill bark which they do when suddenly alarmed by a tiger, or any animal that kills them. Telling the naick to finish the mechaun quickly, and that I should be within a circle of a few hundred yards, I went in search of the body of the man, whom I then supposed killed. It turned out, the next day, that he had fled, through fear, to his own village, some three or four miles off.

After searching for some time in vain, I was returning in the direction of the mechaun, when I heard the axe of the people that were making it, and, on arrival, I found all of them up in it, looking intently into the ravine below. On asking why they were up there, they replied, "The tiger is just below us." I looked, but could see nothing in the dense jungle. The sun had set, and it was nearly dark. Thinking the tiger might spring out on us, if he

thought there was but one or two, I spoke loudly, telling them to get down; and thus noisily we returned to the camp. This was made secure for the night. All the horses, bullocks, and cattle were brought within the smallest space they could be picketed in, the carts dragged outside of them, and large fires lit every twenty yards. Over and above the regular sentry of dismounted troopers, the servants were told off, and these furnished some four more sentries, with a relief every two hours. My two heavy double rifles had the whitest little bits of cotton stuck with bees'-wax at the sights near the muzzles, and were placed on the chair by my cot. The large-bored single rifle, a two ounce one, with a double charge of powder, lay ready to my hand under the bed.

Of a pitch dark night, if a tiger jumps into a camp and seizes any one, he is out of it again with one bound. My own plan is to fire off the heaviest charged piece at hand; as, at the sound of the sudden shot, there is a good chance of the tiger dropping his victim, who, unless killed by the spring and first blow, may thus be recovered.

All that night the lungoor—these are the baboon of India, and stand, when on their hind legs, five and a half feet high—were chattering and hooting on the branches of the trees, up to the very edge of the camp. These animals, which live in the mountains with the tigers and panthers, never allow them to

move without following them, and by jumping from branch to branch of the trees, over their heads, they warn other animals and man of the tiger's approach. The horses also this night were very uneasy; but the fires and constant watchfulness of the sentries kept the tigers out.

I waited for daylight with much anxiety; and, directly there was sufficient light, rubbing the cotton off my rifle sights, I got my people up, and started for the place where the calf had been tied. The kullal, or wine-maker, was taken as a guide, lest we should lose ourselves in the jungle, and also to carry the drinking water. Scarcely two hundred yards had been passed, when we heard the tiger, which infested that part of the forest, roar loudly. The poor villager, the father of the only remaining family, whispered, "Wuh hai—that is he! that's the tiger who owns my village." I replied, "If you run, you are a dead man; keep behind us." Placing in front my head shikaree, Mangkalee, who has very good sight, while, in the dusk, my own is very bad, we hurried along the path.

Coming to some rocks from which I knew that the tied-up calf could be seen, and thinking that the shikaree might not have remembered the spot, I pulled him back cautiously. I looked. There was the white calf apparently dead. Mangkalee remarked as much, in a whisper. The younger shikaree, Nursoo, was behind me on the left. We all gazed

at a tail. The distance was some sixty yards from us, but we could not make out the tiger. At length the end of the tail moved. Nursoo, making a similar motion with his fore-finger, whispered in my ear, "Doom-hilta-hai"—("The tail's moving.") I now made out the body of the animal clear enough. Not a blade of grass nor a leaf was between us. A single forest tree, without a branch on it for thirty feet from the ground, was twenty yards nearer the tiger.

It was very probable that he would see us, but it must be risked; so, pressing down my shikaree, Mangkalee, with my hand behind me, and keeping the trunk of the tree between the foe and me, while I said within myself, "God be with me? If I get behind that tree without your seeing me, you're a dead tiger," I passed rapidly forward. So intent was the huge beast upon the poor calf, that he did not hear me. I placed the barrels of my rifle against the tree, but was obliged to wait.

The tiger and the calf lay contiguous, tails on end to us. The calf's neck was in the tiger's mouth, whose large paws embraced his victim. I looked, waiting for some change in the position of the body to allow me to aim at a vital part.

There were some forty paces between us. As all rifle-shooters know, this is a very uncertain distance, and one at which all the polygrooved rifles with a large charge of powder, that I have seen tried, rise from four to six inches.

The weapon I had in my hand was a very broad-belted, two-grooved rifle, by Wilkinson, carrying balls some ten to the pound; and only four days before this, I had proved that, when loaded with the bullet-mould full of powder, it carried its ball point-blank, without rising or falling, for about ninety yards. Strange it was that I had had this rifle by me for three years; but, owing to having a very favourite double, polygrooved rifle, some pounds heavier, by Westly Richards, to which I was much attached, I had but very rarely used the Wilkinson.

At length the calf gave a struggle and kicked the tiger, on which the latter clasped him nearer, arching his own body, and exposing the white of his belly and chest. I pulled the trigger very slowly, aiming at the white, and firing for his heart—he was on his left side—as if I was firing at an egg for a thousand pounds.

I knew that I hit the spot aimed at; but, to my astonishment, the tiger sprang up several feet in the air with a roar, rolled over, and towards me—for he was on higher ground than I was—when, bounding to his feet, as if unscathed, he made for the mountains, the last rock of which was within forty yards of him.

I must acknowledge that, firing at a beast of this sort, with no vital part to aim at, standing as I was for some time looking at him, and on lower ground, my heart beat rather quicker than was its wont.

Albeit, I had never turned my back to any animal in the jungles, and not one had ever seen its shape! I was confident, too, in my own nerve and shooting, for I had cut down, with one exception—and that one had cut *me* down as the scythe does the grass—every wild beast of the forest.

Immediately the tiger sprang to his feet and exposed his broad left side to me, I stepped from behind the tree, looked at him in the face with contempt, as if he had been a sheep, and while he passed me with every hair set, his beautiful white beard and whiskers spread, and his eye like fire, with the left barrel I shot him through the heart. He went straight and at undiminished speed, each bound covering fifteen feet at least, for twenty-five yards, and then fell on his head under the lowest rock of the mountain in which was his stronghold. Up went in the air his thick, stumpy tail. Seizing my other rifle, I walked up to about fifteen yards of him—for he was still opening his mouth and gasping—and broke his back. Turning round to the poor villager who, now the tiger was dead, was afraid to come near him, I patted him on the shoulder, and said, "There is your enemy, old man: now, where does the tigress live?" "I know nothing about her," said the man, trembling all over (and no wonder); "this was the owner of my village. I know nothing at all of the tigress. She takes her water at the other side of the village, and a long way off."

I returned to my camp, only four hundred yards off, took a cup of tea, and ordered them to bring in the man-eater. He was the largest, as far as bulk and muscular power, of any tiger I had ever seen. His extreme length, as he lay dead, was ten feet eight inches; his tail was only three feet three—an extraordinary short tail. This it was, with its great thickness, which made us notice it. His head was very large. The points of all the large fangs were considerably broken: this had saved the calf, who, though much scratched, and with sundry holes in his neck, was alive, and is now well and happy with my milch cattle at Nagpore.

The jugular artery, which the tiger always has to divide in order to suck the blood, had been missed; though, doubtless, in another minute, the poor calf's head would have been munched off. The villagers from all sides flocked in to see the man-eater. The rajah, or rather the landholder of the district, sent many congratulations and thanks. Thirteen quarts of fat were taken from this lusty animal.

The mokassee, or renter of the village, came and begged a pipkin full. "Of course," I replied; "it is the fat of your own villagers." He grinned a ghastly smile. It was too true to be a joke, and the remembrance too recent to be relished. I ordered a couple of goats to be killed for the people, and immediately started to look for the tigress. But, though I found her footmarks on the other side of the moun-

tain, I was not successful. Returned at eleven A.M., again out at four o'clock, shot a spotted deer, and stayed out till dark, but saw no tigress.

Being sleepy, from having been kept awake the night before, I went to bed at nine o'clock, after cautioning the duffadar to have all the fires lit, and the sentries posted, as before. I particularly warned him that there was another man-eater near.

I had scarcely been to sleep an hour, before I was awoke by a shout from the duffadar, that one of the troopers was carried off by the tiger. I leaped out of bed, and seizing the large single two-ounce rifle, kept loaded with powder only for the purpose, I fired it off in the air. It was pitch dark; not a bit of fire in the camp, save one or two embers near the spot were the trooper was seized, and over which the tigress had sprung on her victim. I got my clothes on as rapidly as possible, buckled on my sword, and seized one of my rifles: my younger shikaree, Nursoo, took the other. My khidmutgar, or table servant, a man by name Fakir Ahmed, got my candlestick and shade; and the villagers, a number of whom had remained in the village, rushed down with torches into the camp. My shikaree Mangkalee could not at first be found. The duffadar told me in which direction the tigress had gone. He had been standing within five paces of the man: in fact, he was seeing the sentry changed. The poor fellow who was seized was putting on his belts to go on duty. There

was a dry ravine, without any jungle in it, which ran up to the camp. The tigress had stolen up that, and sprung on the man's chest, seizing him by the mouth, and so systematically closing it that the poor fellow could never reply to his name. I shouted it—Gholam Hoossain Khan—till I was hoarse. Springing into the ravine, I followed it up rapidly, thinking that the only chance of recovering the man was to get up to the foot of the mountain, some five hundred yards distant, before she could carry him there. I heard one sigh, and followed in that direction. In vain! We returned. It was ten minutes to twelve, the moon just rising. There was a faint hope that the poor fellow had been dropped, and had climbed up a tree, but was afraid to answer.

I returned to bed, but could not sleep. The tragedy of the night was not to be forgotten so suddenly; and at about three o'clock in the morning I again heard the hooting of the large monkeys. Shortly after, I heard an extraordinary noise, which I could not make out at first. I questioned the sentry. He replied that it was the lungoor (the monkeys); but I made out the tigress growl, and the crunching of the poor trooper's bones. It was no use any more risking life in the dark; besides, the tragedy was most probably being finished in the mountain above, where human foot could scarcely climb, even in the daytime. At daylight we started. No nice tracking was required. The tigress had

dragged the body of the trooper across the deep sandy ravine, and there were his sword-belt, his turban, trousers, and other parts of his dress in each bush.

Putting the villagers on this track, which they could not fail to follow, I asked, "On what mountain-path can I intercept the tigress?" The mokassee, turning to one of the villagers, said, "Take the sahib to the water, a spot where she has killed and broken up four or five people." I started and mounted the first ledge of rocks, in the hopes of catching her before her return, but in vain. After waiting some time, I went towards the spot where I had left the others; and, seeing some crows on the tree, came up to the place where lay the body of the poor trooper, at the same time the duffadar and villagers found it. She had eaten off one of his legs only, up to the knee. We had passed within fifteen yards of the body in the night. I talked a good deal to the Mussulmans about our being both men of the book, and not infidels; that they were of the same opinion as I was, that when the soul had fled, the remainder was but dust; that I would just as soon be eaten by tigers or jackals as be put into the finest mausoleum, which is truly my own feeling as to my mortal remains:—all in hopes that they would allow the body of the trooper to remain, when I should have made sure of having the tigress back to eat it. But they thought differently, and took away and buried the body.

On our return, the rajah's shikarees and the mokassee, who was also a hunter, all came to the consultation as to how the tigress was to be killed. I heard them all patiently. Their advice was to make a mechaun near the spot where the body was left. My own plan was to tie a calf—not the poor white one whose life had been rescued, but another, a black one—at the shallow water where the tigress bathed; and, sitting behind the bank of the tank, to shoot her when she came in the evening.

The first part of my plan was adopted: but they all assured me that they did not know by what path she descended from the hill; and that she was such a fiend, that she would spring on some of us; since, to shoot her, we should be obliged to sit within reach of the lowest rock. Much against my own inclination, but not liking to go in direct opposition to the advice of so many men, hunters also, and knowing the country and animal so well—since, if an accident happened to any one, all the blame would be put on my shoulders—I gave in to them.

At three P.M. they went to make the screen, or shelter, up in the tree. We left for it, with the kullal to carry my water, as usual, at half-past four P.M. I placed my two heavy rifles before me, telling my shikarees that I would not touch them until she came right under us, when I would break her back with a single ball. On no account were they to touch my arm, or move. The unfortunate

father of a family, the wine-maker, stood behind us, with his eyes always directed to the mountain paths. We had scarcely sat half an hour, when down came the tigress, with her stealthy walk. Evidently she was of the same kind as the male; short and thick—the regular mountain tiger—her tail did not touch the ground. She was the smallest tigress, for a full-grown one, I had ever seen. My blood boiled within me as I thought, that such a small beast should have killed and carried off my poor trooper; and I have no hesitation in saying, that if I had found her in the plain when I was riding one of my tried hunters, I would have gone at her with the spear. There was some excuse for the big lusty male, with his broken teeth, killing men; but for this active fiend, made like a panther, and not much larger than one I have killed—for her to take to man-slaying was unpardonable.

The reason of her not having kept to the sandy ravine was now evident enough. She was not large and strong enough to drag the man, except on the hard ground; so, when pursued, she had dragged him along the bank, and within a few yards of the ravine: the easiest way to the spot at the foot of the hill, where she had afterwards come to eat him. In front of us there was the ravine, which she dropped into, crossed, and then fixed her gaze at the bush under which she had left the man's body. She kept gliding along till she came behind a

large forest-tree, about sixty yards from us. I had tied another calf on the clear space before us, in the hopes that, having had but a slight meal, and under the disappointment of not finding the man's body, she would fall on this calf. The latter stood paralysed under the gaze of the tigress, and never moved. He was mesmerized, so to say, though he continued standing.

The tigress by degrees brought one eye, and then both, round the side of the large tree, and fixed them on me; and thus we looked at one another for at least twenty minutes. What would I not have given to have been on foot now, with my rifle on a rest! I felt certain of being able to put a ball between her eyes. But the sun was shining on the barrels; to move a finger to take up the rifle was to lose the chance. My shikaree Mangkalee sat on my right; he could see her shoulder; Nursoo was on the left of me; he could see her quarters and loins. It was in order that I might not be induced to fire till she was close to me, that I rested my rifles on the branch that formed the front bar of the mechaun. The unusual object in the tree could not escape her sight. We were twelve feet from the ground, pretty safe: though I have heard of a man being struck out of a tree at twenty-two feet from the ground. The poor villager who, when the tigress came near, had been unable to stand her gaze, had remained with his

head between his knees and his eyes shaded in his hands. This long suspense he could not brook, and at length scratched his leg with his right hand. The movement was sufficient. The tigress slipped into the ravine, and ascended the opposite bank at the same deliberate and stealthy pace.

I felt the chance was gone, seized my Wilkinson's rifle, and, as she cleared the heavy bushes, shot her, but too far back and low. The ball went through her belly, and fell beyond her. She gave one growl and bound; then moved on quite slowly. The mountain, or mass of rocks, towered to the height of seven hundred feet, from about seventy yards the other side of her. Had the rifle-ball missed, there would have been no mistake as to its ricochetting among the rocks, from the hard, gravelly soil. We slid down the tree quickly, and followed on her track in the direction of the water. As we came to the bank of the tank, and looked over, there was the black calf, which had been tied there, dead. His jugular vein had been opened most scientifically. The deed must have been done immediately after the calf had been tied up. Darkness was now coming on. The impregnable mountain was before us; and I had to return to the tents, with the unpleasant feeling of having lost the tigress by not acting on my own knowledge of shikar, in opposition to the village hunters. Had I sat behind the bank of the tank, I should have shot her whilst sucking the blood of the

calf. The shikarees tried to console me, saying that the tigress would die, and that they would recover her for me; that if she did not return to eat the calf she was a dead tigress. This was my own opinion also, for I knew that at that sultry season of the year, wounds, in such a hot-blooded animal as a tiger, generally cause death.

At dawn next morning, we started for the spot. This is the dangerous part of tiger-shooting on foot: moving, when it is too dark to see to shoot, in jungles infested by man-eaters. It is the best time, and after dusk in the evening, to sit for the animals. The calf lay there as he was the night before, untouched. I sat beneath the bank, watching, till ten o'clock. The large male of the lungoor monkey came across the short space that divided the ravine and forest from the mountain, where they also lived, at the speed of a race-horse. He sat himself up in a dried and withered tree, within thirty yards of us, his eyes incessantly towards the mountain. After sitting an hour or so, he turned his head and made a grimace, as a sign. All his wives and children came across at speed, and up the tree they went. They seemed to comprehend why I was there, and I kept my eye on the big fellow, with my back to the slaughtered calf. His look-out was better than that of any human eye. They took their water, and disappeared up the mountain to their abode. The spotted deer came and drank at fifty yards from me.

It was a Sunday; and I never shoot anything but tigers on that day. Besides, no noise must be made. Having left two men on a high, leafy tree within sight of the calf, I returned to the tents. These men were relieved at one o'clock. At four P.M., I again went, and sat till nightfall—but no tigress. That night the monkeys were wonderfully quiet. We all considered that the man-eater was dead or disabled. Her footmark was not to be found at the water. She had not bathed or drunk.

Whilst sitting and watching this evening, I had the satisfaction of seeing the villagers return to their homes: they came along shouting and singing. The village was again their happy home. The rajah wrote me a complimentary letter, full of thanks. The mokassee (or owner) and the village shikarees were now restored to their usual confidence. They promised to recover the tigress; they knew every cave in the mountain: they would be sure to recover her; and if the skin was not spoilt, they would send it to me. I knew that they would not dare to go up into the mountain for some days. But my servants and baggage-cattle being rested from their fatigue, I could not longer delay, so next morning went to take a last look at the calf. We found he had been torn to pieces by the hyenas. One hind leg and quarter lay close to the water; a good part of the rest, some fifty yards off. The track of each part was distinct. The scuffle had been for the meat, but

it was decomposed; in which state the hyenas and jackals, the scavengers of India, pull the body to pieces. It is extraordinary how aloof these animals keep, until either the tiger has eaten, or the body stinks and becomes decomposed. If a tiger does not feel hungry after he has killed and drunk the blood, he will sometimes sit on the watch. Woe betide any moving thing that then comes to his carcase! Vultures, even, have been found slain over it.

I proceeded on my march, after some talk with the village owner. To my remark that it was no wonder his people were killed by tigers, with the village between these mountains and a mesh of ravines connecting them with the only fine drinking water in the forest, he replied, that for twelve years, until the last three or four months, they had not had a man killed; that as for the common tigers, they were used to them; that their cattle were killed by them, and that they saw them daily, but that these tigers did not molest men.

A fortnight or so after this, and when I had returned to Nagpore, a moolkee, or district sowar or trooper, brought me word from the rajah that his shikarees had found the tigress dead, but that her skin was decomposed and unfit to send to me. This was unsatisfactory, but could not be helped. It was much that I had been the avenger constituted by Him, who ordains all things, to slay these tigers, and

to save further loss of human life. To any one who knows how much attached a native of India is to his home, it will be fully understood with what delight these poor villagers returned to their hearths and altars.

The foregoing tale of mischief consummated by man-eating tigers, sinks, however, into insignificance, if the relative number of lives is taken into consideration with that of the story of the famous three-fanged tigress of Bogarum. The tigers of Doongurghur carried on their devastation for four or five months only; the tigress, the tale of which I am about to relate, infested a low bush jungle interspersed with immense caves and rocks, the entire area of which was not probably more than twelve or fourteen square miles, lying contiguous to three villages. In and about these villages, this tigress killed the number of 144 men and women in the space of three years, each one of which was known by the mark of her three fangs. Many of my readers, who were at or near Hydrabad in the Deccan, in the years 1847-48-49, will have heard of her depredations, if they have not actually hunted and fired at her. She, however, led a charmed life, no one can boast of possessing her skin; some of the best shots of Hydrabad, Secunderabad, and Bolarum were out after her day after day, for the village of Bogarum is within ten or eleven miles of the last of these stations. I among others was out several times, and

saw her several times, though I had only one snap shot at her, and that at a hundred yards. She had with her a young one of about two years old, and I was with a party on elephants, who after a great deal of driving about, succeeded in separating the young one from the tigress and killing it. The mother, as on all other occasions, baffled all our pursuit. At one time a friend of mine and I went out with two elephants to Bogarum to beat for this tigress. Report was brought that there was a tiger not very far from the foot of the Bogarum hill. The rocks are of a very peculiar formation, being very commonly like tombstones, rising to the height of thirty feet, and isolated from one another; they have a very strange appearance, with the bush jungle entwined round their base. On a sudden to the right of our line a great shout was raised, and we saw the famous Bogarum tigress sitting upon the pinnacle of a rock at least five and thirty feet from the ground; it seemed almost a miracle how she got up there. She sat composedly looking upon all the people about, and certainly appeared to me the most beautiful and symmetrically made tiger I had ever seen, her coat was sleek and shining, as if she had been cleaned in a drawing-room. You may have been told, and it is a very common error to suppose, that a man-eating tiger is always mangy, and out of condition; here was one that had killed more than I had ever heard of, with as beautiful and glossy a skin as has ever

been seen. My friend immediately moved his elephant towards her, which (whether from seeing the tigress, though she was a couple of hundred yards from me, or whether from the shouting, I know not) rushed frantically off in the opposite direction, which was towards the city of Hydrabad, and it was only after we had gone half a mile, that the Mahout (elephant driver) could stop him. I and Mangkalee jumped off with the rifles; the elephant then continued his course, leaving pieces of the Mahout's dress on the bushes, and never stopped till he reached the city of Hydrabad. In the meanwhile, my friend had had a shot at the tigress on the rock, but missed her; it was just after this, and when we had descended from the elephant, that Mangkalee pointed out to me a tiger moving on the side of the hill at about 500 yards from us; it was too far to make out if it was the man-eater or not, but we hastened to the spot, and there found the pug of the cub, it was among some bushes surrounded by rocks, which, though they did not form caves, were grouped together so as to form a shelter very nearly inaccessible. We could not carry the track away out of this place, nor could we find the young tiger. While this was going on, my friend came up on his elephant and told me how he had missed the tigress, and where his ball had struck on the rock, adding that as he did not think it worth while to look any more for her, he should go home. After again waiting some time in the en-

deavour to track, I went across to see and examine the rock on the top of which the tigress had sat. It was wonderful to conceive how an animal of this size could have glided up and down this almost perpendicular rock.

The beaters all this time were perched on the rocks which they had ascended when the tigress first showed herself.

A heavy shower of rain now fell. Whilst I was at the base of the rock a loud shout proclaimed to us that the tigress had again started, and the waving of blankets denoted the way she had taken. We followed on foot, and on coming to the spot where we had seen the young tiger we found the foot-marks of the tigress showing quite clear on the newly-moistened soil. The beaters who had been on the rocks above assured us that she had rushed out from under that mass of rocks and bush, so that we must have been for about a quarter of an hour within a few paces of this famous tigress; and the only way that I can account for her not having seized any of us is that she had been alarmed by being fired at, and thought she was not concealed from the eyes of the people on the rocks above her.

She had gone full stride down the hill, and again we lost her tracks in the impervious bush below.

This happened on a Tuesday, and for the next three days we in vain beat for the tigress. I had got out another elephant, and on Saturday, just as our

elephants were being got ready to go back to cantonments, some villagers came in suddenly into the camp, and said that one of their party had just been carried off by the tigress. Eleven of them had been coming from another village towards Bogarum, when at a mile off the tigress had sprung upon a woman and carried her away. There was a boy about ten or eleven years old, the son of the unfortunate woman, who was loud in his lamentations; but I am sorry to say that, like as the Jew, in the *Merchant of Venice*, when his daughter Jessica ran away, cried more for his ducats than for his daughter, so did this little boy wail more for the silver bangles and anklets that he averred were on his mother's person than for his mother. There was no stopping him in his description of these ornaments. We had the elephants immediately got ready, and started for the spot; and we agreed that I was to follow the track where the woman had been dragged, while my friend was to beat some thirty yards on the left. There was to be no jealousy about the shots, but between us we must kill her if possible. We had scarcely gone a hundred yards, when my friend saw the tigress sitting in the bush before him; he fired at but did not kill her; she went away like a deer, at which time I also got a snap shot at about a hundred yards. We separated, though not intentionally, and when we were a long way apart my friend again came upon her standing on a rock. This time his elephant made a rush at

the tigress, and he broke the stock of his gun; and so, after vainly beating for her for several hours, we lost her, and I never saw her again. We then went to recover the body of the unfortunate woman, and there found the fatal three holes in her neck; her foot and leg only up to the knee were eaten up, and the tigress had most carefully spread the saree (cloth worn by native women) over her victim so as to conceal her entirely. It appears strange that a tiger prefers eating the foot and leg of the human, while in the animal—bullock, cow, or buffalo—he invariably commences with the hind-quarter. These poor Bogarum villagers certainly did lead a life!

One evening, as we arrived there, a man came rushing into camp, his face the picture of horror and his hair on end; he had just been chased by the tigress; and the villagers said, here we are one hundred men in this village, we cannot go into the jungles to cut our wood for fear of our lives. We will beat the jungle for you with pleasure; what is it, if one of us is killed, you will be able to kill the tigress. The three villages subscribed the sum of 150 rupees (15*l.*) (a large sum for poor people), to induce a famous shikaree to come and shoot the tigress; he was an old and practised hand, and made the agreement with them, that he would come and shoot the tigress after he had taken his bride, whom he was just about to marry, to his home. The man went and was married, and was taking his wife on a

pony, with a large marriage procession, with him through these very jungles; the tigress sprang out and carried off the bride from her pony, from out of the middle of the procession. Fortunately the shout raised by the number of people, and the rush made for her rescue, induced the tigress to drop her victim; and they put the bride on her pony and took her home, and she recovered; but the old shikaree was too superstitious to have anything more to do with that tigress, remarking that he had vowed to kill her, but that the tigress had seized his young bride. After we had killed the cub, this famous tigress left those jungles, and whether she died of wounds, or whether she left off man-eating, and took to living respectably, deponent saith not.

The natives, who are very superstitious, consider that the man-eating tiger that has taken up his abode near the village, is an evil spirit sent to destroy them; and they give themselves up most helplessly to this scourge, firmly believing that it is the will of their Deity, and that they are therefore quite impotent to destroy the animal; but let us look into the real causes of tigers becoming man-eaters, and we shall not wonder that they are here and there only to be found, but that they are not much more numerous.

There is a class of Hindoos throughout all the villages in the Deccan, Nagpore, and other parts of India, whose duty it is, in a country where roads are scarcely marked, and paths during the monsoon or

rainy season are obliterated, to show the traveller from village to village on the journey he is going. They also carry baggage, &c., for which they receive some trifling remuneration. The other duties performed by this class are that of village watchmen, sweepers, and clearers away of all animals that may die within the village and its boundaries. Their caste is of course a very low one, and in most villages and towns where there are any number of respectable Hindoos, or Mahomedans, this class, which is called the Dare class, is not permitted to reside among the other inhabitants, but ground is allotted to them outside the village; and this locality obtains the name of the Darewarra.

Now, in recompence for their services as watchmen, guides, and porters, as well as scavengers, they are allowed certain grounds rent-free from Government; and this is regulated by their number, and the extent of the grounds, population, and wealth of the village. They have the exclusive right over all animals that die within the limits of their village, from whatever cause; these are their perquisites; and they eat indiscriminately all animals, whether they die from disease, old age, accident, or from the stroke of the wild animal of the jungle. The village cattle, whether buffalo, bullocks, cows, sheep or goats, are taken out to graze upon lands common to the village, under one or two herdsmen or shepherds, according to the number of animals, and each owner pays to

the gowlee (herdsman) the regulated village price for looking after his animal; at night they are all brought back to the village. Now very commonly this grazing-ground is in a dense jungle infested by tigers, and, as a matter of course, cattle are constantly killed by them. The gowlee (herdsman) is in no way responsible for this, he has nothing further to do than to report the case in the village, and directly this kill is heard of, out rush the dares, whose property it has become, to drive away the tiger, and secure the body; all claim to the slain animal is lost, by their absurd rules, to the unfortunate owner of the animal; it has been his kismut (fate, destiny) to have his animal taken out of a hundred others.

The hungry Dares will go out on pitch dark nights a mile into the jungle to recover the body of a bullock killed by the tiger, securing themselves by torches and shouting from the animal; and this, indeed, is the best flesh they have, killed and bled by their butcher the tiger, oftentimes unmauled, he not having had time to commence to eat it. Now the unfortunate tiger, day after day baulked of his food, after he has killed his animal, becomes uncommon hungry, and at length either watches the ghât (watering place) where the women go down to wash and bathe, from which he seizes his victim, or else he dogs the footsteps of the unwary woodcutter, and once having found out how utterly helpless a man is in his grasp, he becomes a confirmed man-eater.

The tiger can take a man in his mouth, and carry him a considerable distance, and constantly the remains of the body are not recovered; there are no hungry Dares to take any interest in them. Injuries received by the tiger in conflicts with its own species, wounds from horns, loss of the large fangs of the teeth, old age taking away the vigour of the animal, wounds from bullets, all these are causes in a minor degree of tigers becoming man-eaters; but it is my firm belief that the system of allowing the Dares to carry away the carcase of the animal killed by the tiger is the primary cause. It is an acknowledged right and perquisite, agreeably to the village regulations up to this time.

Many a bitter disappointment is the sportsman subjected to, who, having heard of the kill of an animal, perhaps several miles off from where he is, and hurrying his shikarees (native hunters), rifles, and himself to the spot, with the hopes of getting a shot at the tiger from behind a screen when he comes to take his meal, finds on his arrival at the village, that the Dares have carried off bodily the gara (killed animal); had they left this, the sportsman would have rid the jungle of that tiger.

CHAPTER IV.

TIGER-SHOOTING.

Native Hunters, or Shikarees—Various plans adopted for shooting Tigers—Adventures—Different degrees of tenacity of Life shown by Tigers: Instances of this.

THE native hunter who sits in a tree, or mechaun, and so shoots a tiger or other animal, is not to be trusted either to stand by you on foot, to give you your spare gun, or to retain his presence of mind when a tiger is within sight or hearing. Now and then they are courageous; but the situation generally is so new to them that they involuntarily betray alarm. I have proved this to be the case on several occasions besides the one when the shikaree's moving suddenly brought the Simeriah panther on me. Once, when a bear appeared coming towards us, a village shikaree, who was considered a very plucky fellow, began climbing a tree, not much thicker than his own leg, with my heavy rifle in his hand. Luckily, I caught him by the leg, and pulled him down before he got out of reach. Their alarm is generally shown by a short cough, which proceeds from dryness of the throat, and is caused by fear. This is sometimes incessant, and it is of no use

attempting to cure it. At other times, from the man trying to check the cough, and pertinaciously closing his mouth, the cough breaks out loudly, and perhaps loses you the only chance of a shot that you have been waiting for for hours.

At Chanda, in the Nagpore province, I was encamped in the end of March, 1852. This place is notorious for the number of tigers in its vicinity. The jungle being very extensive, low, and very thorny, the European hunter has great difficulty in killing game in it. The native, who sits up in a tree at night, often shoots tigers there, owing to his extraordinary power of vision in the dark. The day after I arrived, they brought in a very fine tigress, which, they said, came down to drink before dark, and while they were sitting in a tree watching for deer. This rather put me on my mettle, and I soon found he pugs or foot-tracks of a large tiger which used to ome round the camp at night. The village shikaees confirmed this, by stating that he was the pair o the tigress, and had been there some months, illing a great many cattle, and jumping down on, nd killing sometimes both the bullocks in a cart. They promised to let me know if they heard of his whereabouts.

On the fourth day after my arrival, a shikaree ame running into camp, at about eleven o'clock in he day, saying that the tiger had killed one cow nd wounded another animal out of the herd of

grazing cattle, at a short distance from the camp, and begging me to come quickly, as his Seikh shikarees, who had been sent for by the herdsman, had already gone to make a mechaun. I started immediately for the spot, and found a full-grown cow dead as a herring, and the two Seikh shikarees up in a mechaun in a very thick mango-tree close to her. I beckoned them down, and told them that they would not get a shot at the tiger from a tree so close to the kill, but must come and assist me in cutting some bushes and making a curtain, from behind which to shoot, on the ground, some thirty-five yards off. They came down, and I promised them the Government reward, which is in this district only fifteen rupees (thirty shillings), if I succeeded in killing the tiger. We finished the hiding-place by one o'clock; and it was most probable that the tiger would come down before sunset, as he had not only not eaten any of the cow, but the herdsmen had kicked up such a row, that he had not even bled her. This is always done preparatory to eating, by opening the jugular veins with his large fangs; and it is very commonly the case, that a tiger will satiate his thirst for blood, and not eat for several hours after.

I took the precaution to ask the shikarees if they were afraid to sit on the ground; for if so, they were at liberty to go home. I saw at once that one of the Seikhs was a courageous man, and the shikaree who

had given me the news, affirmed that he was not the least afraid. Before, however, we had sat an hour, this last man began to show symptoms of a cough, and I made the great mistake of not starting him off at once: I did not like to send him through the jungle alone. About half an hour before sunset, a single jackal came, and took a pull at the dead cow, looking back continually, as if to see whether the tiger was coming. This was what the natives call the Kola Baloo, or, as they affirm, the tiger's provider. Whether their theory is true or not, I have often seen tigers without the accompanying jackal, and have sometimes seen the latter close to an animal killed by a tiger. This scavenger is always to be seen wherever there has been either a kill, or an animal has died of itself, and I fancy his relish for flesh, killed fresh, or putrid, is equally keen and unscrupulous. A short time after this, and when there was half an hour at least of daylight, we heard the tiger making the peculiar noise, something like the purring of a large cat, but not such a continuous sound, and more like a moan. He appeared to be not more than a quarter of a mile from us, and approaching very slowly. The above-mentioned shikaree almost immediately coughed; however, the tiger was as yet too far off to hear him.

In about a quarter of an hour, the purr became quite distinct, and the tiger, though we could not see him, was evidently within twenty or thirty yards of

the kill. I stood with my rifle all ready over the upper rail of the fence, when, to my terrible disgust, out coughed the wretched shikaree again. The tiger, who, at this time of coming to his food, is very cautious, suddenly stopped, and the next time we heard him, he was going in the other direction full 300 yards off. I saw my chance was gone, but sat up till nearly eight o'clock, putting a piece of white cotton on the muzzle-sight, as it became pitch-dark. When this sight was not visible, we went home: I being almost of the opinion that the native shikarees had combined together to prevent my killing the tiger. The next morning was the first day of April—muster-morning—and I told my shikaree, Mangkalee, to go and look from a distance whether the cow had been eaten, or dragged away. He reported the latter; and my determination was directly taken to track up the carcase, and find the tiger at the very hottest time of the day, viz., noon.

The precaution was taken to put men at the entrance to that part of the jungle, to prevent the village people from entering it there, on their daily task of gathering sticks, wood, and grass. Before noon, I started, taking my pad-elephant with me, to beat for the tiger, in case all other plans failed. It was as hot a day as one could wish for, for the particular sport of finding a gorged tiger asleep, and shooting him in that position. I have said before that the jungle about this place was very

thorny and thick, and in parts almost impervious. I consulted the shikarees, who knew the jungle, as to how we should go to work to find him. The head man said: "There are three places in this jungle that he will lie in; if he is not in one of them, we are sure of finding him in the other." Turning to the Seikh, I said, "What is your advice?" He replied "The old man's plan is good." I saw that they were trying to deceive me, and suddenly said, "It is bad and useless." And walking up to the water, I found that the tiger had drunk, and rolled in the damp sand. I then took up the broad track of the dragged cow, up the water-course. There were the trail and the marks of the horns and hoofs plain enough on either bank. When dragged out of this water-course, the trail was more difficult, and I put the Seikh shikaree on it, keeping close by him. We had not gone a quarter of a mile, when we came upon the remains of the cow. More than half had been eaten. There were now good hopes. I had almost forgotten to write that I had sent the pad-elephant to keep in the bed of the river, because tigers constantly lie under the heavy bushes on the banks for the sake of the cool ground, and the river's course ran nearly parallel to our own.

The falling leaves now made the tracking very difficult, and we lost it. The Seikh was leading, and I close to him—the heat and glare almost enough to blind one. We had not gone much above a couple

of hundred yards, when up sprang the tiger about ten yards to our right rear, and almost behind us. He had been lying under a large forest-tree, in so clear a space that I wondered that no one saw him. Fortunately, not a single one of the shikarees moved to run. He at first appeared to intend to charge, for he roared, and came towards us, but at about six or seven paces, he swerved, and I shot him with the right barrel of the Wilkinson rifle in the ribs, a little too far back; for as I was following his movement, my left elbow struck the Seikh shikaree on the shoulder, which prevented the rifle being pitched so far forward as it should have been. The ball, however, went through his liver and body, and out at the other side. I pulled the left trigger, when snap went the cock on the nipple; the cap had been rubbed off in this terribly thick jungle. Had he turned upon us then some one must have been seized. The pad-elephant was in the sandy bed of the river, one hundred yards to our right, and when the tiger roared, she trumpeted. I called to the mahout to bring her, remarking, "The tiger is shot, but not in the heart: he is a dangerous brute now;" and, getting on the elephant's back, we went to look for him.

We soon made out that he had not crossed the river, or a nullah in front of us, and so must be in the angle of the jungle, pretty close to where we were hunting about. All the shikarees were well

behind the elephant, when the young Seikh shikaree said to the elder (Mamoo), "Uncle, there's the tiger!" pulling him back, and pointing to our left. My mahout (elephant driver), also pointing, said, "There he is, sir (sahib)!" My shikaree, Mangkallee, repeated, "There he is, sahib!" I looked and looked, but could not see him. The latter whispered, "In that shade—fire into it." I replied, "Very well; but I can't see the tiger." I fired, expecting to bring the tiger out of the bushes at me, but no sound. I made the mahout bring the elephant to kneel at once, and directly I jumped to the ground, saw the tiger plain enough, lying at full length, his back towards me. I walked up, when the Seikh, laying hold of my arm from behind, said, "Put a ball into his head: he's not dead." I replied, "What's the use of spoiling his skin?" and keeping my rifle at full cock, I did not fire again. The tiger was stone dead, and not much more than a hundred yards from where I fired the first shot. The second time, I had fired into a shady bush. The Seikh said that a man with him was one day killed by a wounded tiger, which he approached, thinking him dead, and that that was the reason of his caution. He was a very large tiger, in high condition, quite in the prime of life, about eleven feet long, and very lusty, with the most perfect teeth I had ever seen. We had the elephant brought up, made her lie on her side, and, after much trouble, fastened the tiger to her, when she

carried it home most gallantly. Elephants do not like this work generally. Often, a good shikaree-elephant is afraid of a tiger tied on its back.

I should have mentioned before this, that one thing which makes tiger-shooting and panther-shooting on foot dangerous, is the running away, or moving, indeed, in retreat, of any one of the party. Both these animals roar to intimidate their prey or their enemies. This, in thick jungle, where the animal itself is not visible, betrays his approach, and is the preservation of the man who does not lose his presence of mind. But to him who turns to run it is almost certain death. The tiger roars for the purpose of taking his victim at advantage; and of two men, when the tiger thus charges, he who faces his foe with a shout of defiance, will always have a better chance of his life than he who turns to run. If both stand with determined front, it is very probable that the tiger will pass them. He is not half so courageous an animal as a panther or a wild hog; but his power of claw and fang is most irresistible and overwhelming.

As promised, I divided the Government reward among the shikarees, though of course each was not contented with his share. The Seikh got the largest as being the most deserving. A very short time after this I left Chanda for Nagpore.

While I think of it, let me mention that tigers sometimes get up into large trees, and that two were thus killed in the Raipore district of the Nagpore

province. The jungle about was low and thin; and I think that the tigers, having come down too near the village at night, to see if they could pick up a stray bullock, had been surprised by the dawn and by the movements of the villagers at daylight. Finding the jungle thin, they began to climb the tree. After they had got some height, the people saw them, and, being cowardly tigers, they remained up there until some officers, then at Raipore, went out and shot them. The panther not uncommonly gets up into trees.

I stated that the usual way of shooting tigers is off the backs of elephants. A line is made with these, and the jungle beaten according to its size; or, if very extensive, only those parts of it which are most likely to hold the game. The best way to ensure finding a tiger is to tie up a calf, or young buffalo, near his haunts, and when he has killed and eaten, to beat the jungle around it. If the tiger is gorged, he will lie until the elephant almost treads upon him.

Your native hunter should understand how to manage the tying up the animal used for the bait. But lest he should not, you yourself must see it done in the following manner. Round the roots of the horns, if a horned animal, or to a headstall, if he has not horns, attach a strong rope, some twelve feet long. Tie this most securely, before leaving your camp, and have your calf driven to the spot in the jungle in which you wish to picket him. This

will of course be near the marks or pugs of the tiger, and near where he comes to drink. It should also be within view of some large trees easily climbed, and accessible from your camp without your having to proceed through much thorny and thick jungle; as you may have to visit the spot either before daylight or after dusk. Your calf, too, must be watered and fed, supposing he is not killed in the first few hours of being tied up.

You will on no account whatever move in a jungle infested with tigers without your rifle in your hand, and both barrels at full-cock. Should you not yourself proceed to see the work done, your native hunters should always go armed, and equipped in the same manner as if they were going out shooting with you. They must be warned not to use their weapons, save in self-defence. They must never be tempted to shoot at deer or other game, while proceeding for the purpose of tying baits for tigers, or of examining the ground for their footprints. The inducement, to a native hunter who can shoot, is very great; but there is no point on which you must be more particular than that of enforcing quiet at the time he is moving in a jungle in which you expect to get game.

The plans adopted in India for shooting large game are as follows:—Beating for them with elephants; beating and driving the game in jungle, with large bodies of beaters, either with tom-toms, rattles, gongs, and such like noisy instruments, or silently.

The shooters in this case are placed on trees at moderate distances, so as to command the usual runs or paths taken by the animal, or else on elevated ground. Taking a station at the head of a ravine, up which the track shows game to have come, is a very favourite position. But you must be particularly silent on these occasions, partly concealed, and, if possible, to leeward of the beaters. In all these positions you will most probably be higher than the game at which you are firing. You must, therefore, fire low, especially with a rifle.

Another plan commonly adopted by natives, but which I do not recommend to the English sportsman, is to sit up in a tree and shoot the animal when it comes either to kill, or eat the calf when killed, or to drink. Natives constantly sit up all night. If you are determined to shoot game in this manner, let me advise you to leave your camp before daylight, and sit up till eight o'clock, and no longer. Go again in the afternoon, an hour and a half before sunset, and sit up till it is too dark for you to see any longer, which will be in India, where there is a very short twilight, not more than an hour after sunset.

Again let me warn you to use the greatest caution in moving through a jungle infested by wild animals, before and after dark. You must, on no account, allow a word to be spoken at the foot of the tree, or near the spot chosen by you for watching. While

you climb the tree, your shikarees must be on the look-out. Directly you have taken your rifle in hand, your eye must scan minutely the jungle all round you. A sign from your hand should be sufficient to make your shikarees hand up your spare rifles, drinking-water, &c., and follow you up the tree without noise.

All must at once settle themselves in positions so far comfortable, that it will not be necessary for them to move during the entire time you have to sit up. In firing at all game, especially the savage animals, the sportsman must be most careful in his first shot. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte.* If the game is not killed, or so severely wounded as to be disabled, you will but rarely bag or recover it; while following a wounded animal, like a tiger or panther, on foot, is the most dangerous part of shikar. Never, therefore, fire random-shot at this kind of game. They are very rarely killed by a single shot, and have been known to go several paces after they have been shot through the heart.

I think that one of the most deadly parts of the body to aim at, in most animals, is half-way between the top of the withers and the bottom of the girth. If you miss the heart, your ball hits the lungs or liver. If it strikes too high for them, it will generally dislocate or break the vertebræ at the junction between the spine and neck. This is the spot in which the Spanish matador sheathes the point of his rapier, when

he gives the bull his death-wound. Of course, after much practice you will become so good a rifle-shot, that you may be able to brain an animal, when you are near to him. But the brain of a tiger or panther is very far back in the head, and in a very small compass; and you should study the anatomy of the heads of animals before you attempt to fire for the brain.

With reference to acquiring the knowledge of tracking wild animals, it requires many years' experience and practice in the jungle, besides the natural gift of a very keen sight. Never despise the information to be procured from the old shikaree of the village near which you are shooting. These people may be said to live in the jungle, and they have instincts and faculties sharpened by that most keen whetstone, the necessity of gaining their daily bread out of the forest. Tracking, therefore, will be constantly alluded to in these pages, under the respective kinds of shikar for which it is practised.

Another plan adopted by native shikarees, in districts where there are lakes of water in the jungle, is to dig holes, usually some six feet square, and about three deep, within a few feet of the edge of the water. The mould taken out of the hole is heaped all round its outer edge, like a bank. The shikaree rests the barrel of his matchlock on this bank, and when the wild animal is drinking, he shoots him, sometimes at but a few feet from the muzzle of his matchlock. As

the water recedes, the hunter digs a fresh hole, so as to be pretty close to the water's edge. In this way a great many wild hog, neelghai (the blue cattle), sambur or red deer, and others, are killed during the hot months of March, April, and May.

Two hunters usually sit in the same hole, but they rarely dare to fire at tigers or bears. I do not recommend this kind of shooting to the English sportsman. In the first place, it is very unhealthy. The sitting in a damp hole, from which the water has receded but a few days, close to a swampy lake, in the tropics, and surrounded by a vast jungle, gives the worst sort of ague and fever. Besides this, you are being punished the whole time by the mosquitoes, the bites of which even the native, with all his patience, cannot sit quietly under.

One circumstance is considered by the young sportsman as most extraordinary. I mean the difficulty of finding the large game, the fresh tracks of which are visible all about his camp. He will, on going out the first thing in the morning, see the fresh pug, or mark, of the tiger, or panther, in the sandy nullah or ravine close to his tent. The nest of the white ant will be broken up, or, if the ground is very hard, and it is the dry season, scratched into by bears; while marks of all sorts of deer denote that there is abundance of game about him. Yet he shall search through the forest and its thickest haunts, without raising anything more than a few deer. The

reason of this is that, during the heat of the day, the game of all kinds betake themselves into the most inaccessible and coolest spots. The tiger, most probably gorged with food, if in the vicinity of mountains or hills, climbs to his stronghold, by a most precipitous path, and takes his rest under the overhanging slab of a rock, shaded by some thick leafy bush. Lying sometimes in one favourite spot, sometimes in another—sometimes in the deep wooded ravine near the cool water, at other times on the top of the mountain—he baffles the search of the hunter, year after year.

Another plan followed in hunting tigers, and one which is successful if you have first-rate trackers and shikarees, accustomed to it, is the following:—Have calves or heifers tied up in the vicinity of the tiger's haunt, and, as before mentioned, within sight of a lofty and easily climbed tree. When the tiger has killed and eaten, and thus become gorged, you take your trackers, and by making a circle, decreasing gradually round and round the animal that has been killed, and very cautiously searching every likely-looking spot, you eventually find the tiger asleep. This plan can only be followed in the hot weather, and at the very hottest time of the day. The tiger then, having well gorged himself, will be found fast asleep, and if you are a good shot, possess eyes in the habit of looking at an animal of this sort while asleep, and nerve which enables you to wait quietly

till you have made sure that you are firing at a vital part, you may kill your tiger with a single bullet. You can find the track of the animal by commencing the circle round your killed bait; the diameter of it may be half a mile. This will, of course, depend upon the peculiar kind of jungle which the tiger uses as shelter.

If the tiger has been seen to gorge himself thoroughly, and walk off to any known favourite spot, it will save you much trouble to take up the mark or track from the carcase of the slain heifer. The large and bloody paw-marks of the tiger will, for some little distance, plainly denote his progress. Be sure to wait until the heat of the day, that you may find him asleep. If it is a part of the forest not frequented by cattle or by man, and you have tied your gara, or beast, in a judicious place, the tiger will not have travelled far after he has satisfied his appetite. Shikarees, who thoroughly understand the habits of the animal, being men who are accustomed to walk so lightly that they cannot be heard in the jungle, are positively necessary for following this sport successfully and safely.

I need scarcely add that first-rate shikarees are very difficult indeed to procure. The most certain way of keeping a man of this sort in your service, when you have got him, is to make him presents when you have good success in shikar. I prefer this plan, and giving them moderate wages, to the system

adopted by some people of paying them very high monthly wages, whether they show you shikar or not. Good shots and good sportsmen make good shikarees, and induce such to remain in their service; for the native hunter does not at all like going out day after day, and seeing his master miss game. They generally have very keen appetites, set sharper by the toil they undergo in their search for game.

As a general rule, and one which is agreed on by a party of sportsmen beating for tigers, it is usual not to fire at any other animals but tigers. This is done that they may not be disturbed or driven back by hearing the reports of the guns. But I do not think that this is a rule advisable to make, except where tigers are numerous, or when it is of consequence to destroy a man-eater, who is doing much mischief. At the same time, you may possibly be rather taken aback by the appearance of tigers when you have just emptied your rifles at other game.

It happened to me on one occasion to get the kubbur, or news, of four tigers being all together in a deep ravine within a few miles of the cantonment where I was stationed. A native officer under my command had a female elephant, which he took out with us. We tracked the tigers to a very thick sendbund, or date-grove, and we soon discovered, from the number of bones of bullocks and deer, that this was their stronghold. The jungle was very thick, and my native friends, who had in vain been persuading me

to mount the elephant, at length got into the howdah themselves and commenced beating. I posted myself up in a tree; for it was very difficult to see from the ground, and they were to beat up to me. I knew the tigers were within about a hundred yards; and they had scarcely put the elephant to beat, when I heard a tremendous roaring. The elephant ran away, turned the howdah right over, against the branch of a tree, upsetting the people who were in it almost on the top of the tigers. One rushed by me, which I wounded in the hind-quarters, but I did not recover him. On the next day we again beat for them, without the elephant. But, after beating for a long time unsuccessfully, they sent word to me to say that the tigers were not in this part of the jungle. I had placed myself within eight yards of a small water-course, and was on foot; so I sent word to them to beat out the jungle up to me. I had scarcely done this, being under the impression that there were no tigers in it, when a large male bear came out close by me, up the bed of the water-course. He did not see me; but as he came abreast, he suddenly scented us, and came round to the point. I shot him between the eyes, and brained him, so that he sank a mass of black hair.

At the report of my rifle, out rushed a tiger, almost over the fallen bear, which was not above eight yards from me, and I had just time to shoot him with the left barrel behind the shoulder. The other two tigers

went back through the beaters. We followed up the wounded tiger, but did not that evening recover him. At sunset, I sat up at the only water near that part of the jungle in the hopes that the tigers, whom I had been driving about the whole of this very hot day, would come to drink before it became too dark to see them. They came to within fifty yards of the water, and there they kept on sharpening their claws against a large forest tree. We sat on the ground, within a few paces of the water, until it was too dark to see the sights of the rifles. Had there been but one tiger, I might have chanced the shooting at him in the dark; but the odds of three were against me. They evidently scented us, though we could not see them; and I reluctantly at length returned to my camp. A few days after this, the head of the gowlees (buffalo-keepers) of my bazaar, who used to graze their animals near this jungle, brought in the body of the tiger I had last wounded. Their large male buffalo found the tiger dead, and charged it; which attracted their attention.

I have endeavoured in the foregoing pages to impress on my readers the great tenacity to life possessed by the large beasts of prey, and it is this which makes the pursuit of them on foot so dangerous. Those who have not actually seen it, will scarcely credit that a tiger will often go in his charge several yards, with all the power and capability to

strike down every one in his path, after the bullet has gone through his heart, or crashed through his brain. Again, there are instances when the bullet is instantaneously fatal in either of those, justly considered, the most fatal spots. Nor have I ever been able to discern why this is. Whether it is that a bullet in one part of the brain or heart is more deadly than another; whether, in the brain, it is the cerebrum or the cerebellum which is the fatal spot; and whether, in the heart, it is the aorta, or not; or whether, again, it is the natural *vis* of one animal that gives him a power to go on, after a wound which will instantaneously kill another animal of the same species, it seems useless to speculate. I will, therefore, give two more stories to delineate cases where one tigress has sunk with a bullet through the heart from the same rifle which failed to immediately kill the man-eater, shot in a similar manner: and where another tigress, shot through the brain with the same rifle, went at full speed for forty yards afterwards.

In March, 1858, I was on field service in the eastern part of the Raipore district of Nagpore and encamped at Aring, a place where formerly the tigers used to walk about the village at night. A gowlee, or herdsman, of a neighbouring village reported a bullock killed close by, and that the tigress had gorged herself, and was in a nullah, or small river, with but a few bushes in it: in short, that the country

was an easy one to find her in. I had an elephant with a pad, which I took out to beat for us. As I very rarely use an elephant to shoot from, and a friend was willing to go out, we started at about ten o'clock, in the heat of the day. We had beaten a mile or the nullah, when the tigress jumped up on my side of the water, and about a hundred yards in front of me. But I was on horseback; so, not having time to get off and shoot, I galloped to mark, and prevent her going far up the nullah. It was in a field of dhall, which grows from three to sometimes six feet high or more; but this was neither high nor thick. The tigress stopped, and hid herself in some green bushes close to the water, and I heard my friend's shikarees calling out, "There she is!" so I galloped through the water where it was shallow, and approached the spot. Before, however, we could see her lying down, she was off at speed across the field. I now let two dogs loose, and galloped her in full sight for some six hundred yards: but she had a long start, and kept it.

Suddenly I lost her and the dogs. The latter soon returned to me, and I thought we had lost the chase altogether; so I followed a small watercourse down into the nullah, putting a man up into a tree near me. When I got to the nullah, where my friend had taken post, we determined, as the people declared that she had never gone out of the dhall field, to beat it again, in line. We were both on horseback; but

when we came to about the spot where I had last seen the tigress, I dismounted, and had not walked two hundred yards, when I heard the trooper who was riding behind my friend say, "There she is, sir!" I ran across to my right in the direction the man pointed, calling to my friend to dismount quick. Before, however, he had come up, I saw the tigress crouched in the field, thirty yards ahead of me; and aiming steadily behind her shoulder, she sank dead, without a groan or a sound. The bullet had passed through her heart, and out at the other side of the body. In sinking, she turned her face to me, and got the second bullet in her neck. The rifle used was the two-grooved Wilkinson. My friend also fired and hit her, but she was a dead tigress the first shot. Length of skin ten feet six inches—a handsome animal.

This is a simple tale of one killed with a single shot in the heart. A few days after this, when encamped some seven miles east of Aring, kubbur, or report, of a tigress having killed a bullock, was brought in. Out I went alone. Twice I beat the nullah which she had dragged the bullock into with my pad elephant, and was walking alongside, about thirty yards off her, when up the tigress got, with a roar, drove the elephant back, and went out at the other side of the nullah. On a sudden there was an awful shrieking, and I thought some one had been seized, I rushed through the nullah at the risk of my life, when I saw a wretch of a man high up a tree

shouting. However, he had seen which way the tigress went.

The villagers, in a clump of one hundred men, were at a respectable distance off on the other side of the nullah, on a low hill. My elephant also was some fifty yards off, on the other side. One villager was near me, and I told him to go round, and make the people on the other side shout. I was within twenty yards of the nullah, at the spot where the tigress was last seen, and I had scarcely spoken, when out she charged at the sound, her ears back, and at such a pace that her belly almost touched the ground. I shot her through the chest, but just too low for the heart, with the first barrel. This never turned her, and I fired the second barrel when she was within springing distance, at about five yards. This hit her in the inner corner of the right eye, went through her brain, crushing the bones of the back part of her skull to pieces, and out below her chest. The tigress swerved a little, passed me at about seven feet, went at undiminished speed for certainly forty yards, and then she lay on her belly extended. So marvellous did this seem to me, and so lifelike did she then appear, that, having seized another rifle, I fired and hit her, the ball passing through her thigh and into her neck. Her skull is worth looking at, and defies all scepticism as to what tigers can do after they are shot through the brain. The skin was eleven feet six inches. She was a very

long, active animal, and light-coloured, with the pluck of her sex.

I do not remember ever aiming at a tiger's head before, or shooting one in the brain. But I have shot a panther in that way, dead; and these animals, for tenacity of life, are much on a par, and of the same genus. I believe that anatomists have tried experiments with reference to the brain of animals, and that cats and rabbits have lived a considerable time after the removal of a portion of the brain. Perhaps these experimentalists may be able to state what is the most deadly spot. I have laid open the brain of a wild boar with the sabre, exposing it for five or six inches, and the animal has lived at least a minute after; and, with the exception of emitting a sound between a groan and a squeak, which wild hog rarely make, did not seem to care much about the wound. The bear, too, is very tenacious of life, and, being a cold-blooded animal, recovers from wounds that the tiger would die of. As I have before mentioned, his lungs are his tender point; having no sternum, or chest-bone to protect them.

CHAPTER V.

THE PANTHER.

Panthers—Their Appearance—The Author's too close Acquaintance with them—Their Ferocity—Adventures: some nearly fatal.

In this chapter I propose to treat of the panther, an animal of the feline species, with retractile claws, in its habits a good deal like the tiger, but preying upon smaller cattle—generally on goats or sheep—but quite powerful enough to kill a full-grown cow or bullock, and the largest deer in the forest. His length, including his tail, I have never seen above eight feet two inches, and more commonly seven and a half. He is often taken for the leopard of India, which is of the dog species, having the foot and toe-nails of that animal, and not the retractile claw of the feline genus.

The spots on the skin of the panther are in the shape of a rose; the yellow, or tawny colour of the skin being visible in the centre of the black, and the black only becoming a distinct spot towards the extremities of the animal, and on his back. The body, or ground-colour of the leopard, is much lighter than

that of the panther, and the black marks upon him are distinct round spots. The animals are quite different in their habits and nature. The panther is a most formidable animal, though not nearly so big as, nor above one-third the weight of, a tiger. He is quite powerful enough to kill a man; and is much more courageous in his attack and defence than the tiger. He has constantly been known, unprovoked, to attack men, and kill them in the jungle; and he comes into the villages, and even into the houses, and carries children out of them.

The leopard of India is tamed and used for hunting the antelope on the plains. His speed, for a short distance, is superior to that of any known animal: as may be supposed, since, in the space of a few bounds, he can catch an antelope who has had a start of usually a hundred yards of him. This great speed, however, is only for a short distance. He can be ridden and speared, if the ground is pretty favourable for the horse: though this is not common.

To return to the panther, an animal with which I have sometimes had an almost too intimate acquaintance; inasmuch as a wounded one rode on the same horse with me, somewhat in the fashion in which ladies and gentlemen used to ride pillion: and another sprang upon, and seized by the neck, a shikaree camel which I was riding. I once speared and killed a small one off horseback: and have shot them when in the act of springing upon me; and once I was

severely wounded by an immense male panther. The tale will be found in its proper place.

It is not an uncommon thing for panthers to take up their abode in the large drains, in cantonments which are near jungles, where there are rocks and shelter for them. At Bolarum, near Hydrabad, in 1848, I killed two panthers which, having been washed out of a large drain, had taken shelter in my garden. In the middle of the day they broke from this, and, crossing the road, went into the garden of another officer. The first was found in the creepers growing round the well of the garden. He was disposed of in two shots, and fell dead close to the house. The second—and it was some months afterwards—took shelter in the corner of the garden, among some thick shrubs. When I went in to look for him, the first thing I saw was a very large Persian cat, belonging to my friend and neighbour: and I called out in a jocose manner, "Your Persian cat has been mistaken for the panther." However, on being assured that the panther had been last seen there, I again went into the bushes, and to my astonishment saw the panther crouched, with her head between her paws, and the large Persian cat, with all his bristles set, walking up and down like a sentry a yard before her. The panther, immediately on seeing me, crawled into a thick hedge, where I broke her back, and finally disposed of her. A favourite resort for these animals is a sendbund, or date-grove, inhabited by wild hog,

the flesh of which they seem to be particularly fond of. It affords them also a shelter, from which it is very difficult to dislodge them.

In 1850, near Hingolee, I was beating a sendbund for hog, and being quite ignorant of the vicinity of any other game, had sent my head shikaree, with the only rifle out with me, to the farther end of the sendbund, to mark. I had scarcely beaten two hundred yards when some coolies shouted out, "Here is a panther!" I galloped round to the spot; and, having a gun loaded with shot with me, for the purpose of shooting a peafowl for dinner, I rolled down two bullets into the barrels over the shot. The men pointed to a bush just across a small nullah, or ravine, in which they insisted that the panther was, and that they saw him at that moment. It is not difficult for the person who sees an animal move to keep sight of even a panther after he has crouched; but the most practised eye cannot discover these animals after they have ceased moving: their colour is so similar to the ground and bush that they are in. There was no mistake, however. For while intently peering into the bush, out sprang the panther, which I shot behind the shoulder, but did not stop. A native officer out with me, having a pad elephant, that is, an elephant without a howdah on, and the identical one which upset his riders in the midst of the tigers, as before mentioned, begged me to get up on the elephant to recover the panther.

The jungle was very thick, composed of babhool-trees and high grass, interspersed with date bushes. So I acceded to the proposal; and my heavy rifle having come up, and the native officer being armed with a spear, we rode on the pad crosswise. I put up the panther immediately; and, fortunately, before the elephant could see her, broke her back. Directly the shot was fired the elephant turned tail, and rushed into a deep and muddy ravine, where she was brought up sufficiently for us to slide off on to the bank.

The native officer, a very courageous man, insisted on going on horseback with his spear, and circled round the bush where I had last seen the panther. Whilst he was doing this, I had scanned the bush carefully; and, seeing the panther lying dead in the middle of it, pulled her out by the tail. Returning to camp, and wishing to try the courage of a fresh Arab, I supported the dead panther upon some stones, and rode the horse over her. In the afternoon of the same day, I again proceeded to beat another sendbund in the neighbourhood, out of which having started some hog, I speared and killed one that came out on my side. Some had broken on the other side, where there were the native officer and another horseman. Shortly after this, a shikaree boy ran out of the sendbund, and told me that he had seen an animal with a long tail, but that he did not know whether it was a tiger or a panther. I

told him to run back to the line of beaters, and order them to make a great noise; and, exchanging my spear for a double rifle, I galloped on ahead to the end of the thick part of the sendbund, and waited there for a shot. Some markers waved their hands to show that the animal had gone on up the bed of the river.

I again started in that direction, when, hearing a shout behind me, I looked and saw an immense panther, more like a small tiger, quietly trotting out towards a herd of bullocks, which were about two hundred yards distant. These were in a plain interspersed with bushes. As I came up to the panther, he crouched in one of them, and I galloped past him, and stood at about fifteen yards from him, and, though the bush was not a large one, could not see the animal. After a couple of minutes he bounded out, but not towards me. However, though the horse was not very steady when I first put up the rifle, I made a lucky shot and crippled the brute behind, which induced him to stop in another bush a short way ahead. Beyond us was babhool jungle, with grass and some other bushes. My people came up, and dismounting, as the horse was not steady to fire off, though a first-rate hog-hunter, I stood on the jungle side of the panther, to intercept him and prevent him getting into it. The valiant elephant of the morning was also coming up with the beaters, and I directed the mahout (or elephant driver) to

beat the panther out towards me. Directly the elephant approached the bush, the panther, with one bound, was on her back, catching hold of the back-bone with his teeth!

I could not shoot for fear of hitting the elephant, which turned tail to bolt, fortunately shaking the panther off when she swung round. I now fired and hit him a second time, and told the dog-boy to let go the dogs on him. The fresh Arab that I had in the morning, just then coming up, I jumped on his back, with the light double-barrel gun instead of the heavy rifle, and, hearing my favourite dog baying the panther in the jungle ahead, shouted to the native officer who just galloped up, to follow the dog. I also, after galloping some three hundred yards, came up, and in reply to my question, "Where is the panther?" the duffadar said, "He was here this minute," pointing in front of him. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the panther, with a roar, sprang upon my horse from the left side, and, before I could get the gun round, was hanging on to his quarters with his claws. The horse, who had been utterly careless till then, now sprang forward, bounding as high as his head; and, after some successive lashes out with his hind-legs, kicked the panther off. His open mouth was all this time within a foot of my loins, and I could do nothing; for in such close quarters a gun was perfectly useless against an animal behind me, and it was as much as I could do

to keep in the saddle. Before I could wheel my horse, the panther had again hidden himself, but the duffadar had kept sight of him. Dismounting, and sending the wounded horse down to the river, and ordering all the people, except my own shikarees, out of the jungle, I took up a position a few yards from the bush where the panther lay. In vain I fired into this, to induce him to come out; then loaded the gun with shot, and instructed the duffadar to gallop by, firing into the bush, in the hopes that, as he was so fond of horses, he might be induced to come out, when I should be able to kill him with the rifle. This did not succeed. My favourite dog came up to the bush, and the panther, without exposing more than his fore-leg, knocked him over, with a blow which opened his shoulder, and laid bare the bone of his fore-leg down to the toes.

The poor dog shrank back to me, and, dragging him away by the neck, I sent him also down to the water at the river. I fired repeatedly into the bush, at what I thought was the panther; and, hearing a deep growl, fancied that at length I must have given him a death-wound. Walking up, however, and, looking into the bush, I found that the panther was not in it.

At this moment we heard a shriek in the distance. I told the duffadar to gallop to the spot, and shouted for my own horse. Before he came up, I saw against the western sky, where was the only light, from the

sun having set, the figure of a man running. I mounted and galloped to the spot, where I found the duffadar with his horse wounded. It appeared that, on coming up, he shouted out to the man that was on the ground, "Where is the panther?" The reply to this was, "Don't you see he is eating me?" It was so dark that the duffadar did not remark that the panther was lying on the man, chewing his arm. When he saw this, and turned to spear the panther, being afraid of spearing the man, he missed the animal, which then clawed his horse; but as the panther was badly wounded, the horse was not much hurt. In vain I looked for the animal. It had become quite dark; and after having collected the wounded animals, and sent to the village to have the wounded man taken into cantonments, we returned to the tents.

At daybreak next morning, I first went to the village, to see if my orders had been obeyed regarding the wounded man. They had not: the excuse was that they could not get a charpoy, or bed, to carry him on. This was now procured, and I saw the man started for Hingolee. The poor fellow was a barber travelling from one village to another along the road. His bad fortune was to be seen by the wounded panther, after he had been dislodged from the bush, and he fell upon, and would then have killed him, had not we heard his shriek, and the duffadar come up and rescued him. I was in hopes

from the man being untouched by the claw, though severely bitten on the right arm and shoulder, that he would get over it; but on the eighth day the wounds mortified, and he died in hospital. The worst part of it is, that though this large panther was so badly wounded that he remained in the jungle, to which I tracked him the next morning, for a full month after this, killing any stray calf or animal that went near him, I never recovered nor saw him again. He must have been severely wounded, from the quantity of blood found in the bushes. Four animals wounded, and a man so severely injured, that he died from it, are a pretty good proof of the desperate fighting propensities of the large panther of India; called by the natives Taindwah, and Borebucha, correctly; and very often, erroneously Bagh, and Shair—which properly mean the Royal Tiger.

It is rare to find the panther in ground where you can spear him off horseback; and I should not advise you to attempt it, unless mounted on a very active and courageous horse, and with a very keen spear in your hand. The skin of the animal is so very loose on his body, that it is very difficult, except at full speed and with a finely pointed spear, to run him through. The skin gives so much to the weapon, that the point is apt to run round the body between the skin and the flesh, and the panther will make good his spring under these circumstances. In riding him, you must be prepared for his suddenly stopping, and crouching

as the horse comes up to him. If you then fail to spear him through, in all probability he will bound on you when you have passed. His hind-legs, being the springs, are in this position doubled up ready beneath the animal; and the bound he can take from thus crouching is much farther than the size of the animal would lead you to suppose possible. Should you ever be in such a dilemma as within the grasp of a panther, your shikar knife in his heart is the most likely thing to relieve you. For some time after the above story, I had but little acquaintance with panthers.

In 1852, I speared and killed a small one off horseback; and in the same year, I brained and killed one with a single ball. He was sitting at the mouth of his cave, looking at me, about eight feet off. In 1854, being at Mominabad in the Deccan, I killed five panthers and a leopard, on foot or horseback, within six miles of cantonments, in a short space of time; not, however, without sundry narrow escapes and some good fights.

I have mentioned before that the panther preys a good deal on the wild hog in the jungle: but the big boar of the sounder laughs at a family of panthers. This was shown by the following circumstance. One day at Mominabad, a trooper, employed to look after some grass rumnahs belonging to the cavalry, came to me and reported that he had just seen, from the top of a hill, a large boar with four full-grown panthers round him, but afraid to attack, and that even-

tually the boar passed through them. I went out the next day to beat the low thick jungle, composed of bushes and high grass, where they had been seen. It was between hills too steep to ride the hog, so my attraction was the panthers. Putting in a lot of beaters with all the noisy instruments that I could collect, I instructed them to beat to the other end, where I had placed myself. When the beaters had driven up to within an hundred yards of me, one of them trod upon the tail of the large male panther. Fortunately for the man, the panther was so gorged, that he did not turn upon him; but, moving only a few yards, again crouched; and a non-commissioned officer with me, who was on horseback, and used to shikar, kept his eye on him.

The beaters climbed trees all round, and called to me to come and shoot him. The grass was higher than my head, and there was no seeing at all, until I got on the back of my little shooting horse. The man who had seen him, kept pointing with his spear to the spot, which was close to us. After a long time I caught the twinkle of the panther's eye, about two guns' length from my horse's head. Putting my rifle almost between his ears, I brained the panther; the ball hitting him between the eyes. Death was instantaneous. He measured seven feet six inches long, and was a seven years old panther. The natives calculate the age of the panther by the number of lobes of the liver, and I believe they are

correct. This had seven lobes. I now beat the patch of jungle, proceeding in a line with the beaters. Six times I put up one of the younger panthers—a three years old animal. But, owing to the great height of the grass, I never could get a shot at him. The last time, he was put up after the line of beaters had passed him, by a man who, having quietly sat down under a tree, was coming along behind the line, and by chance struck the panther on the back, who returned it with a blow from his paw, one claw only of which caught the man in the face. The wound, though only a touch, swelled in a minute as big as an egg. This alarmed the rest of the people, and I could not persuade them to beat out the animal: so I returned to my tent.

Being thus foiled, owing to the great height of the grass, I made up a double riding-saddle for one of my camels, and shortly after proceeded to the same jungle; considering that now, being high enough to see over the grass, I should be able to bag the rest of the panthers. Instructing the men to beat as before, with plenty of noise, I placed myself with the camel at some distance in front of them. Scarcely had they commenced, when a leopard was started, and I made a very good shot, hitting him in the hind-quarters as he passed me. Following him up by his blood, I got another snap shot at him in the grass, when a horseman, who was in a line with the beaters, called out to me that he saw the leopard. I came on, directed

by the man, and thinking that I was just about to put up the leopard, when a large female panther, with one bound, sprang at and caught the camel by the throat. I could not shoot on account of the camel's neck. But the camel, which was a very fine, powerful beast, struck off the panther with his fore-legs, and then commenced jumping up and down, in a manner most ludicrous to every one but myself and my shikaree Mangkalee, who was sitting on the hind seat of the saddle. One of the nose-ropes, which are the driving reins of the camel, broke; and this happening close upon the edge of a stony ravine, concealed by high grass, I bethought myself of jumping off into a soft bush. Mangkalee, not being in the habit of sticking so tight as I am, could not keep his seat, and was pitched, gun and all, to a considerable distance. While this was going on, my spur—for I always ride in spurs—catching in the soft cloth of the saddle, prevented my jumping clear of the animal, in front of whose neck I was thrown. I conclude he thought that the panther was again upon him, for he struck me with his fore-leg; by which blow I was so crushed, that I had three ribs broken. My rifle was pitched I knew not where. As I lay on the ground, I drew my sword, determined to carve either the camel or the panther, as the case might require. Both, however, had disappeared in the jungle. I was severely hurt, but crawled out and got under a tree.

Afraid to put the beaters again into this jungle with so savage a panther in it, I sent and collected all the village cattle from the neighbouring grazing grounds. Some five hundred animals were driven into the grass: while I was propped up against a tree, rifle in hand, to shoot the panther. After a short time, there was a rush of the cattle; and literally riding on their backs, bounding over and over them, but without time to strike any, broke two panthers. I could not fire on account of the cattle. But let me recommend this plan for driving either a savage tiger or panther, in preference to putting in beaters. The panthers are themselves so scared by the rush of so many cattle, that they rarely injure any of them.

The panthers took up the hill side. I tried in vain, owing to the injuries I had received, to mount my shooting horse, who became rather excited, and wished to follow the chase. A horseman, however, intercepted the smaller panther, which went to ground in a large hole. From this, for a long time, I tried to dislodge him, but was obliged to return to the tents. The next morning, while I was going back to cantonments to have my ribs set, my people smoked this panther to death, and dug him out of the hole. Twenty-two days after this, though very sore and stiff from the broken ribs, I started for Yeldah, the village near the jungle, and beat for the panthers. At about the same spot where I had shot

the large male the first day, the female, who had jumped upon the camel, was roused. She commenced the attack by running at a coolie, who fell over, and she gave him one shake by the back and passed on. Fortunately the man had a great deal of clothing on, so was not much hurt. She then came out at me, lashing her tail, and looking very vicious. I had placed myself on the path which led to the hill, by which she escaped on the former day; and seeing that I would not move, she charged up to about twenty yards, when her heart failed her, and I shot her through the fore-arm, close to the shoulder. I then slipped two dogs upon her, one of which ran wild; the other, my favourite panther-dog, three times seized her, and was beaten off; but eventually rolled over, locked with the panther. A courageous horseman with me speared her, and I ran down and finished her with two bullets through the chest. This was a proper vicious beast—a female seven years old. On every occasion she commenced the attack. Some time after this, I killed another panther with a single ball, while going at full speed, at about a hundred yards before me. This made up the four that had been seen round the big boar, and reported by the trooper.

Not long after this I was proceeding through the famous Bootinaut corree, and not half a mile from cantonments, when I saw a panther eating a cow. She was some two hundred yards off. I jumped off

my horse with my heavy rifle, and ran, concealing myself in the bushes as much as possible; but when I was about a hundred yards from the spot, the panther, which was a female, started off for the hill-side. The first shot was a lucky one, hitting her behind, but without breaking bones; and the big dog was slipped at her. I followed. But on the steep hill-side, the saddle—from the girths being loose—nearly turned round, and I relinquished the horse. The dog, in the meantime, brought the panther to bay in a bush, from which the first large stone dislodged her, and my next shot killed. Looking at the slain cow, a large piece from the hind-quarters of which had been eaten, and then looking at the slain figure of this panther, which was a small one, I felt convinced that she was not the slayer of the cow, but had only come in for the feast procured by a larger animal. This was confirmed, also, by some large holes in the throat of the cow: holes almost big and deep enough to have been made by the tooth of a tiger.

I then remembered that a short time before this some grass in the rumnah having caught fire, a native came and told me that he had seen a tiger and a panther go out of it. About twenty days after this occurrence, I was proceeding by the same corree, and thought I might just as well beat a small patch of thorny and very thick jungle, chiefly formed of the *gloriosa superba*, which beautiful creeper grows

wild in the jungles of India. I was lame, from my horse having fallen on me on sheet rock, while trying to ride hog in these impassable correes. I dismounted, however, and stood at one end, while the beaters beat up to me. Suddenly, out dashed an immense panther, which I saw at intervals only, going through the bushes, and missed with both barrels. They were snap shots. He kept along the slope of the hill, scarcely ever showing himself: but, letting the two dogs loose, I mounted, and galloped along at the bottom in the bed of the river. After a good deal of dodging about, the dogs brought him to bay, at about a hundred and fifty feet above me.

It was a long time before I could get a shot at him, though he kept knocking the dogs over whenever they attempted to go into the bush where he was. At length he exposed himself; and my first barrel sent its ball through his ribs, upon which he broke cover. The second barrel broke his left forearm, and this brought him up in a large and very thick cactus-bush. Being too lame to climb up this steep rocky place without much pain, I sent up my two shikarees and another man, with spears, instructing them to get up well above him, keeping their spear points down, and ready; and if they could see the panther from that spot, I would come up, and shoot him. They went up, and called me to come and do so. When I got up, I could not see the panther at all, though he was not above fifteen feet

from me. There were the dogs exhausted, with their tongues out of their mouths, and badly wounded; and had it not been for their brass collars, it is possible one of them might have been taken for the panther. While my shikaree was saying, "There he is; don't you see him?" and I replying, "No," the panther, crawling to the edge of the bush, was in the act of springing upon me, showing the whole of his teeth. I had but just time to fire. The ball went through his mouth, and out through his lower jaw. It turned him; and with the next barrel, I rolled him over, dead.

This was the very largest panther I had then killed, or, indeed, seen; being seven feet nine inches long, and his head more like the head of a small tigress than of a panther. He was, doubtless, the slayer of the cow. This fight had lasted half an hour. My poor dog, Shairoo, had between forty and fifty wounds upon him. The brass band and the steel spikes of the collar were divided, and marked all over with the panther's teeth. This collar had no doubt saved his life. From the effects of the wounds, the dog swelled next day to an enormous extent; and a large swelling on his left side I was obliged to open with an abscess-lancet, to let out the matter. It was a month before he was well, and he carried the scars with him to his grave. Alas, poor Shairoo! he died in the prime of life, soon after I left India on leave, in 1856: a noble specimen of a courageous dog—

and I shall think myself very fortunate if I ever get the like of him again.

On the 28th of December, 1858, three of us, being on field service at Simeriah, in the district o Chindwarrah, and requiring something to improve our dinner, agreed to go out to shoot pea-fowl: it being reported that there was nothing else in the neighbourhood. I did not take my heavy rifle, nor my shikaree, who remained in camp, sore-footed. I had with me a light-shot gun, loaded with shot, and a little revolver carbine. We had scarcely got to the ground, when the first thing that rushed out was a neelgai, or blue bull. We immediately started in pursuit, and after I had put a bullet into one of my barrels, we soon became separated from one another. I had crossed through the hilly jungle to the other side; and while on horseback, at the edge of the jungle, I suddenly came upon two panthers. One was an immense one: but before I could dismount, they had both entered the jungle, and gone up the hill. Riding up to the top, I dismounted, and placing myself in about the position where I thought the panthers would come, I kept the village shikaree with me, and directed the three beaters—all I had with me—to throw stones into the bushes from the other side of where I was standing. Almost immediately the smaller panther of the two was roused, and moving her tail, she came in my direction; when she stopped I saw clearly the point of her left

shoulder, but not her head, and fired the barrel loaded with ball. She was some twelve yards distant, and fell apparently dead. I then fired the barrel with shot at her backbone, to make sure. To my astonishment, she got up and went down the hill, every now and then falling forward. I saw her distinctly for sixty yards, and then loaded the gun again with one ball, and one shot-charge; for I could find no other bullet.

Having warned the village shikaree to keep close behind me with the heavy spear he had in his hand, I began to follow the wounded panther; but had scarcely gone twenty-five yards, when one of the beaters, who was on high ground, beckoned to me, and pointed a little below him, and in front of me. There was a large panther sitting out, unconcealed, between two bushes, a dozen yards before me. I could not, however, see his head; and, whilst I was thus delayed, he came out with a roar straight at me. I fired at his chest with the ball; and, as he sprang upon me, the shot barrel was aimed at his head. In the next moment he seized my left arm and the gun. Thus, not being able to use the gun as a club, I forced it, crosswise, into his mouth. He bit the stock through in one place; and whilst his upper fangs lacerated my arm and hand, the lower fangs went into the gun. His hind claws pierced my left thigh. He tried very hard to throw me over. In the meanwhile the shikaree, who, had he kept the spear before

him, might have stopped the charge of the panther, had retreated some paces to the left. He now, instead of spearing the panther, shouted out and struck him, using the spear as a club. In a moment the animal was upon him, stripping him of my shikar bag, his turban, my revolving rifle, and the spear. The man passed by me, holding his wounded arm.

The panther quietly crouched five paces in front of me. I knew my only chance was to keep my eye upon him. He sat with all my despoiled property, stripped from the shikaree, around and under him. The first step I moved backwards, keeping my eye on the panther, I fell on my back into a thorn bush, having slipped upon the rock. Here I was still within one spring of the animal, who appeared, as far as I could see, to be not at all disabled by the fight. Nothing could have saved me had he again attacked; but "there's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," to look out for the life of the wild hunter. I retreated step by step, my face still towards the foe, till I got to my horse and to the other beaters, who were all collected together some forty yards from the fight.

I immediately loaded the gun with a charge of shot, and a bullet that I perchance found; and, taking my revolver pistol out of the holster, and sticking it into my belt, determined to carry on the affair to its issue, knowing how rarely men recover from such wounds as mine. I was bleeding profusely from

large tooth-wounds in the arm; the tendons of my left hand were torn open, and I had five claw-wounds in the thigh. The poor shikaree's left arm was somewhat chawed up; and, if the panther was not killed, the superstition of the natives would go far to kill this man. Terribly frightened as he was, his wounds were not so bad as mine. I persuaded my horse-keeper to come with me; and, taking the hog-spear he had in his hand, we went to the spot where lay the weapons stripped from the shikaree. A few yards beyond them there crouched the huge panther. Again, I could not see his head very distinctly, but fired deliberately behind his shoulder. In one moment he was again upon me. I gave him the charge of shot, as I supposed, in his face, but had no time to take aim. The horse-keeper, instead of spearing, fell upon his back. In the next instant the panther got hold of my left foot in his teeth, and threw me on my back. I struck at him with the empty gun, and he seized the barrels in his mouth. This was his last effort. I sprang up, and, seizing the spear from the horse-keeper, drove it with both hands through his side, and thus killed him. I immediately had my boot pulled off. My foot bled profusely. Fortunately, the wound was in the thin part of the foot, and not in the instep or ancle: but the teeth had met. It was now dark, and had I been unwounded, it would have been useless to attempt to search for the smaller wounded panther. This male measured eight

feet two inches, and was one of the largest and most determined panthers I have ever seen. In examining his body, I found that my first bullet had struck him in the throat, and gone nearly through him: the shot charge had cut off one of his fore-paws. In the second attack, the bullet had gone under his backbone and through his body: the shot-charge had cut his other fore-paw almost to pieces.

I am writing this account eight days after the accident, and I thank God that my wounds are doing well. I hope in another fortnight to go and find the pair to this panther, which then escaped me. . . . However, he was found dead, and taken into Chindwarrah. Just after we left, the animal was reported to have been killed a short distance from Simeriah. I have the skin. The ball is in the very spot I aimed at, and there is no doubt of its being the same animal.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BEAR.

Reasons why Dogs cannot be employed with advantage by the Sportsman in India—Bears—Their Appearance and Habits—Methods of spearing and hunting them—Adventures.

One of the chief difficulties in recovering or finding game in India is the impossibility of using dogs. First, because dogs of high breeding, whether imported from Europe or born in the country, cannot stand the sun. They become perfectly useless in the heat of the day, and if you persevere in taking them out, the sun kills them. In the next place, except very early in the morning, and in Bengal Proper, the ground becomes so very dry that an animal going over it leaves no scent. Hunting-dogs cannot be let loose to turn game out of jungle, as is commonly the case in other countries, because the variety of game in India is such, that dogs would be continually led away by game which you were not at that time in pursuit of. For instance, you wish to beat a thick piece of grass jungle, into which you have tracked panthers or bears. You let slip your dogs, and they have hardly gone into the place, when some kind of

deer, such as the cheetal (spotted deer), c
(goat, antelope, or ravine deer, the gazelle of
the paharee, kakur, or any other of a sm
jumps up, and leads them clean away from t
you wish to hunt. Perhaps a sounder of
is roused, and every dog takes his own pecul
pig. You hear a yelp and a groan; and
down, you find your favourite dog, and the
dog you have, nearly cut in two, with his
hanging out, from a wound inflicted by the
of the sounder.

If you have let your dogs loose in thinn
they are continually chasing the antelop
abounds in the plain of India, and which no
the world can touch. I need scarcely add
higher bred your hound is, the more difficu
prevent his being led away by every kind
that starts in front of him. The scent of th
is so strong in the thick grass, that the dogs
and if out but one night, they fall a prey
the panther, or the hyena, or the wolf of th
Probably, the best and most useful dogs
terriers, bred in the country from Englis
They can be more easily replaced than an
because the European soldier in India bre
in his barracks; and at most of the large stat
can procure a good one for a gold mohur,
shillings.

A really fine and courageous dog of the

kind, that will stand the sun, would be almost worth his weight in silver; for by letting him slip upon large game, when wounded, you would always recover it, and save yourself and men from accidents. If you keep dogs, I need scarcely say that you can only keep them in a good kennel, and you must never attempt to keep them running loose about your compound, on account of the great number of mad dogs. I do not mean that you should not keep a single dog about the house; for if you have but one, this is the best plan. He is more likely to live and keep in health, than when tied up. I have kept dogs alive in this way for many years.

Among my many hair-breadth escapes, probably that from a mad dog which got into my bedroom at night, and attacked a favourite dog there, was about the narrowest. It was just before daylight in the morning, when the night-lamp was in its last flicker. I felt for my sword, which is usually my shikar sword, and is kept as sharp as a razor. This had been taken away to have a new scabbard made for it, and had been replaced by one which had no edge. With this I jumped out of bed, and three times knocked down the dog, who attacked me. At length, he got under the bed, where I ran the sword through him. The dog he had attacked went mad five weeks afterwards, and was destroyed.

One of my most favourite pursuits in India was bear-shooting on foot. There is quite enough danger

in it to yield excitement enough for any sportsman, as the following anecdotes will show. But first it will be advisable to mention the kind of jungle this animal inhabits, as well as his peculiarities, and the method adopted to kill him.

There is but one kind of bear in India, native to the plains. His colour is a glossy black hair, very long and thick, but depending a good deal upon the kind of jungle he inhabits. The length of his body, from his snout to the end of his tail, is usually about six feet. Six feet four inches and a half, is the largest bear I have ever killed, measured as he lay on the ground. The skin, after it has been taken off, may be stretched six or eight inches longer; but this is not a fair measurement. His girth, round the biggest part of his body, would be four feet and a half. I have never weighed one, but I should think a full-grown male bear, in good condition, would be nearly three hundredweight. His head and teeth are not nearly so powerful as a tiger's, but his claws are most formidable weapons; those of the fore-paws being curved, and three inches long. The fore-arms and chest are very bulky and powerful, but he droops toward the hinder quarters. He rarely stands upon his hind-legs, except to listen, or to look out. I have never seen a bear attack a man in this position, when on foot, but he will rise at his enemy when on horseback.

The tail is only three or four inches long, the body

being about six feet. Therefore, when he does raise himself to his full length upon his hind-legs, which he often does to intimidate the shikaree, he must stand between seven and eight feet high; and he has been known to kill a man with a single blow of his fore-paw. Their usual way of fighting among themselves is by hugging and throwing themselves on their backs. If you once get within the clasp of a bear, your chance of release is but a very poor one. Your hunting-knife held to his chest will be the best defence.

I do not believe that the animal is carnivorous. He certainly does not kill for the sake of flesh: his principal food is the roots and fruits of the jungle, which vary according to the season of the year. Three of the most favourite are the mango, the bare —for which he climbs the trees and shakes the branches—and the mowa-berry, which is very abundant in many parts of India, and from which a strong liquor, or wine, is distilled by the natives. During the rainy season the bear commonly digs up the nest of the ants in the jungle, more especially of the white ants. I have shot him when covered with ants. His huge claws and powerful fore-arms enable him to dig a hole sufficient almost to bury himself in, in a very short time. He is also a robber of every kind of cultivated fruit. He ravages the sugar-canes, and climbs the trees for the honey of the bees. The bear usually takes up his abode in rocks and caves,

within a reasonable distance of his food. Except during the rainy season, and in very thick and shady jungles, he is rarely to be found in the heat of the day. In fact, his very long and thick hair is given him by nature to enable him to lie in deep and cold caves; and he rarely leaves his favourite mountains which contain these abodes, except to satiate his appetite on the more plentiful berries of the forest.

His scent is very keen, as is shown by his broad and open nostrils. By this he discovers the nests of ants, many feet under ground. His sight, on the contrary, is very bad in the daytime; the eye very small; the attitude with which he peers at you, when his nose has shown that you are in his vicinity, is something very ludicrous. I think his hearing is not at all acute. The bear is most tenacious of life; and from his being a cold-blooded animal, I believe he recovers, and very quickly, from very severe wounds. At the same time, he is very soft, tender, the least wound making him howl and roar most extravagantly. Remember, and bear it well in mind, that the deadly spot to shoot a bear is in the centre of what is called the horse-shoe, in his chest. This is a dirty white patch of that shape, and reaches from his throat to between his fore-legs, a foot and a half deep, and a foot broad. A bullet in the centre of this goes to the lungs, and is fatal. This, therefore, is the shot, if the bear is coming towards you; and

if he is going away in a direct line, a rifle-ball, hitting him low down in the back, will pass up towards his chest, and will also kill him. Any other shots but these are very uncertain, save, of course, the brain, if you are close enough to shoot for it.

The flesh of the bear is, I believe, not at all bad eating, owing to the animal being a clean and sweet feeder. The lower class of the natives who live in the jungles used invariably to carry away all the flesh when I killed one. I never could bring myself to try it, as, when the animal is skinned, he looks like a huge and deformed man, with immense muscular arms and short legs. The Mussulmans call him Adamzad, from his likeness to Admi (a man).

The jungles inhabited by bears, as I have before mentioned, are generally mountainous. You have, therefore, only to search about the caves and rocks, and you will immediately discover if they are used by the bears. They are not, however, so easily got out of them; and I need scarcely say that going into a cave, underground and dark, even when the hole is large enough for a man to get into, is rather a dangerous business.

The plan I follow, after having assured myself that the caves, or fissures of the rocks, are frequented by bears, is to start before daylight, and place myself immediately above the cave, or on the path leading to it. If there is but one path, and it commands a view of the jungle below, so that you can see the

bears for some time before they get up to you, do not place yourself too near the cave, but take your stand some two hundred yards or so from it, on the path used by them; as the bear, unless you kill him with your first two shots, will get up to his cave and into it. You must be very early, for they retire to their caves at daylight, in many places. In secluded jungles they may sometimes come out at sunset, but on these occasions they sit just outside their caves before proceeding for their water and food. Bears, if they can be found on rideable ground, are to be killed off horseback with the spear. But it is to be remarked that horses which are not the least afraid of panthers or wild hogs, do not like to go up to bears. As long as the bear is running away from them, they seem not to have any fear; but when he turns to the charge, he is such an ugly brute, shaking his long hair, roaring, and snapping with his teeth, that a horse will rarely go up to him, especially alone. I am not aware whether this pursuit has been followed in Upper Hindoostan, or other parts of India, but a friend of mine has speared a great many in the Deccan. I have myself killed only two off horseback; one of these I rode for, and took the spear, the other was in a thick jungle. I speared him in the back under my stirrup. The point of my spear went forward into his chest. In this position I held him for the other man, with whom I was riding, to come up. His horse, however, would have nothing

to say to the bear; and as the bear clawed my horse in the scuffle, I pricked him with the spur, and, passing on, took out my spear.

The bear, a large male above six feet high, rolled down into the ravine below, stone dead. Hereafter, however, you will see that attempting to spear a bear in jungle is not always to be done with impunity. I have always held the opinion that two determined and courageous men, in the babit of looking danger in the face, can spear and kill on foot the biggest bear that was ever bred in India; but the spear must be of a much stouter kind than the commonly used hog-spear. The hunters must be armed also with the shikar knife, before described. The shaft of the spear must not be longer than six and a half or seven feet, and the bamboo must be a tried and proved one. Even if you are inclined to try this, let me advise you to have a third person with a rifle ready. He must be a good shot, and be directed only to fire should either of the spearsmen be seized. His shooting, then, must be very good, for everything will depend upon it.

In attempting, however, to spear a bear on foot, you should assure yourself that there is but one bear, or that it is a female with small young ones. A single male bear would rarely attack men armed, and thus you would not be able to bring him to close quarters with a spear. But a female bear, in defence of her young, will attack anything, especially if she

cannot carry the young away with her. I have never seen more than four bears together at one time, and those evidently of one family. I have a great many times seen and killed two or three of a family. They are, however, very nearly gregarious; for a friend of mine once saw and counted seven bears walking out of one cave.

As I said before, therefore, you had better be careful, in attacking them with spears, to be sure that there is but one bear in the place. Tackle him, then, by setting a couple of little terriers at him, and then fight him with the spear. Holding this opinion with reference to spearing bears on foot, I constantly proposed to my shikaree friends to try it. However, either an opportunity did not present itself, or no one was willing to try it; and the only bear I ever killed with a spear, on foot, was a female which I had wounded with her young one. It was thus :—

In 1848, while stationed at Bolarum near Hydrabad in the Deccan, I used to employ the villagers in the neighbouring rocky hills to bring me information when they saw bears return to their caves; and as they always received a present on these occasions, they sat upon the rocks at daylight to look out for them. I was laid up with a sprained ancle from a fall, when a man came running in from Pochunpillee, only five miles distant, to say that he had marked a large bear go into the caves. I immediately started for the spot, and having placed a lot of beaters at one

entrance to shout, and so drive the bear out, I stood at the other, ready to shoot him when he bolted. This was quite successful, and out he went. I fired three balls at him within the first twenty-five yards; but from my not seeing the deadly part to fire at, he went on in spite of the wounds. I followed him by his blood; but being very lame, and with a slipper fastened round my afflicted foot, when I came to the next mass of rocks I sat at the bottom, telling my people to carry on the track. They had scarcely gone on a hundred yards from me, when they beckoned to me to come up, and pointing down through the crevice of the rock, showed me what I thought was the wounded bear. I fired, and heard my bullet hit; but to my astonishment out went two bears from below me. One of them almost immediately rolled over; and the other (which is very common with bears) stopping to condole with him, I fired at, and knocked over. Before I could load my rifle, the smallest bear of the two got up and entered a large jackal-earth, on the other side of the rock. The other bear also began wandering about as if looking for something. There were several kolees—natives of the jungles, who carry matchlocks, and are great shikarees—out with me; and I thought that by telling them to go and fire at this other bear, the noise would put up out of the hole the one that was close to me.

The kolee, who valiantly approached the larger

bear, was immediately charged, and bolted up to me, saying, "The bear is not wounded at all; you had better come and shoot it yourself, if you want it." I therefore went down, and fired another shot. Then taking a short spear, and thinking this would be a good opportunity of trying the feat of spearing a bear, I brought the point to the front. The bear charged down from thirty yards at full gallop, directly she saw me, and I stopped her with a spear in the withers. I had before this told my shikaree, who had my gun in his hand, that I would spear this bear, and that he was on no account to shoot, unless the bear got hold of me in the scuffle. Directly the bear received the spear, she threw herself on her back, and I was not strong enough to hold her down. The shaft of the spear being made of the ground-rattan, or cane, was not stiff enough to bear her weight. The bear disengaged herself, and before I could straighten the spear again, rushed upon me. The crooked shaft prevented me from spearing straight, and the blade passed only through the side. She very nearly caught me round the waist, but I drew out the spear, and as she again charged in blind fury, I allowed her to pass me, in doing which I sent the spear in, behind her shoulder. As usual, she threw herself upon her back. My shikaree, with the rest of the men, had bolted. I was lame, and, if I had any intention of running, could not have done so. As the bear, however, performed the usual feat of rolling over on her

back, she exposed the horseshoe on her chest; and, before she could recover herself, putting my right hand and shikar knife between her fore-paws, I sheathed it in her heart, killing her dead. This was about the most delicious blow I ever dealt.

Proceeding to the hole where the other bear had entered, and cutting a long banyan-pole from a neighbouring burr-tree, I removed a small piece of stone on the opposite side of the entrance; then, having this long stick introduced through the hole, the kolees stirred up the bear inside.

I sat myself outside the cave, and immediately over the hole. The bear, after a long and vain attempt to battle with the long pole, at length came out, and I killed him with a ball in his back, being so close that his hair was set alight. Here then was the secret of the female bear being so savage, for this was her young one—about two years old. The male bear was brought in dead two days afterwards. Thus, in a couple of hours, I had had pretty good sport.

The temper of bears is very uncertain, and seems to be affected by the season of the year, as well as the kind of jungle they are found in. In the Nagpore province they grow very large and savage, constantly killing and wounding men. In other parts of India I have found the natives most averse to showing me their haunts, as they said, "We can get up a tree to avoid a tiger, but a bear will follow a man up a tree, and there is then no avoiding him."

The female bear has, I believe, never more than two young ones at a time. She takes them out with her almost immediately they are born, carrying them on her back when she is alarmed, or when they are tired. I do not know whether they are born blind; but I have certainly seen them with their mother when they have not been more than a foot high, and as big as a moderate-sized spaniel. The male bear does not appear to be very courageous in defence of his family. The only time I have known him attack, unprovoked, when in company with a female bear, was on the following occasion. I was marching in the Nagpore district, and had gone to a village for the purpose of looking after a tiger which was said to have killed four people; the last, an unfortunate woman, regarding whom the villagers told the following ridiculous story:—A lot of them were cutting grass. A tiger jumped upon, and carried away the woman. The husband collected the villagers, and followed him. The tiger kindly bit off one arm, and left it. Continuing to carry on the woman, he then bit off a leg and left it; and so, eating and carrying, the tiger went on. The disconsolate husband at length picking up the remains, brought them in and burnt them! I examined the sandy nullahs in the vicinity of the village, but could only find the marks of a large panther; which animal, being described as constantly coming into the village at night, I believe was the slayer of the woman. After great difficulty

I purchased two calves: these wretched villagers objecting to sell anything that is to be tied up for a tiger, even though men are being killed around their village.

The calves were tied up on either side of the village, but without being killed; and I at length determined to go and sit for the tiger among the rocks. It was on a Sunday morning, and I arrived just at daylight. The spot commanded a look-out for miles over the jungle, and it was the season when the mowa berry was ripe—the month of March. At length we saw two bears at about a mile off. These animals are so black that they are visible at very great distances in the jungle.

It being Sunday, a day on which I never go out shikaring, and had only on this occasion come for the purpose of shooting what I supposed was a man-eater, I whispered as much to my shikarees, and said that I would not shoot the bears to-day. I saw that they were coming up to the cave over which I was sitting; and thus, in order that I might not be tempted to fire at them, I sat a little farther back, and heard them come in beneath me. I was not aware at this time that the bears in the Nagpore province were so vicious, and that they destroyed as many human beings as the tigers. The report from one district—the Raipore district of Nagpore province—stated that in the year 1855–6, more than a hundred and fifty people had been killed by bears and tigers.

Had I known this, I should not have spared these. I sat up for a long time, until I knew that there was no chance of the tiger returning; and marking well the situation of the caves, I returned, intending to bag the Sunday bears on Monday.

The next morning, accordingly, I went out, sat till about eight o'clock, and I saw no sign of them. About that time, there passed some neelgai. These are the largest deer in India: properly translated, *blue cattle*, for they have the horn of the bullock, only smaller, and the limbs of a deer. The bull, who when old is of a dark grayish blue, is a very handsome and bulky animal, measuring fourteen hands two inches at the shoulder, and perhaps more. The cows of the herd are of a much lighter colour. They live together in herds of from five to fifteen, rarely exceeding the latter number.

The blue bull of this herd stood at least two hundred and fifty yards from me. So, there being no chance of either the tiger or bears, I put up the third sight of the Wilkinson rifle, and shot him in the shoulder. He did not fall, but went away lame, and was found dead at the water in the evening. The range of rocks extended to the other side of the hill where I had seen the bears; and in the afternoon I searched them, but in vain. Just before sunset, the villager out with me pointed to some low rocks at a distance, where, though there were no caves, he stated the tiger sometimes was seen.

I had made up my mind that it was a panther. So when I came to the foot of the rocks, which were low, and in many parts quite rideable, I left my mare and spear under a tree at some distance from the rocks: and not expecting to see any large game, we were proceeding in a most careless manner. I had not even my sword slung on my shoulder—a precaution which I rarely forget to take. My younger shikaree, Nursoo, instead of being in his place behind me, was some ten yards to the right. All of a sudden I observed him stoop behind a rock, and point to his left front. I took the direction, and there before me, under a small bush, and about eight yards in front, sat the Sunday bears. They were squatting upon their haunches, side by side: the female nearest to me. She looked over her left shoulder, as much as to say, "Shoot at me if you dare." I could not see the horse-shoe, so aimed for her lungs, through her shoulders. Over she went to the shot; and without a moment's hesitation, the male bear charged. When he was about four yards from me, I gave him the left barrel; but as he was coming at full speed, I had not time to shoot for the brain.

On receiving the bullet, he fell backwards on the top of the female, and the two began howling, and rolling one over the other. My fool of a dog-boy let go the dogs, and thus I could not fire for some time. At length I fired at the mass of black hair. Both the bears now began going down the hill. The

male stopped for a moment, and with the left barrel of the heavy Westley Richards I knocked him over again. The two dogs could do nothing with the two bears; and I had only a light gun, one barrel loaded with ball, and the other with shot. While loading the rifles, I was constantly interrupted by the bears driving the dogs right up to us. At length the female bear, with one dog, took away to the right, round the rocks; and before I could get my rifles ready, the male bear started off at a gallop in the other direction, with Shairoo after him. Of course the dog could do nothing with him alone, and before I could get my mare and spear, both the bears were out of sight.

I started at full speed for the rocks where I had seen them the day before, about a mile distant: and as I was approaching them, I heard a shot; and galloping in the direction of the sound, I came up to my head shikaree, Mangkalee, who informed me that Nursoo must have fired it. I galloped off, shouting the man's name, but received no reply; and became very anxious, as it was now nearly pitch dark. There is scarcely any twilight in India. At length I found Nursoo, who, with the horse-keeper, had followed the female bear, by whom they had been charged. Nursoo fired the barrel of shot into her (not knowing in which the bullet was), and they both bolted for their lives. The big dog had run the female bear to ground, but I never saw either of them again:

though the following morning I tried to vain to track the male bear.

Being obliged to leave the next day, I told the villagers that most probably one or both the bears would die of their wounds: and that if they watched the caves, they might have the reward, whenever the bears died. On my second march from the place, I heard that one had come out and died: which, I believe, is a common thing for them to do, when they are very severely wounded. I lost these bears at the time from night coming on. You may remember that I also lost the panther that wounded so many animals and the man, from the same cause.

I therefore think that it is more advisable to leave large game alone in the evening. My next chapter shall commence with a hunting-trip in which different sorts of game were killed, chiefly bears.

CHAPTER VII.

BEARS AND BUFFALOS.

An unsuccessful Bear and Buffalo Chase—A prosperous Day's Sport.

On the first of April, 1856, I had to march through the Raipore district to visit Belaspore, and to choose some new ground for the station there. I sent on my people a day before, and galloped out thirty-one miles on the road. On arriving at the village, it was reported that there were five tigers, large and small, in a wooded nullah some two miles off. A friend of mine, having a shikaree elephant, very kindly offered me the use of her, intending himself either to shoot on foot or from a tree. This, however, I declined. But as we were to be a few days together, and he was very urgent in the matter, I agreed that we should go on the elephant, turn and turn about; and we cast lots, by odds and evens, with percussion caps, who should ride the elephant first. The lot fell to me. The trackers returned, but were not quite certain of the whereabouts of the tigers. They reported, however, that there was a large wild buffalo, very savage, in the jungle.

I got on the elephant, while my friend went round the other side of the jungle; and we had separated but a short time, when I saw the buffalo standing out in the plain, a couple of hundred yards at least from the jungle. On the other side of him was a large herd of village cattle, I suppose at least two hundred in number. Keeping between the buffalo and the jungle, I approached to within a hundred yards; when the elephant, or the mahout, turning a little from the buffalo, and showing symptoms of being unsteady, I had him stopped, and taking a deliberate aim at the left shoulder of the animal, I lamed him with the first barrel of the heavy Westley Richards. The second barrel also sent its bullet into his side, as he turned. I fully expected that, being reported a savage, he would now have charged; but on the contrary he went off, and though lame, faster than the elephant could follow.

Both the barrels of the Wilkinson rifle were discharged at him, but neither bullet reached him. I loaded and kept on following; but as I could not get within a hundred and forty or fifty yards of him, and had unsuccessfully tried to bring him to the charge by two more shots, I dismounted from the elephant, and followed him on foot.

My friend in the meanwhile had got upon his horse, with his pistol in his hand, and by continually turning the horse round and round in front of the buffalo, tried to drive him towards me. However, this was

all in vain; and before I could mount my own horse, which was some distance behind, the buffalo had disappeared in a deep and wooded nullah.

Taking a double carbine in hand, and following in the direction he had taken, I saw on the other side of the nullah what I thought was the wounded buffalo, standing. I put spurs to my horse, and soon headed him, turning him in the other direction. However, to my astonishment, he began to stride away as fast as my horse, and got into bush-jungle, full of holes, such as are made by the receding of the water after the rains. The jungle being of that kind from which stakes are cut for dividing fields in that district, it was most dangerous riding. The buffalo went through the bush as if it was so much grass. My little gray, who was only thirteen hands two inches high, was nearly down with me two or three times, when he would have been severely wounded by the stakes. I could not bring the buffalo to a standstill, in order to let me have a steady shot; and I did not at all like going nearer than forty or fifty yards of him in this sort of jungle, in which, had he turned, he would have caught the horse, and impaled us on his huge horns.

At length my sword-belt was unbuckled, and pulled off by the bush. Stopping to pick up the sword, I lost sight of the buffalo, and never could find him again. I now began, while my horse was recovering his wind, for I suppose we had galloped

for two miles and a half in this very rough and dangerous ground, to calculate the chances of finding my way back. It was quite evident that this buffalo was not the one I had wounded. It was impossible that he could have galloped at this rate, if he had been, for though considerably blown, and almost bellowing as he went, with his mouth open, his speed had been undiminished. At this time two horsemen came up to me, and we slowly retraced our steps. Suddenly we saw a bear at about a hundred yards before us; and giving my carbine to one of the horsemen, and taking his spear, I galloped quietly after him, as he was going in the direction we wished, and I hoped out of the thick bush. On coming rather nearer to him, my little horse showed symptoms of not liking this new customer; and seeing my fresh horse—a large Arab fifteen hands high, who was in condition, and a first-rate hog-hunter—I jumped off the little shooting horse, and mounted the bay.

I soon caught up the bear again, and pressed him along in the hopes of driving him out of the thick brushwood to the right-hand side, where it apparently became thinner and more rideable. At length, losing all patience, and fearing that I should never find any better ground, I rushed the horse up alongside of the bear, who, meeting me in the charge, was speared in the mouth. He held, however, on to the blade; and the fight, or rather first round of it, which commenced on the right, or spear hand, ended

on the left, when he disengaged himself. At him again I went. But just as I was on the point of spearing him, he knocked the spear out of my hand with his left paw, and ran against the horse who was much alarmed. The bear also nearly got hold of me.

Dismounting to pick up my spear, one of the horsemen came up at speed towards the bear; when his horse shied to the left, and the man rolled over the tail of the horse, coming down heavily to the ground. Fortunately for him, the bear passed ahead of his horse, and did not see the prostrate rider.

I had got severely bruised and knocked about by the jungle, both in the run after the buffalo, and in this fight. But if the bear was savage, so was I. Suddenly the animal turned for the thicker jungle. Digging my spurs into the horse to bring him up rapidly, (the left one was broken and lost;) and coming round a water-hole, the bear again met me in the charge. He received the spear in the mouth as before, holding it tight between his teeth. The horse was now much alarmed; and the bear, swinging round from my holding on to the spear, got behind him. I thought I should be able, as the spear was well in his throat, to thrust it far enough to kill him, especially as he kept on chasing us in this position; and I was determined also not again to lose my spear. The frightened horse kept on bounding frantically forward; and at one time I was hanging to the saddle,

with the bear at the other end of the spear, ready to pick me up when I should fall!

At length I pulled the spear out of the brute's mouth—the blade nearly bitten off, and the spear useless. Certainly I never had such a narrow escape of being pulled out of my saddle. To my disgust the bear still went on, though at a slow pace, and bleeding much at the mouth and throat. It was of no use trying to take the horse up again to the animal, even if my spear had not been rendered useless. So bruised, breathless, and very much disgusted, I was fain obliged to let the bear go.

At this moment a man came up with a message to say that my friend had mounted his elephant, and found three tigers in the jungle, and begged me to come back immediately; which I did. Before, however, I had reached the place, he had killed two of them. The buffalo he had gone after also; but, though crippled, he was unable to come up to him, and I saw no more of either the buffalo or the bear.

This was a day of great toil and utter want of success. Such often happens to the best sportsmen in India. Let us, however, see the reasons for the failure. In the first place, when I commenced riding after the buffalo, and saw that he galloped quite free and at a great pace, I ought to have given up the chase at once; knowing that it could not be the wounded one. I might have known also that with a carbine, carrying bullets twenty to the pound, I could

not expect to kill him; while had I remained, and taken my heavy rifles, in all probability the first wounded buffalo would have been recovered.

In the second place, it was great folly and foolhardiness to try and spear a bear in bush jungle, off a horse who had never seen a bear in his life, and without the assistance of either dogs or another spearsman. On examining the spear, I found that it was quite blunt at the point, and one which ought never to have been taken out; nor would it have been, had there been any chance, as I supposed, of requiring a spear. Spears must be constantly looked at by yourself, and constantly sharpened; for the horse-keepers, to whom they are usually entrusted, are in the habit of carrying them carelessly at times. The points get knocked off or bent; and this is not discovered until you find to your cost that they will not enter the animal you are charging. On this occasion, I lost a wounded bear from this cause, and spoiled for bear-spearing a very fine Arab, off which I had sabred wild hog after they had been wounded with the spear, and who, though once wounded in sabreing hog, had since then shown no fear of them. Over and above this, I had a narrow escape of my life.

Let us proceed, however, to the second day's shooting, the success of which amply made up for the bad fortune of the first.

My friend on the elephant commenced at one end of the same patch of jungle, and I, having gone into

the middle of it, and finding it very thick and high, got up a tree. To my surprise and disgust, I found there was a native on a tree close by, from the very top of which he called out: "Here's something coming!" and at that moment I turned and saw a large buffalo standing at about one hundred yards from me, but so covered by the bush that I could not see his withers or shoulders. He moved on, and I slid down the tree, and followed. He was alarmed, however, and I did not get near him: and when just coming to the end of the thick grass, a man from a distance cried out, "Look out, sir, there's a bear coming towards you!" At that moment she came out of the ravine, and I shot her in the horse-shoe mark in the chest. She still, however, came on, and took the second barrel within two or three inches of the same spot, and then fell over, dead.

Scarcely had my rifle been loaded, when I heard six shots fired. Thinking my friend had fallen in with a tiger, I advanced and stood behind a bush close to the ravine up which, in all probability, if there were any other animals in the jungle, they would come. A native at a distance shouted out that my friend had killed a bear, and in a few minutes I saw his elephant moving towards my right. Suddenly his shikaree in the back of the howdah pointed at something in front of them; and the mahout, urging his elephant forward, convinced me that there was a tiger on foot. Hastening rapidly in the

direction given, I had just time to stand upon a white-ants' mound, about a foot and a half higher than the ground, when I saw a tiger stealing through the grass. He was at about forty yards from me; and with the first barrel of the Westley Richards, I sent a ball right through him at the shoulders. He suddenly turned, intending to make his rush back, either to the jungle or at the elephant. The left barrel sent its ball through his hind quarters, and he rolled over. My friend on the elephant now fired a ball or two at him, and finished him; though he received his death-wounds from my rifle. We collected the beaters, cut some small trees down, and with the horsekeepers' leading-ropes having made fast the tiger and bears, started them for camp; ourselves galloping home sharp.

At four o'clock P.M., as is my custom, I again went out into the jungle, where I had the day before been foiled by the bear—partly in the hopes of finding him, and partly with the intention of getting some venison for the people: the small red deer, called baikree, the buck of which has four horns, being numerous. I was, what may be called, mooning along on the back of my little gray, when suddenly, and at one hundred yards ahead of me, a single large male buffalo sprang to his feet. He evidently was my friend of the morning. I was off the horse, and had the Westley Richards in my hand in a moment. The jungle was bush, similar to that I had yesterday ridden through; so his huge head and back were

above it. The buffalo came a few paces at a sharp trot towards me—no doubt his usual ruse, to intimidate any one coming near him. But after my experience of his kind, I knew my only chance was to get near him. So I ran towards him; but when I was about sixty yards off, and before I could fire, the brute was in his stride and flight; and though my two bullets sounded on his thick hide, he went on and never stopped, or allowed me to come within a quarter of a mile of him again. I was a good deal annoyed, for I wanted a pair of horns, and had not seen any of the bubulus genus since 1835; in which year I had, with others, killed five.

As a general rule, the buffalo is not to be met with south of the Nerbudda river, nor the bison to the north of it; but I believe both are found in the great jungles about Sumbhulpore. I hope some day to pass through these, and to have ocular demonstration of the fact; for both of these huge beasts are well worthy of the sportsman's rifle. Like the wild male elephant, both the bison and buffalo are generally very savage when found alone. This is caused by their being turned out of the herd for bad conduct, sometimes wounded by the others, and always sullen.

They seem to brood over their wrongs, and to desire to wreak their vengeance on everything they meet. I am, however, inclined to think that many of these animals are provoked to charge by the retreat of the hunter on first seeing them. No man

has any business in the jungle infested by wild animals, and in pursuit of them, if he has not presence of mind at least sufficient to keep him facing his foe. I do not doubt that many accidents are caused by the want of determination at the moment of danger. Nor ever keep a shikaree, or gun-carrier, in your service who has once showed want of nerve, or left you at such a time.

I returned after a long and fruitless pursuit, and never saw my friend the buff again. The next day we went out—it was my turn on the elephant. I put up a large male tiger in the same patch of jungle, but did not see him until my friend had had a shot, and wounded him from a tree. I then took him up on the elephant, when, the tiger charging, we killed him between us. After this we beat for a long time without seeing anything. My friend returned to camp on the elephant, and I remained out till I had bagged two of the little red deer with the rifle. This gave flesh, and consequently satisfaction, to all parties in the camp.

The next day, being the fourth of the month, we broke ground and marched, starting soon after daylight. The villagers assured us there was a tiger in a ravine, a coss (two miles) off from our new encampment. We started at one o'clock to beat it: my friend on the elephant. I got to the other end of it, and up a tree—but no tiger was to be found. We were going along on either side of a patch of jungle,

I on horseback, when I suddenly came upon a female bear, asleep. By the time I had sprung off, and got hold of my rifle, from out of the mass of black hair a young one emerged, and stood on his mother; but before his little peering eyes had sufficiently made out the intruder, and before he could wake his mamma, I had shot him dead. Thus roughly awoke, the bear jumped up, and seizing her dead young one, made a rush to escape. It was too late. The deadly rifle missile knocked her down. Three more shots, however, were required to kill her.

The villagers, who up to this time had been very chary of their information regarding the bears in these jungles, now saw that the killing of them involved *them* in no danger, and volunteered to show us a jungle where there were lots of bears. We determined to beat it homewards, and about half a mile apart. The jungle was low and thorny, with every here and there a good-sized tree. I placed two parties, of half-a-dozen men in each, at a hundred yards on my right and left, with strict injunctions not to make a noise; but on finding a bear, to stop and send a man to me.

Scarcely had I commenced, when I heard a shout, "Sahib! sahib!" (sir, sir,) "reech hai!" (here's a bear). Of course this noise had awoke the animal, who was all ready for a bolt, with his eyes only round the trunk of the tree where he had been lying. When I had got about thirty yards from him, out he dashed

like a flash of dark lightning, through the thorn jungle; and though I had two snap shots at him with the rifle, and hit him with both barrels, he was not to be persuaded to stop.

Again I warned them regarding the necessity of keeping silence, and we had proceeded not half a mile before another bear was found, and lost in a similar manner. Rather disheartened, I called in my flanking parties, and sent them to join the lookers-on in the rear: for half the villagers had by this time collected, or, rather, kept following us as spectators. Having sent them all back, with threats of dire punishment if they approached any nearer than they were—some three hundred yards—I again advanced. It was now nearly sunset—feeding-time for the bears—and I saw a very large bear stalking along down the slope of a hill, a long rifle-shot ahead of me. Marking the direction he was taking, I intercepted him just as he was passing through a narrow nullah. He was right side on to me; and the first ball from the heavy rifle so sickened him that he could go no faster than a walk. Turning every few seconds, as if to charge, he got a shot from the rifles or guns; for I had not time to load, for fear of losing him in this running fight.

Fortunately, I had a double-barrelled carbine out with me, and with the last barrel I shot him through the head. This was the eighth shot, seven of which hit him. So tenacious is the bear of life. He mea-

sured, from his nose to the end of his backbone, six feet one and a half inches. His tail, which is always a very short appendage to a bear, was three inches more. This measurement was made as he lay dead, and not after the skin was taken off. I have known skins stretched a foot nearly, after being stripped from the body; but this is not the proper way of measuring, and gives a false idea of the size of the animal. After a time they again shrink considerably more than when alive.

I proceeded a little farther, when I came on three bears, all of good size, evidently going out to feed on the mowa-tree berry, which constitutes their chief food at this season. I dropped into a ravine before them, but they scented me, and would not approach. So, after waiting some time, I endeavoured to get near to them. The largest—a female—saw me; but before the trigger could be pulled—for I was aiming at the horse-shoe mark in her chest—she turned, and I had to fire at her back, at forty yards. Away she went, with a howl, and all three ran some two hundred yards. Here it was much more free from bush; and having made us out clearly, they came charging up to within forty yards of us. The villager, my water-carrier, showed evident signs of alarm; but my shikarees and self could not restrain our laughter at seeing these beasts, every now and then, jumping several feet from the ground, throwing their paws up, and catching at the lower branches of

a tree as they came up—all in the hopes of intimidating us. Finding this manœuvre did not answer, they stopped, and turned to our right. I hit the big one again, as she exposed her flank. But off they all rolled, making straight for our camp, which was about a mile and a half off. We ran, and again I got a long shot at the mass of rolling black hair, and lamed one of the smaller ones. These were two-year old bears: and after this, being quite done up, I jumped on my little gray, with a spear in my hand, and keeping some fifty yards to the right of the bears, by shouting and hallooing drove them in the direction of the camp, across the dried-up paddy, or rice-fields. I have mentioned before that these animals are very blind and short-sighted, so they went on galloping, until they were within one hundred and fifty yards of the camp. Then commenced a scene of uproar that baffles description. Out rushed troopers, horsekeepers, servants, and followers with all sorts of weapons!

The bears came to a dead standstill. The whole of the villagers, who were the spectators, brought up the rear at a very respectable distance, say a quarter of a mile! The camp-followers were in front. I, and one or two of my people, who had by that time come up with my rifles, were on their right flank. On their left was a short plain, over which they did not wish to go, as it was towards the village. At this juncture, a horsekeeper of mine, who had the carbine,

in his eagerness, had got nearest, and to within sixty yards of the bears; and in a moment they made a rush at him.

The boy, forgetting that he had got the carbine in his hand, first started running, and then let off one barrel in the air. I put spurs to my little horse, and ran him in between the animals and the boy, and this turned them. Back they made their rush for the jungle whence they came; when, my Wilkinson rifle being put into my hand, I jumped off the horse, and by a very fortunate shot—indeed quite a *crow*, after being made unsteady from galloping—I killed the largest bear. The distance was one hundred and twenty yards, and the ball passed through her back and lungs, and she fell over dead. The other two went on. My friend, who had just come up, saw the scrimmage from his elephant's back, and jumped on his pony; but neither his nor my little gray would go up near enough to spear; and the two bears, in spite of the mob, camp-followers and all, got back to the jungle. My friend had not seen any shikar from his elephant, except some wild hog; while I had, on foot, been fortunate enough to bag and bring in four bears, and a four-horned deer, which I had killed just after our first beat in the afternoon.

After leaving this, we marched for Belaspore, every day killing some large game; and up to the 14th, I made the bag of two tigers, eight bears, five deer of various sorts, and a wolf—which is as good shooting

as falls to the lot of most sportsmen in India. I do not think that anything worth particular notice occurred in killing these animals.

I had almost forgotten to mention that bears are great climbers. They constantly get up fruit-trees, shake them, and descend to eat the fruit. This usually shows the hunter that Bruin is in the jungle.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILD ELEPHANTS.

The parts of India in which they abound—They must be shot in the Brain—What sort of Bullets are best—Adventures—Directions and cautions for less experienced Sportsmen.

This sport—and a most glorious one it is—has been often written about. Ceylon is considered to be the head-quarters for it. However, the great Wynaud jungle, which lies at the foot of the Neilgherry Hills—and all that vast forest from Mysore to the western Ghâts, from Manantoddy to Coimbatore—the great range of mountains that run from Trichone almost to Trichinopoly—as well as the Courg country—all hold elephants. The Arnemullee (which, translated, means elephant-hills), and, I believe, the Brumagenees, are overrun by them: though every year their numbers are being thinned.

I killed my first elephants in 1840 in the Tirhenhullee jungles, some fifteen miles from Manantoddy, in company with a gallant sportsman, who met with an early death a few years afterwards. The system pursued was to send out koormbins—the jungle men of those parts—to bring us information: and in those

days elephants were so numerous, that I think out of the four times that I went out, I never once came home without killing. Starting at two o'clock in the morning, we used to ride out the fifteen miles, and then commence hunting.

The first thing, for one who desires to be successful in this sport, is to obtain a knowledge of the animal's head: the brain being the only spot which the Indian sportsman shoots for. Obtain, then, and examine the skull. You will see that the brain is contained in a very small compass, and lies very far back. Your ball has to traverse some feet of bone before it can reach the brain. In the fore part, and near the base of the trunk, the bone will be found soft and much honeycombed; and above each eye there is not so much thick bone to shoot through. The former of these is what is considered the front spot. You fire at the bump, which is at the upper part of the trunk. But when shooting transversely, aim just over the eye. You must shoot for the brain, and at as near a distance as possible: always taking into consideration the level the animal is standing on, with respect to you. If his hind-quarters are lower than his fore, and accordingly the back part of his head lower than the part which the trunk proceeds from, you must aim very low, in order to hit the brain. But if he is standing on a decline, or charging down hill at you, you must shoot very high. If he has his trunk in the air, it is

of no use your firing, except that, if you cannot move aside, he may be turned by the shot; but you cannot kill him.

In Africa, Gordon Cumming has killed elephants by shooting them behind the shoulder. I have never done it, nor have I ever heard of any one doing it for certain. But then I have never used steel-tipped conical bullets; though I have known many good sportsmen who used very heavy rifles and guns: and though one assured me that he killed an elephant through the neck, I never heard of his having tried a ball behind the shoulder. Yet it is not at all impracticable, so far as I can see; and I may live to try it. I always used zinc bullets; but lead mixed with a small portion of quicksilver—say, an ounce to two pounds of lead—is much better. This does not reduce the weight of bullets: indeed it increases it, and makes it almost as hard as zinc. The latter is not much more than half the weight of lead, and cannot take the grooves of the rifle at all. In fact, if it were not that you shoot at elephants at such short distance that the bullet has not time to rise, zinc would be useless. Baker, in his interesting book, *The Rifle and the Hound*, giving a description of this sport in Ceylon, considers that lead will go through anything. I have seen it quite flattened against the bone of the elephant's head, and taken out in that condition, after death.

That elephant-shooting requires much practice is

certain, from the fact that young hands at very good shots, are rarely successful. I famous sportsman, Captain Garrow, wh at his death had killed more elephants tha in India—and if you count only tusk-elep haps more than any man who had ever sho me, that for the first two years he did n one. He had commenced with a very l gun. I have known other sportsmen, w out very well afterwards, shoot at eleph couple of years, knock them over, but to persuade them to remain! It was n case; for I bagged five elephants in the times I was out, though I have had but ve this sport since.

In the year 1845, being in the Neilgh and hearing a report from my koormbins had marked some elephants in a sholah, close to Neddiwuttum—the bungalow on the Goodaloor pass—I galloped out the miles, and went down into the wood, whe a very large tusk elephant alone. He moving from the water; and I followed h of the steep hills, and through the stingi which in that place grow to the height At length, losing all patience, as the h apparently walking quite at his ease, still l yards ahead of me, and thinking that I sh him down to the charge, I fired at the side

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behind the ear, as he swung himself about in going up the hill.

For the first time with such large game I was using a double rifle by Kennedy, that carried bullets of three and a quarter ounces weight. It had been made to order, but was an ounce heavier than it should have been, through a mistake. You may well believe that it was no joke carrying this small cannon after an elephant, up one of those steep hills through the nettles. But not having seen an elephant for five years —when I had been, for a young hand, rather successful—I never doubted for a moment that I should kill the animal with the left barrel in the charge.

I had not, however, calculated on the down-hill; and though I hit him in the right place for even ground, the large bullet only made him swerve very slightly. He swung his trunk round, and knocked over my second gun-carrier. My first, the now famous elephant-shikaree, Hoorcha, of the Neilgherry Hills, fired a barrel of my light smooth bore into his trunk, as he passed. The fallen shikaree was more frightened than hurt, but he caught me by the knees, and it was very nearly becoming a tragedy. Hoorcha handed me the little gun, one barrel only being loaded; and directly the elephant could turn, he curled up his trunk and came straight up the hill at us. I let him come to within five paces, when I hit him in the centre of his head, and he reared backwards, crashing through a clump of bamboos. But

he was up immediately: and as we sat without moving in the long grass and nettles, to my great delight he lost sight of us, and went on. My blood was well up now. I loaded quickly and followed the savage, who was trumpeting, and crashing through the jungles, till I came upon a female, who rushed by me, too fast for me to make at all certain of her. I then came on five females of the herd, who had heard the firing, but not knowing whence it came, were standing like a wall. I walked steadily up to the nearest one, who, hearing a dry stick crack under my foot, suddenly turned her head, and as suddenly fell dead, with a ball from the right barrel of my little gun. The huge tusker had, however, gone off at a great rate; and it being evening, I lost him, and had to return to the Neddiwuttum bungalow.

The next day, laying my koormbins on his track, they followed him down the slope of the Neilgherries to the Kokoor ghât or pass—nearly forty miles as they went—while I went by the road; but in vain. Here we all got a bad fever, which did not appear in some of us, myself among the number, until our return to Ootakamund. A dhobee, or washerman, who would not go to hospital, died; and when I was very ill, the koormbins brought me word that the big tusker was seen, grievously wounded, with a large running sore on his head, some ten miles from Segoor, near Tippicardo, a little off the direct road to Bangalore, and that he was very weak and savage. But I

was on my back, and too ill to move. Before I recovered he had left the spot, and was never found again, to my knowledge.

The tempers of elephants, like those of other animals, and of men, are at some seasons very different from what they are at others. When down at the Kokoor jungles, looking for this wounded tusker, I was one day caught in very heavy rain. After the rain had ceased, we moved on, and, coming to a koormbin village, and requiring a guide to the Kokoor bungalow, I used the plan of drawing out the inhabitants by holding up a long roll of tobacco. It is wonderfully successful for this purpose, and no sportsman in these jungles should be without it. These wild men of the jungles will eat an incredible quantity of it; not merely chewing and spitting out the quid, but allowing to pass into the stomach at one time enough to poison half-a-dozen men who were not used to it! They consider, and very rightly, that it is a powerful febrifuge. My own shikarees used to eat a good deal instead of smoking it. They stated that the latter affected the lungs, and that they could not ascend the steep hills of the Neilgherries if they smoked. They are right; for no doubt smoking, to any excess, affects the wind, and more especially smoking the hookah or hubble-bubble.

After some time I succeeded in catching a couple of koormbin boys, to show me the road to the bungalow; they having declared that there were no

elephants in that part of the forest. The words had scarcely left the mouth of the boy who was guiding us, when a large tusk-elephant, coming at a quick pace, met us. The guide, whispering "Anee! anee!" which means, in the Malabar, "elephant," rushed farther to the rear; and at fifteen yards I had a fair shot for the lump in the centre of the head. To my surprise, the gun, which was my favourite silver-mounted one, after what appeared a very long time, made a hissing sound, denoting that the powder was wet, and at length went off, without recoil. I think that the bullet must have dropped from the animal's head, without penetrating at all. Fortunately the brute was not vicious; for if he had not turned from the narrow path we were on, he must have quietly walked over the lot of us, commencing with me; for there was not a single tree near us. The fact was—and it shows how careful one ought to be with guns during rain—that the shikarees had kept the muzzle up, and the water had run down the barrels. Water-proof covers ought always to be taken out with guns, when there is any chance of rain falling.

I loaded quickly, and followed the track on foot. In a mile or so we came up; when Hoorcha, who was tracking, suddenly stopped, and stepping aside, gave me a push which nearly sent me against the hind quarters of the tusker, who was passing through some thick bamboo jungle. I could not shoot him from behind, so I got round to his front, and within

a few yards of him, but on the higher ground—he standing on the low ground, with his tusks nearly touching me. But before I could pull the trigger, he had scented me, and rushed off into the swamp. In this—perhaps half a mile long, by five hundred yards broad—the burroo reeds were twelve feet high, growing in water from a foot and a half to two feet deep; not a tree in them; and so thick that we could only follow in the track of this elephant, or in some other track previously made. I sent men to get up certain high trees, in the forest on the edge of the swamp, and to wave their blankets when the tusker moved. This was rather ticklish work. Every now and then, a bison would rush through the burroo reeds on either side, and round went the muzzles of all the guns. At length I again came up to the elephant, and heard him distinctly chewing the reeds. When he stopped to listen, we were obliged to stop also; or the splash of the water would have betrayed us.

It was all of no avail. He was very hungry, and had evidently been hunted before, and perhaps wounded; for I could never approach near enough to get a shot again, and at length lost him when he took to the forest. The muckna elephant, that is, the male without tusks, is generally vicious, as far as my experience has shown. It was one of them that killed poor Lieutenant Wedderburn, in the year 1853, in the Wynaud jungles, not very far from Tippicardo.

One day, in the Kokoor jungle, I was sitting with

my back to a large tree, on the bank of a steep nullah. A large herd of elephants, in single file, came from behind, and passed me within five yards, on their way down to cross the nullah. I kept anxiously looking for the large tusker of the herd, but there was not one; and at length the entire lot, probably thirty elephants, had passed. The little tuskers, with their sharp-pointed tusks, went gambolling down the steep side, and sticking their tusks into their mothers' quarters, with a slight shriek and trumpeting. We could not refrain from laughing at the sight, though we felt very much down about our bad luck.

I was asking Hoorcha where the large tusker could be, when, from an opposite hill, and half a mile off, we heard a loud trumpeting, and were not long getting across towards the sound. The hill-side was very steep, with not a blade of grass or undergrowth, but large forest-trees grew some thirty yards apart; and going up this steep hill were three elephants, two of them tuskers. The nearest to us had tusks about three feet long; and sixty paces ahead of him was a magnificent old tusker, with a splendid pair of ivories in his head. Before him, again, was a female elephant. It would not have been difficult even in this ground to have circumvented the large tusker, had the female not been immediately before him. But she was very wide awake, and was continually looking back. At length, wearied out with climbing the

hill, and with crawling and stooping, and feeling that I should never get a good shot at the tusker, I fired at the side of his head at about thirty yards, being at the time about parallel with him. Down he came, crash, with his head towards me; but before the smoke had cleared, the koormbin, who was carrying one of my spare rifles, fired immediately over my shoulder, and so close to my ear that the report nearly stunned me; and, before I had recovered, the tusker had picked himself up, and was three hundred yards ahead, up the interminable mountain. I never caught him up again.

This koormbin had been in the service of a man who allowed his shikarees to shoot—in my opinion, a very dangerous practice, and one that ought not to be allowed, except at moments of imminent danger; in short, I consider it as unsportsmanlike as it is dangerous. Those who allow it will some day find their spare guns all emptied, and themselves standing, perhaps, before a wounded tiger, with a discharged gun or rifle in their hands.

It was the day after this piece of bad luck, and while looking for the wounded tusker, that I came upon what I thought were his fresh tracks; and, after ringing him, I got to an immense creeper, in which he was quite hid. Leaving all my shikarees at the foot of the nearest tree, which was some fifty yards from him, I crawled up to about ten yards, and kneeling, waiting for my friend to eat his way

up to me. To my great disappointment, when I saw his head I found out that it was not a tusker. His body and feet were not visible. So thick was the creeper that I could not see the position he was in sufficiently to make sure of the side shot over the left eye, that nearest to me. At length I fired, when he was a spear's length from me; he rushed close by me on recovering from the shot, but stopped after going a hundred yards or so. Unfortunately, some days before, in this trip I had broken the cock of my favourite gun, and as I had only the big rifle, which I was afraid to use, I had borrowed a very good rifle from a friend. This was the first time of using it, and the bullets were so tight that they could scarcely be got down, and then only with much noise. The muckna elephant heard this, and began following me, while I was loading. When this was finished, I again went up to him, but could only see the upper part of his head. There was no tree near: however, Hoorcha kept on urging me to shoot: I did so, and the muckna charged right up to us, and was only turned by my second barrel, when he was all but over us. Again he took up his position in the impervious creeper, and Hoorcha's advice now was to leave him alone. "Sahib, he has no tusks; and it is not worth while, for the sake of the reward, to run the risk of one of us being killed." So I left him. *Nota bene* upon this.—Do not go out shooting savage game with guns that you do not know!

This Kokoor trip was altogether one of bad luck. We went back to the hills, and, as I before mentioned, we all caught a fever, from which we did not get free for a considerable length of time.

The last time I had with elephants was in the Arnemullee Hills, in August, 1845. It was only for eight days; I had but four shots at elephants altogether during that time, and the last day that I was in that magnificent teak forest I killed two tuskers, right and left. The tusks of the largest were only some three feet three inches long, but they were the only elephants that had tusks at all; and as they walked up on either side of me, as I was standing behind a tree, I bagged them both. This was before these jungles were much known. Since that time a great number of elephants have been killed there. In the first four days I would not pull trigger at anything else, for fear of disturbing the game I had particularly come after, though I saw herds of bison every day. At length, being disheartened, I shot one of these last; and during the seven days I shot there my bag was—two tusk-elephants, as above mentioned, one bison, three bears, and a boa-constrictor, and this out of some twelve shots, the rest being at bison.

Elephant-shooting requires much practice, more particularly to enable the sportsman to see at a glance in what position the animal's head is: the brain must be reached, and only in certain positions can this be

done. As a general rule, the older the elephant the more dense is the bone, and the more difficult, therefore, for the bullet to penetrate. I have before stated that, when an elephant curls his trunk up and raises his head, carrying it high, it is almost impossible to kill him, for the brain cannot be got at. All that can be done is to turn him, and if he is a determined, vicious beast, who will not turn, and you have no friendly tree to dodge behind, the case is a dangerous one. Your only chance is by running sideways, and at a rather acute angle, to the direction in which the animal is charging you, in order to escape his sight; then crouch down in the brushwood or grass, and lie as still as you can. The sight of the elephant, though very keen, is very circumscribed; he consequently very soon loses sight of an object, if it remains motionless.

It will be expected that I should give some instructions as to the manner of hunting the elephant. I have had but little experience, and, therefore, write with diffidence on the subject. It is actually necessary that you should employ some of the koormbins, Karchas, Napas, or whatever particular tribe of men inhabit the part of the forest you propose to shikar in. All these, from being in the habit of seeing elephants almost daily, thoroughly understand their peculiarities, and are rarely frightened when coming near them. Their keenness in tracking is wonderful; they will follow an elephant, and make out his

track, over the bare rock, and tell you pretty accurately how long it is since he passed. If you have a good number of these jungle men, and elephants are plentiful, the best way is to give them orders the night before to make arrangements among themselves for starting at or before daylight, two and two, to look for elephants. They generally know what parts of the forest they are to be found in, at that time; and when any one of these parties finds an elephant, one of the men immediately gets up a high tree to watch him, and the other returns to give the kubbur, or news.

Some hour, say ten o'clock, should be named, at which the parties are to return to camp. I need scarcely say that you should be always ready with your gun-carriers, to start directly the news is brought. In a bamboo jungle, elephants are heard at a great distance pulling it down to feed on. They may also be heard trumpeting, if the wind is blowing to you, nearly a mile off. This, with the large track, would make it appear a sort of shikar easily carried on; but you will find that even to an experienced sportsman it is quite the reverse; and owing to the denseness of the underwood of the forest, to the poisonous leeches, and to the hilly country in which these animals are most commonly found, this peculiar kind of shikar is one of the most fatiguing you can pursue. The jungles they frequent are invariably very unhealthy at all seasons of the year, except for

about two and a half months, say from the 20th of June to the 5th of September, that is, from the time when the first heavy rains have well washed out all the dead leaves and malaria, until the time when the rains are about to cease.

It is a strange fact this, the cessation of malaria during the time mentioned, in the Wynaud and other southern jungles. I need scarcely, however, point out the disadvantages the sportsman contends against at this season; liable to be drenched to the skin while out shooting, his tent and everything about him in a very damp and uncomfortable state; and the great risk that he runs from his guns hanging fire, or not going off at all. But what can quench the love of shikar in the heart of the man once imbued with it? That which others consider infatuation and a folly, is to him the breath of life:

> "That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
> And turn what some deem danger to delight;"

not the fight against our fellow-man and brother, but against the wild beast of the forests, which God has ordered us to destroy.

Another, and the more common way of following the sport, especially if you cannot procure a number of jungle trackers, is to get up at daylight, take your own breakfast, and make your shikarees eat theirs before starting; then taking with you a biscuit or sandwich, and your chagul or leather water-goblet,

and your flask of wine or brandy, to start for the day. You take a direction which will bring you across the usual runs of elephants who may be going from one feeding-ground to another. When you come on a moderately fresh track, you put on your best trackers, and follow at the best pace you can. I need scarcely tell you that if the elephant is also travelling, you may go in this track for fifteen or twenty miles, without ever seeing the animal. This distance you have to retrace, unless, from knowledge of the localities, you may be able to shorten your backward journey. Day after day have I run elephants' tracks in this way. Sometimes the animals themselves are only a short distance ahead, which you can tell not only by the freshness of the trodden-down grass, but by their droppings, or by the mud marks against the sides of the forest tree, where they have rubbed themselves; then by the crushing of the bamboos; then by a shriek, which sends your heart into your mouth; then by the disappearance of a great brute's quarters, through the clump of bamboos just in front of you; and at length by the flash of a pair of ivories, which brings you to the pitch of excitement.

Now keep cool, if you can. Look at your own rifle's caps, and at those of your gun-carriers; and if the jungle will permit of it, and the wind (which is of the utmost consequence) blows away from them towards you, get round, by making a détour to the

leeward side of the animals, and post yourself quickly behind a tree in the path which a fine tusker is apparently about to take.

All now depends upon your shooting. Let the elephant come up to within fifteen paces of you, and be sure that you see the deadly spot over the eye. Then between that and the upper part of the ear, according to the distance and the evenness or otherwise of the ground, aim for the brain. These side shots are more certain, I think, than the front one, and they are more likely to be presented to you when standing behind a tree. If the animal stops, with his head so placed as not to present itself for a good shot, make a slight noise with your foot, or let your shikaree do so behind you, and keep your rifle ready to your shoulder. The elephant will suddenly turn his head to the sound, and you ought to bag him for certain. Any sound, such as a slight cough or cluck with the mouth, will answer as well.

Smooth bores are preferred to rifles by many for this sport. I always preferred the rifle. For if the bullet is not too tight, and the cloth is greased, there is no difficulty in loading. I have my rifle bullet sewn in the cloth, for facility in loading.

Always take out with you a tape with the feet and inches marked on it; twelve feet long will be enough. You will be able to tell pretty accurately the size of the elephant you are following by measuring his fore

footmark in the soft soil; twice the circumference of that will be the height of the animal at the shoulder.

I must now finish my account of elephant-shooting, a sport in which great practice is necessary to ensure success. The lover of it alone will be induced to stand the fagging consequent on its pursuit; but success amply repays him for many disappointments.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BUFFALO AND THE BISON.

The Buffalo and Bison—Their Appearance, Size, and Habits—Methods of hunting the Buffalo—Adventures—The Bison.

THE buffalo is not common throughout India, but large numbers are found in the grass churs along the banks of the Ganges river, and in other parts of Bengal, and also in the Sumbhulpore jungles, and the Raipore and Chanda districts of the Nagpore province. As a general rule it is found that the Nurbudda river is a boundary to the north of which the bison is not known, nor to the south of it the buffalo. This is nearly correct: though there are jungles to the south-east of this river which both of these animals inhabit. They are of different habits; inasmuch as the buffalo likes jungles with heavy grass and swampy ground without hills; while the bison rejoices in hilly tracts, and scarcely ever inhabits very flat jungles: yet he, too, is fond of swamps and reeds, and they feed alike on grass. The single or solitary male in each genus is a dangerous animal, especially after he has been wounded.

His single blessedness is usually caused by his own sullen temper, which leads him to commit acts of violence on other members of the herd, who, in consequence, band together and drive him out—often severely wounded.

I will first treat of the buffalo. He resembles the tame animal in form, but is vastly his superior in size and strength. He does not measure in height much more, I think, than fifteen hands, or fifteen and a half; at least, I have never killed one higher: but for that height his girth is very great. Eight and a half feet is a common measure for a full-grown bull. His limbs are very short and powerful. The pastern bones measure scarcely four inches; the shank, or cannon bone of the fore legs, that is, the metacarpal, is about seven inches long, and the fore-arm, from knee to elbow-joint, about fourteen inches; consequently, he is often deeper from his withers to below his heart, than he is from that to the ground. The horns of a fair-sized bull are each from five to five and a half feet long, and eighteen to twenty inches in circumference. They are very beautiful, curving inwards at the points, and they take an exquisite polish. The largest I ever saw were two pairs, the heads of which had been found in the bed of the Nurbudda river. They were standing in the verandah of the Commissioner, Mr. Fraser, of Jubbulpore: this was in 1838. With the piece of the frontal bone between them, one pair

measured against the wall six feet, and the other five feet eight and a half inches; and they were as thick as a large man's thigh. I have never myself killed any buffalo with horns of such dimensions.

But to the hunting of them. Soon after the commencement of the rainy season, which lasts, say, from the middle of July to the middle of April, the jungles they inhabit are one vast sheet of grass; in some places open without trees or bushes, in others almost impenetrable. When on foot in this grass, you cannot see anything; if, therefore, you have not an elephant to follow the buffaloes on, you had better ride a horse, off whose back you can, if necessary, shoot. You then follow the herd as you would on an elephant; and when you are about a couple of hundred yards distant, you get off, to the leeward of them, if possible, and stalk to as near as you can get before you fire. You must use heavy rifles, with large balls hardened, if you can, in the manner I have before described, with a little quicksilver. You must aim at midway between the withers and the bottom of the girth, and behind the shoulder-blade. The ball will then go direct into his lungs; and if he does not drop immediately, he will not run above two or three hundred yards. He will scarcely ever be able to rise again off his knees.

In January, 1858, I was marching with a field-force from Nagpore to the Sumbhulpore country (which was then in a disturbed state), on the western

side of the Jonk river, which is the boundary of the two districts. A patail of the village of Luckumpore came and volunteered to show me a herd of wild buffalos, adding, that his own tame hayla, or male buffalo, had mixed with them, and that he could not catch him. I replied, "Suppose I shoot yours by mistake?" He said, "Shoot the brute; he has been lost to me for several months, and I don't care about him." I went out, and having wounded a spotted stag off the back of my elephant (which had only a pad on, and was quite new to the work), I was following him by the blood, when I came upon a herd of buffalos. I wounded a large one, which I followed up and killed: it proved to be a cow. I then got off the elephant and followed the herd on foot without getting another shot, for a good distance. It becoming dusk I returned; and as my head shikaree, carrying my heavy Wilkinson rifle, had been ill with fever, when I struck the road to camp, I sent him home, and went on with my other shikaree, and with a light carbine rifle and the revolver, to have a look at the dead cow.

About two hundred yards from her we came upon the man I had left to watch, who told me that a single bull had come to the cow and smelt her, and that he was standing now not far off; and pointed in the direction. There he was, true enough, looking rather big, too, in the dusk. I now wished that I had not sent away my heavy rifle, for these small weapons

are not to be depended upon. However, I walked up to within fifty yards of him in the grass, and gave him both barrels of the carbine, which I suppose must have missed him altogether, as he did not move. It was then becoming rather dark. I loaded and fired: on receiving the ball from the right barrel, he bolted, and received the other also, without apparently caring a sou for them. This was my first success with a buffalo since 1835, when as a griff I killed a large male, and helped at the death of four others.

On my return from Sumbhulpore—where I was obliged to remain to watch our Nagpore frontier, for some two months—I was again near Luckumpore. In spite of the very high and thick grass, my fortune was pretty good. I bagged five more buffalos—four of them being bulls—two tigresses, two bears, seven spotted deer, a neelghai, and other game: all on foot, except one cow-buffalo.

On the day of our arrival at a place called Chirkoo, a poor villager was brought into camp dreadfully gored by a male buffalo. Another man had been killed some time before; so that there was evidently one, if not more, viciously inclined. The first day I went out, I found a herd some two miles from camp; and walking up to about one hundred yards, they were making off, when I broke the fore-arm of the bull nearest to me. I got on the pad-elephant, and followed through the high grass, but lost the

wounded one and fired at another good-sized buffalo, which, being found dead the next day, proved to be a cow. The herd, however, now took across an open plain, and I dismounted; and after a very long chase got two long shots and lamed the largest, a bull. He stopped under a tree. I took up a position behind the next tree, some forty yards distant from him, and fired. He had a fine pair of horns, but never charged, though he continually threatened to do so; and at length he died ignominiously.

A few days after this, the villagers reported a herd of buffalos, some four miles off. They had left men watching them; but when we came to the spot, neither men nor buffalos were to be found. We started on the track of the latter, and after going a short distance, one of the two villagers with me got up into a tree to look out. I thought that he stayed up an inconceivably long time, so beckoned him impatiently to come down, which he did very reluctantly. On touching the ground, all he could whisper was that there was a single buffalo before us, one that would use his horns. Upon being urged to show him, he scarcely went thirty yards before he sloped up another tree. I got him down, but before he had gone as much farther, he wanted to get up another: I caught him, however, by the leg, and put a stop to this fun, by insisting that he should show me the animal. He walked, with great trepidation, some

forty yards farther, and then pointed to a large horn with its point just showing itself over the grass. I did not know whether the owner was asleep or dead, and so, putting the man behind me, walked nearer, when up sprang an immense bull. I was some forty yards from him, and as he stretched himself to his full height, and while he was winking his eyes (for he had been asleep), I caught him in the centre of his chest with the right ball of the Wilkinson rifle, and, as he turned, I gave him the other below the withers. He galloped like a racehorse for three hundred yards, nothing being visible but the polished tips of his horns glancing through the high grass. I started rapidly upon the broad track he left, directly I had loaded the rifle, and came up to him on his knees, with his head towards me.

I had not then found out accurately the best spot; so I aimed again at his withers, with the first barrel, at five yards distance. Of this he took no notice whatever. I now went behind him, with the intention of chinking his spine. The ball went right through his backbone. It seemed to galvanize him, for he sprang off the ground higher than the high grass round us, and I thought that one of us was a dead man. We retreated ignominiously, though with face to the foe, and rather disgusted, behind a tree to load. Then, sending a man up a tree, he reported that he was exactly on the same spot, on

nees, in the same position as when I last fired. w walked up close, and shot him in the brain igh the left ear. "*Bos profundit humi.*" He a dead buffalo. This was the manslayer, they ired. He was gored in several places, besides a and deep half-open scar all down his left flank. ie lay, he looked immense, the neck displaying nous power.

e recovered our villagers at length, and they n to get off his skin and cut him up. I turned dge of my shikar sword in cutting his vast head and the Mahommedans of the camp had a glorious for my two Mussulman shikarees, though with difficulty, had hullal-kur'd, or cut, the throat, my keen sword, whilst he was yet alive, and repeated the orthodox prayer. After this, I went twice without success, further than wounding pursuing the buffs. The jungle was too high thick to see anything else, or at least to get a at it; but on the last day of our stay in that of the country, I started to a village near Luck-ore, on the report from the villagers of buffaloes there. The animals were in a large plain e paddy, or rice, was grown during the rains; nearly bare, with a little grass and bush here there. They were wide awake, and would not e approach nearer than one hundred yards, at a distance I aimed at the chest of a large one ng at me. Off went the herd; and as they

cleared the other side of the plain, I saw the villagers trying to intercept a buffalo who was going on three legs, but who evidently had no idea of being stopped by them, for he held his way through them nobly. Springing on my galloway, I laid into him, and at length galloped round him; and jumping off, and hooking my leading or shooting rein to my leather waist-belt, I stopped right on his path—the same which the herd had taken just before. He came on gallantly until he was forty yards from me, when he stopped, evidently not understanding why I did not move out of his path, like the rest.

I now came to conclusions with him, by bringing him on his knees with the first barrel, and killing him dead with the second. On examining him, I found that the broken leg was from a former wound, and was not a fresh one; and we soon discovered that this was the bull I had broken the leg of the first day I was out. His want of condition was accounted for by his having been wounded eight days. I followed up the track of the herd on my shooting-horse, and suddenly came upon three buffs. One of them was a full-grown male, and he did not appear to care much about my being near him. I walked up, and at forty-five yards shot him in the proper spot behind the shoulder. He went a few paces, and came down on his knees. I stepped up in front to his head, and brained him with the left barrel,

the ball passing right through skull and brain, and into the vertebræ of the neck. He was in splendid condition; and as his limbs remained quivering, the Mussulman shikarees soon made him out to be alive enough to hullal-kur, and make him fit to be eaten. I now went to look for the rest of the herd, but could not find them; and returning to the last killed bull, found a lot of the people, some of whom had been left to bring in the head and skin of the one first killed. They reported that the Luckumpore patail had sworn that this was his buffalo, and would not let them touch it. So here the murder was out, and this brute was the identical one which had got loose. The fact is, that the villagers in these jungles let their cows breed with the wild bulls, so that in after life the young ones are well inclined to throw off the yoke at any time when they may have an opportunity.

The skin of the wild buffalo is of great thickness. He is wonderfully active for a large animal; and as the ground he lives in is well adapted for his short limbs and great strength, very few horses can follow him over it. I once galloped after a bull for three miles, with a double carbine, in hopes of inducing him to stop, so that I could get a shot; but I could not get ahead of him, and had nearly come to grief several times, when too close to be pleasant.

I have known instances of European shikarees

being chased by wild buffaloes—not single bulls—after they had been fired at; but I have never had it occur to myself. I believe that such cases are very rare. The solitary bull is, no doubt, a dangerous animal, like the wild elephant and bison, when turned out of the herd: but none of these animals, nor any others in the jungles, can stand before a heavy rifle, properly loaded and skilfully used.

The bison is so very similar in habits to the buffalo, and the shikaring him is so much the same, that it would be only a tedious repetition to give an account of him—except in those few particulars in which he differs from the buffalo.

I think that the chief peculiarity of the bison is his great shyness and fear of man, compared with the buffalo. His scent is very keen; and it requires all a hunter's cunning and knowledge of woodcraft to get near a herd in jungles where they have been fired at. Unless they are lying down, they are very wary. The single bull, in some parts of Western and Southern India, is a very formidable animal; and I have heard officers who had shot them in the Courg country state, that the native shikarees of Courg, who are not at all afraid of the wild elephant, are very cautious when near a single bull bison. They have been killed there, as I have been positively and credibly informed, of the great height of twenty-two hands. The largest I have myself killed

was about eighteen hands or six feet at the shoulder, measured as you would a horse: but it is difficult, when the animal is dead, to measure very accurately. The best way is this: drive one stake into the ground at the hoof of his fore-leg, and another close to the withers; then a measuring-tape, with the inches and feet marked, will denote pretty well his exact height. The bison, on the whole, stands a good deal higher than the buffalo; but he is not larger round the girth, nor is he so massive an animal. His horns are not to be compared in size to those of a buffalo. He has, however, a more blood-like appearance. In short, he is of the Bos kind; and in most parts of India where he is found, is called by the natives Urna; and in the Wynaud forest, Katee. The buffalo is, of course, the *Bubulus*, and is called by the natives Bund Binsa, in contradistinction to the tame buffalo, which is termed Binsa.

The best spot to shoot both is midway between the top of the withers and the bottom of the girth, over the heart. The shot is commonly spoken of, by sportsmen here, as the shot behind the shoulder, and is almost always fatal. If the animal is standing side on to you, and you shoot with proper charges, the ball perforates the lungs, which are very large. They become gorged with blood, and in a very short time, if not immediately, the animal sinks. I have thought it of much consequence to point out the most deadly spots to shoot at, both out of mercy to

the animal and for the satisfaction of the hunter. know how long it was before I myself discovered a these things: and we have no authority to be cru even to a tiger, for he but follows his own natur when he kills.

CHAPTER X.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Deer: how to shoot them—Neelgai, or Blue Cattle—Sambur, or Red Deer—Weapons: Rifles, &c.—The Cheetah, or Hunting Leopard—The Antelope—The Ibex—Native Hunters—Clothing—Directions for hunting in the Jungle—Shooting Wild Animals not really cruel—Revolvers—The Wild Dog.

I HAVE now to describe the different kind of deer met with in the different jungles in which I have hunted in India. My experience as a hunter in Bengal and Hindoostan was very brief, and was gained between the years 1834 and 1837. I was quite a novice in the art, and used to blaze away, like most youngsters, right into a herd of sambur, and be very much astonished that I did not find anything drop. This was in the heavy jungles west from Chunar, at Seepteesgur, and at other places, the names of which I do not remember, between the Ganges and the Sone. It was here that I saw my first tiger, as I was carelessly walking at dawn of day some way behind my shikaree, who had both my rifle and gun on his shoulders. I had been sitting up all night to shoot this tiger, and had, of course, seen

nothing of him. I never was guilty of sitting up but once more, and that was over a buffalo killed close to my camp, and again I did not see the tiger; in fact, it is a most unsatisfactory thing to do, and those who have constantly sat up have told me that they have very rarely bagged anything.

The common ways of shooting all kinds of deer, except the antelope, in India, are to track them in the jungle and stalk them; or to have them beaten up to you; or to wait for them morning and evening at the places where they are accustomed to drink. The latter is a very good plan, in parts where there is a great scarcity of water, and when there is great plenty of any peculiar kind of fruit or berry of which the deer are fond; otherwise, the scarcity of water will send them to other parts. But if they do stay, it is a capital way of securing them to hide yourself either in a hole, or behind bushes, in the evening or early morning, and to wait for their approach. You get your shot from a rest; and when you are not excited by following them up, it should be a very steady and deadly one.

The largest of the deer kind, although they may perhaps be more correctly included in the bovina genus, are the Neelgai, or Blue Cattle. The male is very nearly blue, with short, almost upright horns, growing like those of cattle, on a bone. He stands very high—from fourteen hands to fifteen hands—and has the bulky body of cattle with the light legs

of deer. He has a tuft of hair depending in front from his throat, and his tail is like that of a bull, though much shorter. The females are of a light brown colour, and have short hair, and are not so tall nor so bulky as the male. Up to two or three years old, their flesh is capital for steaks; but the tongue and marrow-bones are the choice parts. Neelgai are found generally throughout the jungles of India, and are very plentiful in the Deccan. They are difficult of approach and wild, their great height enabling them to see at long distances. They are constantly found in the grain, but they also inhabit large grass rumnahs.

If you can find them, which is very rare, in tolerably good ground, they are to be killed with the spear off horseback; but the horse must be a very fast one. The plan is to go at them as hard as your horse can lay legs to the ground, in order to blow them, if possible, in the first half-mile. Of course, if the ground is full of ravines and jungle, you cannot do this. In the Deccan, it is very rare to find them at any distance from this bad ground; but in the Nagpore country you may, and they have been speared there.

The next in size to the neelgai, and a much more handsome animal, being altogether a forest ranger, is the Sambur, erroneously called the Elk of India. He is the Red Deer. The male has a fine head of horns, according to his age, and sheds them every year.

They are not palmated, but antlers; nor have they many tines. Age appears to increase their size and weight; and an old stag will have a pair of horns at least four feet or more in length, from the base to the tip, and two and a half inches in diameter, near the head. Close to the base there is one branch, and then the horn divides into two equal branches, within a foot or so of the tips; it is very massive and powerful. The hair of the body is of a coarse brown colour, the ears are large and broad, and the tail short and well furnished with hair. This animal is not so tall as the neelgai: but a full-grown buck is very large and powerful, standing fourteen hands one inch, or more, high, and is a load for a dozen strong men to carry. I should think he weighed five or six hundredweight. The does are smaller, and herd together in numbers ranging from five to twenty-five, though so many as the latter are rarely seen. They are fond of jungles where there are rocks and mountains. In the hot weather the male almost always lies up in very high ground, and you will find his large footmark and track in almost inaccessible places. The tiger, who knows this peculiarity in the sambur, waylays and kills him there, dropping down over a rock upon him. The old stag is rarely found by man, owing to this habit of lying up in high places among rocks, behind which he looks down upon the hunter. Only the experienced eye of the latter can detect his branching antlers over the edge

of the rock, behind which his body is concealed. The hunter knows that it is of no use to aim below the antlers, because the rock shields the body. So he is obliged to rouse him and get a running shot; or if he has patience, he may leave a man, as a mark, at the foot of the hill a good distance from the stag, and having ascended the hill himself, at half a mile off, may come down from above on the animal. He should, however, be acquainted with the ungle and hills, or he will scarcely succeed. The sambur is very wary. When he comes down to drink, he is much later than all the other deer, and rarely comes before it is dark. He likes a mountain jungle with a river running through it. I have never seen one of these large stags attempt to charge, either before or after being wounded; but I have been told that under some circumstances they do so. They are not very fast, and if you could only find them on the plain, a very moderately good horse could take you up to them. I have speared some which had been only slightly wounded with rifle, in jungly ground.

In forests inhabited by sambur you will find most of the smaller kind of deer, the Paharee, the Kakur, or barking deer, the Bekree, or jungle-sheep, the moos-deer, and the spotted deer. Spotted deer are never found in jungles where there is a scarcity of water. They are very impatient of thirst, and when wounded or frightened plunge into the river. They are very beautiful, with white spots on a brown

border, and are a good deal like the fallow deer of the parks in England in size and figure. The horn is not palmated, but is an antler, and is large for the head of the animal. When advanced in age, they shed their horns annually. The skin, when well cured, is almost as beautiful as a panther's. In extensive jungles watered by large rivers, like the Mahore jungles near Hingolee, in the country of Hydrabad, Deccan, in the great Wynaud, and elsewhere, if you wound one of these deer, and gallop it on horseback, in a chase of a mile you will bring together five hundred others. They are wary, and when they have been fired at are difficult to approach. Like all the deer tribe, they are very tenacious of life, requiring good shooting to bag them. The best spots to aim at are in a line from the withers down to below the heart, and the shot goes merely through the ribs. They get away to die, but are rarely found by the hunter. The wolf and hyena, and sometimes the tiger, track them by the blood, and make their feast upon them. It is a sort of shooting which, like sambur-shooting, is very attractive, and requires a great deal of hard work as well as good shooting to be successful in it.

At the time of the year when the grass has generally been burned, about April, the leaf is continually falling; and this makes silent walking in the jungles almost impossible; and hence the difficulty of procuring large game in India by stalking. Until the

grass has been burned, which is rarely before the end of March, you cannot see game from the ground; and after the grass has been burned, the old leaf falls and covers the ground: the heat also, at this time of the year, is very great. The Indian hunter has, consequently, to contend against difficulties such as no other hunter in the world has. Hunting, in northern latitudes, may present hardships in consequence of the rigorous cold, but exercise is calculated to remedy this; while no one but he who follows game on foot under the scorching sun of India, in the hot months, can imagine what labour it is! It is this which prevents many from following the bent of their inclination, and becoming hunters; for it requires a strong frame and a determined will, as well as a real love for the sport, to enable a man to follow it for a course of years. Yet this is absolutely required, not only to make a man a good rifle-shot, but to give him the experience necessary for becoming a successful hunter. There is always something to learn—something new—of which he was before ignorant.

The rifles are carried by your first native hunter, or shikaree, and yourself. The gun is slung on the shoulder of your second shikaree, who carries in his right hand a strong spear, some six feet long. The rifles that I have killed all my game with, as before mentioned, were a double two-grooved rifle, made by Wilkinson, of Pall Mall; the other, a polygrooved,

made by Westley Richards. I hardly know which was the best. Neither of them could be excelled in carrying large charges of powder, and in shooting true when so loaded, or in power of penetration. The bullets, on no account, must be made so large as to cause a difficulty in loading, when the barrels get foul. They should be sewn in greased cloth, and kept in a thin leather pouch in the shikar bag, and not allowed to rub against one another, and against everything else in the bag; for this rubs off the grease, and injures the form of the bullet. I have Minié bullet-moulds for my rifles; but so long as the spherical bullets go through and through large game, I do not see the use of running the risk of shaking the stock of the gun, and of extra recoil, by using the heavier balls. No doubt the Minié does go with more force. I have stated that each of us is furnished with a shikar knife, in a spring-sheath. This last has a steel button on it, which fits into a button-hole, and the sheath is cased in the front of the shikar jacket. It is thus ready to your hand, and there is no fear of its falling out, and no unbuckling is required. The pattern is with Messrs. Wilkinson and Co., Pall Mall.

I have mentioned before that the practice of shooting by night is commonly followed by the native shikaree. He has the faculty of seeing in the dark in a most wonderful manner; and his rude weapons do not permit of his shooting game at long distances.

His natural Asiatic laziness also makes him like the plan. If you, too, have stoicism sufficient to sit in a hole near the water, with mosquitoes eating you, try it. The game is very bold at night. Many instances have been told me by credible persons of tigers having been fired at, and missed, owing to the darkness, and again coming up to the bait or killed animal. I never fired but two shots at night in my life, both at one animal. The last was successful. I went to a village in the Chanda district, called Gunpoor, upon the kubbur, or report of tigers being there. I took with me two young bullocks, to tie up as baits; over one of which I sat morning and evening. On the second night, a villager, who had been sitting up on a mechaun (that is, a platform, raised from twelve to twenty feet above the ground in a field, from which the watcher drives away the game that comes to eat the grain), came and awakened me about eleven o'clock, stating that a tiger had run into and killed a deer in his field. I thought it very unlikely, and was loth to get up: the more so that the moon had only just risen. However, having put a bit of clean cotton on the muzzle sight of my rifle, I started with my shikarees to the spot. True enough, there was a half-grown neelgai, as big as a heifer, killed, and a considerable portion of it eaten. Immediately I got some bundles of the cut grain, which was in the field, and, with the help of a bush, made a pretty good screen, got my

mora, or light stool, from the tent, and made myself comfortable.

The dead deer was not above seventy yards from the mechaun, and my screen some thirty yards nearer to the deer. Up in the mechaun there was an old Gond woman, who was the owner of the field; and the man who had been sent to tell me was her servant. He went up, and I told her not to talk or make any noise. I had scarcely sat half an hour, when the old woman began jabbering in the mechaun, telling us, I conclude, that the tiger was coming, for I do not understand the Gond language. In another second, she threw a stone down from the mechaun, and I distinctly heard the animal, whatever it was, tearing the flesh of the deer. I put up my rifle, taking the best aim I could, fired and missed. I had seen sufficiently to make out that the animal was not so large as a tiger, but thought it must be a panther. I sat patiently, and only for another half-hour; and now that the moon was risen higher, I could see the profile of the animal, while he had his fore-paws upon the deer; and, aiming very steadily, I heard the rifle-ball crash into the body. The animal rushed off, roaring most lustily. I knew for certain now that it was not a tiger. I must not forget to mention that the old Gond woman talked just as hard this second time as the first, and that the stone came down as before, greatly to my disgust—as if we were likely to go to sleep when sitting on the ground waiting for

a tiger! I told the villagers to come down from the mechaun, and take away the remainder of the deer for the sake of the flesh, and went back to the tent to bed. About three o'clock in the morning, just as I was getting up to start for the place where one of the heifers was tied as a bait for the tiger, I heard an animal making a very extraordinary noise, like a large cat mewing, and moving about the field where the neelgai had been killed. I gave instructions to my orderly, who could shoot pretty well, to take the dogs at daylight, and as he had heard in which direction the wounded animal had gone, to go and recover it. Thinking that it was a female panther, and that this mewing creature was one of its young ones, I started for the tied-up heifer. About sunrise, I heard a shot, and the baying (of a large terrier, by name Joe) in the jungle about a mile distant; I thought that it was too late for the tiger to come, and said to Mangkalee, "They have found the wounded panther, and he'll kill the dogs:" so off we started for the spot. When we came up, the orderly had found a large male leopard—which was what I had wounded in the night—but not before he had severely bitten one of the dogs. The marks of the other leopard were visible in the sand, and the pair had found themselves strong enough to kill any deer in the jungle.

There is but one leopard in India, properly called the Cheetah. It is tamed, and used for coursing antelope; and its speed is so great that it outstrides

and catches it, though it is considered the fastest deer in the world. I believe that fear has a good deal to do with it; and that the antelope's speed is paralysed when he sees the leopard coming up to him. The latter is taken to the ground with his hood on, in a cart. When within a short distance of the antelope, say a hundred yards or nearer, his hood is taken off, and he sees the deer; and in the space of another two or three hundred yards—farther than which the leopard scarcely ever runs—he has tripped up his quarry, and has his fangs fixed in his throat.

The leopard stands some thirty-two inches high, and is of the *genus canis*, not having the retractile claw of the cat. He is much lighter made than the panther, shows little fight against dogs, and is not commonly found in the jungles, because he lives much in the lower part of large forest trees, where the female brings forth her young, and preys upon the goat, antelope, and all kinds of small deer, and also on pea-fowl. The coursing of antelope with the hunting-leopard is a pretty sport, and is much followed by the wealthy natives of India: it used to be followed by European officers also. The price of a well-broken hunting cheetah is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty rupees.

I think that I have now written of almost every kind of game for the rifle and spear, except the hyæna and wolf. The former takes a good horse

to catch him, and a good spearsman to kill him. The latter, unless gorged, it is almost impossible to spear.

Of antelope-shooting, I must say a little. It requires much patience, and good shooting. If you shoot with heavy rifles, you will find it advisable to have a tripod-rest with you. This can be made with three light bamboos, fastened by iron pins at three inches from the top, and three pieces of strong whip-cord to allow the legs to open to a sufficient distance to stand firm. When antelope are much fired at, they will not let the hunter come within a hundred and eighty or two hundred yards; and though the mark is not very small, the walking in the sun, and stalking, and stooping, make one more or less unsteady. Some men get into a country-cart dragged by bullocks, and thus drive up near the herd; but it is rather a poaching way of shikaring. I generally use a shooting horse, and ride him as near up to them as possible, and then take my chance of a shot at the black buck of the herd. His skin is very handsome, and his flesh good, if kept a couple of days or more, which can be easily done at all seasons but the very hottest. The secret of following antelope is to move towards the head of the herd, which in this way continually circles round you. By degrees you get nearer and nearer. The power of shooting them appears to be arrived at by some sportsmen, who cannot shoot at deer in a jungle at all. I do not like

the sport nearly so much as deer-stalking in the forest, because it is much tamer. You see the animals for miles, as they frequent extensive plains, and almost always avoid the forest.

The obtaining a good shikaree is indeed a difficult matter; of the different castes or sects of natives, if equally good in all other respects, a Mohammedan should be preferred, because deer shot by you are made eatable by all parties when he has hullal-kur'd, or cut the throats of them. None but low-caste men will eat the flesh of animals, unless they have thus had their throats cut by a Mussulman. The Mohammedan is generally a courageous man, but then he is not likely to be so cunning in woodcraft as one of the inhabitants of the forest, who are almost always low-caste men. The Bheels of Candeish are considered the best trackers in India, but they will not take service out of their own country.

My head shikaree, whose pluck and courage I have never seen excelled, is a Mang, the lowest caste in India. Unfortunately, like all his tribe, he is given to drink. He has stood by me on numberless occasions, and never having seen any animal make good his charge, considers his master's rifle invincible. But he is not a good tracker; at least nothing equal to a Bheel. He cannot do more than just let off a gun, though it were better that he could shoot: yet I should not permit him to do so, except when charged by any large animal, and after both of my

barrels had failed to stop or turn him; and then only if there was not time for him to give me the spare rifle to use it myself. Mangkalee is a short, thick-set, and powerful man, with rather a small, but penetrating eye. His sight is very keen, and at one time no amount of work could daunt him. He is very silent, hardly ever speaking until spoken to, except when he has taken too much liquor; and I always detect him by his not being so taciturn as usual. He has been some fourteen years in my service, and was at first only a bullock-driver; after that he became a tent-pitcher, and lastly, head-shikaree. I taught him myself. Nursoo, my other shikaree, was quite a lad when I got him. He too is of a low caste, being a Dher. He was very fond of shikar, and very plucky, and has nearly got me into one or two scrapes by his rashness. When I returned from England in 1857, I found this man had been converted to Mohammedanism, and had enlisted as a sepoy in one of the infantry regiments of my force; thus spoiling a capital shikaree to make a moderate soldier. However, there was no help for it; so I said nothing when he came to pay his respects, looking as fat as possible—too fat ever to shikar again.

The season of the year must regulate your clothing, both as to its texture and colour; and the peculiar tint of the jungle you are going to shoot in, at the time of year, must tell you what shade of colour to dye the cloth, of which your shikar clothes are to

be made. The babool, which is a thorny tree with a little yellow button-blossom, affords the best dye. The bark is stripped off it, and boiled in an earthen vessel, and then the addition of some of the bark of the mango will give it the tinge required. This is always an excellent dye, because it is permanent, and of a neutral tint, something like the leaf, grass, and ground, blended together.

The babool-bark dye is a dark brown; the mango-bark is nearly yellow; and the two mixed can make any dye desired. The marking-nut tree, called the hecrakup, gives a darker dye than the babool, but it is too dark when used alone, for any season or jungle. Enough light cotton cloth, if for the hot weather shooting, to make clothes for yourself and two shikarees, is put into the vessel. A coarser, close-woven cotton cloth, impervious to the spear-grass, which is very troublesome in some jungles, and not got rid of till the grass is burnt, is to be procured, if possible. It is called charsoutee, that is, a four-thread woven cloth, and is the best for the cold weather, and until the end of February.

The Neilgherry Hills, or Blue Mountains—"the beautiful, the blue," as Byron sang of the sea, may be sung also of those hills—are in the Madras Presidency, and rise abruptly from the great Wynaud forest. Their height is from 6,500 to 7,800 feet above the sea, and they can fairly be considered to possess as fine a climate as there is in the world.

Their extreme length—for after all they are only isolated hills—is about thirty-seven miles, and their breadth some twenty-seven. The shikar on them is very good, consisting of elephants (though they are rare, and only found in a few places), bison, tigers, panthers, bears, a good many sambur, some of the smaller deer—as the bekree, or jungle sheep, jungle fowl, woodcock, and, in the season, the solitary and full snipe. But the shikar most attractive to the hunter from the plains, who has found and killed all the other large game, is the ibex-shooting, which he has never enjoyed elsewhere. This animal is similar to a large smooth-haired goat, and inhabits the wildest and most inaccessible rocks and chasms, generally near the edges of the Neilgherries. The buck is nearly black, and has horns curved back over his neck, about a foot long and some three inches in diameter at the base. He is a large animal, standing three feet nine inches at the shoulder, and is very strongly made, his foot being as large as your doubled fist. But in spite of his bulk, he will, when alarmed, go at great speed, bounding like a ball from rock to rock, and over chasms thirty feet broad and hundreds of feet deep. The does are not nearly so large, and are of a much less heavy build, and of lighter colour. They are very wary and difficult of approach, except by chance, or during rainy and stormy weather, when they come down from their almost inaccessible peaks to the sholahs,

or woods, for shelter. They are sometimes driven out of these, and shot like any other deer.

There is a gigantic rock which frowns over the Goodaloor pass, which is the pass you descend to Manintoddy and Cannanore from Ootacamund, the capital station of the Neilgherries. This rock, which I suppose must have a perpendicular scarp of two thousand feet, is the favourite resort of ibex; or rather, the upper part of it is, as well as the deep ravines which run in between that part and the sholahs towards the hills. I was nearly at the top of this one day, and saw a splendid old black buck ibex browsing nearly perpendicularly below me, I should think nine hundred feet. I had with me a heavy single rifle, and a double-barrelled ball gun; and resting the former on the rock along which I lay, I fired, and hit him over the loins, but did not break any bones. He staggered forward, and ascended the ridge of hills between him and the low country; on his right was the scarped rock, which rose above the village of Goodaloor. I then fired with the smooth-bore barrels, hitting only with the first. We lost sight of him almost immediately, and as he took his way over the peak opposite us, I stripped one of my shikarees of the shikar bags, and making him as light as possible, gave him instructions to follow and keep sight of the quarry, while the other man and I followed with the rifle and gun.

We came to a place which appeared impracticable, and looking down from it, I saw the shikaree, who was some fifty yards below, anxiously eyeing the chasm immediately under him, and it struck me at the time that he could see the ibex; but on my shouting out to him to know how he got down there, after he had replied, he added that he had lost the ibex. I had to take off my shoes and stockings, and let myself down to the next ledge of rock by my hands, and then to take the rifle and gun down and place the foot of the shikaree on a jutting portion of the rock: for the best of these men, not having the muscular power of the European, cannot follow him in difficult sports like these. There was at that time—I speak of 1845—a very bad system common in these hills, of offering presents, often as much as ten rupees, for the recovery of a wounded ibex, so valuable was it considered; and thus the native hunters scarcely ever took the trouble to recover wounded game at once. I immediately saw that this was the dodge now to be practised. The shikarees were brothers. I told them my opinion of their plot, and I went on looking for the animal until I found myself nearly down at Goodaloor; and then I returned by the road of the ghât, for it was night.

The next morning, taking out my elephant-shikaree, the famous Hoorcha, my three jungle-trackers, koormbins—for I was going down to Nellimbore on an elephant-shooting trip—and the two shikarees I

had out the evening before, I again went to look for the ibex. I sent the brother shikarees and two koormbins to the spot near which I was sure the animal was dead, and Hoorcha and I went below. As I supposed, when they found they would get no present, they discovered the ibex dead, and shouted to us that it was so. I replied, "Cut off the head, and push the body off the rock." And down it came bounding from peak to peak towards us, like a huge black ball. I shot two more on other days. One fell over into the low country, at a point where the great Wynaud jungle, with its trees from eighty to a hundred feet high, looked like a velvet lawn below us. The other I lost in a fog, after breaking a hind and a fore leg. He got upon the edge of a hill, and slid down out of my sight into the forest below.

These animals are very tenacious of life, and you must not only be a very good rifle-shot to be successful in killing them, but you must have the foot and eye of a mountaineer to follow them. Do not attempt it, unless you have a steady eye that can look down a precipice without becoming giddy, and an elastic foot accustomed to step on the precipice edge: for one trip or false step, or one misjudged spring, will send you into eternity. I once saw a herd of about sixty ibex—and a beautiful sight it was—on the hills near Bandytappal, on the Sispurah road. They were browsing on the hill-side. It was

an unusually large number to herd together. I followed them unsuccessfully for the better part of the day, from noon till dewy eve; and it was then that the black male of the herd nearly ran against me, in a thick fog such as is only seen and felt on the mountains. Poor beast! He was the one whose limbs I broke, and who was eventually lost.

I must in this place endeavour to redeem my brother sportsmen and myself from the charge of cruelty, a charge not uncommonly made, I believe without thought, and in ignorance. I must first enlist my reader's sympathies, and get him, or her, to acknowledge that the hunter in India, who runs risks, and meets with accidents such as I have described in these papers, leads no life of ease or indolence; but, on the contrary, that his life is one of severe toil, labour, and danger. The feeling that he is doing some good in his generation, and leading not quite a useless life, must repay him for his exertions; for I fear that gratitude among the natives in India is too like what it is in colder climates, and what Rochefoucault describes "as a lively sense of favours to come." Now, for his own protection, it is necessary that the hunter should be able to use his rifle well, both at animals standing or moving, and whether they are going from him, or passing or attacking him. Tigers, panthers, bears, bison, &c., and the other *feroces ferœ,* or savage wild animals, do not abound in sufficient numbers to give him the

necessary practice for becoming so good a shot as to make certain of hitting them at all when in jungle, much less of hitting them in parts of the body where the shot will disable, stop, or kill. The hunter, therefore, fires at deer, of which, as before mentioned, there are many varieties, as practice for his rifle. This is also necessary to keep his native hunters, or shikarees, in condition to stand severe labour. Besides, the eating the flesh of the game killed makes them keen. A good shikaree will rarely remain in the service of a man who cannot kill his game. I trust I have logically proved that shooting deer and the fauna is not cruel. It can only be considered so, when a very great and wanton destruction of life is caused, or where they are fired at with shot. This is done heedlessly, no doubt, and with a desire to bag game at all hazards; but I hope my readers will agree with me that it is not a legitimate way of killing deer, and that it would be far better to fire away with ball until practice taught a man how to shoot, than to obtain deer by what may be considered the weapon and missile that ought to be employed for hares and partridges. Again, the tying up calves or goats as a bait for tigers or panthers appears at first blush to be cruel; but it must be taken into consideration, that these animals will not take a dead bait, that they are not scavengers like hyenas or jackals, and that by sacrificing the life of the bullock or goat, you shoot the tiger or

panther that has killed, and will kill, hundreds and hundreds of bullocks and goats: or perhaps, in the case of man-eaters or man-slayers, hundreds of men, women, and children.

The bullock, being a very cold-blooded animal, is not under much alarm when tied up, as was shown in the chapter on the man-eaters. He may be in the paws and jaws of a tiger, and if he escapes, his nerves are not much the worse. He will eat grass and drink water immediately after being released, with sundry holes in his throat and claw-wounds in his body.

One of the great secrets of success in stalking game in the jungles is to know how to walk silently, both in putting the foot on the ground, and in not rustling the bushes, branches, or grass. The pace to walk at must be regulated by many circumstances; and though perfection in, and thorough knowledge of, these things is only to be acquired after much experience and years of practice, I will endeavour to put upon paper a few maxims, as a guide to the young hunter.

The kind of foot which will fall most silently on the ground must be given by God; for it must be naturally arched in the instep, and have its corresponding concave in the sole. Only this formation of foot will allow of a silent and firm tread, and will give the elasticity and strength necessary to support the weight of the body, through a long day's toil,

without jarring the limbs above it, or wearying the muscles and tendons which have to move it. A foot of this form is also less liable to bruises from stones and hard ground.

The usual pace of the hunter—who has to keep his eyes continually on the look-out, not only for the game that he is in search of or is following, but for the track of animals on the ground that he moves over; besides having to take care not to put his foot on a dry leaf, or stick, or stone, for the sound would frighten the game—will not be much more than two and a half miles an hour: but if the hunter has to intercept or go round his game, he may have to go three times that pace. Very few men, however, have their lungs in such order, in this trying climate, as to enable them to run any distance and to be steady enough to shoot accurately afterwards. You must never appear suddenly and abruptly over the top of a hill or rising ground, so as to show yourself in motion to any game that may be below you. The same rule refers to suddenly coming round angles of jungles, or from the shelter of trees into the open glade. Climbing up out of ravines and water-courses, or descending into them, must be done with like caution. Your step must be that of the velvet-footed tiger, your foe. Look at him walk and crouch in a jungle. Listen to him: you cannot hear his tread, though you may almost feel his breath in your face. You cannot hear him, though there is

only a bush between you; and though your ear is aching with tension, it can make out only the sound of his nostril inhaling, as he is scenting the ground within a few feet of you.

This actually occurred to me in the year 1838, when I was a very inexperienced shikaree. A tiger had killed a large buffalo that had been picketed for him; and a friend of mine, who was on an elephant, went down the jungle to beat him up. My elephant had gone with my native shikaree to the other ground; and as I was walking between the slain buffalo and a ridge of a hill from which I hoped to see the tiger better, I became all at once aware of his presence, by hearing him draw in his breath to scent me. The bush in front of me was so thick that I could not see the animal. The villager with me became suddenly the picture of horror, and he was on the point of running, when I seized him by the neck, and put him under my knee.

I had my forefinger and the next finger on the two triggers of my double rifle, which I kept to my shoulder, expecting the tiger every moment to make his spring. This had lasted for perhaps a minute—I thought it appeared the longest minute I ever knew—when, I may almost say, I felt the tiger's hot breath receding from my face; and, to my relief, almost directly after I heard him splashing and growling in the little river below. Nothing but

having faced him, with eyes rigidly fixed upon the spot where he was, saved us; for though I could not see the tiger, I have no doubt that his eye, being accustomed to the darkness of night and gloom, was fixed on us, and could see us well. One step to run, or a sudden movement, would have caused the destruction of one or both of us. The instant I felt the animal had passed on, we scrambled up the hill-side; but though I saw him plainly, he was eighty yards off, and too far to fire at with any certainty. We never found him again, for he was not gorged, the buffalo having only just been killed; and in the cool of the morning he took himself clear off.

But to return from this digression to the subject of picking your steps in the forest. It will take a good deal of experience to teach you which are thorny bushes and which are harmless. You must never attempt to rush through the former when the thorns are catching your clothes, because it will cause much noise. A native, who is nearly naked from his waist upwards, is necessarily very careful; and though you have clothes on, you must imitate him. You will come, here and there, to open glades in the forest, usually caused by rain-water lodging there, and making the ground too wet for the growth of trees or bushes. If the water still covers any part of them, they are called jheels. Here you must walk warily, for the dry parts being covered, at certain seasons of the year, with grass, hold panthers, deer,

and hog: the former remaining in them in order to prey upon the latter.

If you have reason to suppose, from the tracks or marks, that game is in the grass, you can either beat it out or walk quietly through it; but, unless it is a favourite spot for game to lie in, on entering this open glade you had better go round the edge, and under the shade of the forest jungle, instead of walking down the middle; and for this reason:—If there is any game about to enter a glade, or jheel, or grass-bheer, or any open place, unless it has been frightened and is thus about to go at speed across it, it will generally pause, and look all round from the edge of the forest, and will inevitably see you in the middle of the open: whereas, had you been walking near the edge, or within shelter of the bushes or trees, you could have concealed yourself, or have stationed yourself under screen of the wood, near the point at which the deer or game was about to cross. I do not remember whether I have told you to caution your native shikarees, and any others with you, to sink gradually and quietly to the ground, directly game is seen by you or them. On no account whatever is a word to be spoken, except on the occasion to be noted below. The open hand pointed in the direction of the animal, and elevated higher than the shoulder if it be far off, or depressed according to the actual distance, is all that is required. If the game is moving from you, the hand is gently moved from the

man towards the animal; if coming towards you, the hand should denote it by being drawn in from its extended position towards the body.

The only occasion when your native hunter should speak, even with the lowest whisper in your ear, is when a tiger or other animal of the *genus ferox* is crouched, and you, without seeing him, are just walking on the top of him. My shikaree, Mangkalee, on these occasions even, does not speak, but gives me a pull of the left sleeve of my coat from behind. As I know the man well, the quickness or slowness of this touch generally denotes pretty accurately whether the tiger is close or not, and whether the danger is imminent or otherwise.

I have said before, but I cannot too often or too strongly impress it on your memory, that you should make the shikaree, who carries your spare rifle or gun, walk close behind you in your footsteps, and the second shikaree, or gun-carrier, in his. Numberless accidents have happened from men having emptied their rifles; and before they could get hold of their spare ones, they have been in the grasp of the tiger, panther, or bear, or been gored by the bison or buffalo, or been caught by the trunk of the wild elephant and trampled into the earth. With all your constant warning, you will find this a very difficult lesson to teach a native. To make it easier, do not press on too fast, as one is very apt to do when excited, and when game is on foot and moving

out of one's reach. The native himself, when leading the way, generally goes too fast (unless he is a shikaree), as he is very lightly clad, and is in the habit of moving in the jungles, and is generally in first-rate condition.

I have mentioned the weapons to which I have been always accustomed; but when in England, in 1857, I had made, to order, a revolving rifle and pair of pistols, by Adams, of the London Armoury Company. The bore is thirty-seven; but their bullets, being conical, weigh about three-quarters of an ounce. They are five-chambered, and can be loaded rapidly.

It is very possible that, had I commenced with a rifle like this, I should have preferred it to a double-barrelled rifle, from the advantage of its five shots. But though I can shoot with it at stationary objects so accurately as constantly to kill duck and other birds from eighty to a hundred yards, the pulling the trigger is so very different from the quick, double rifle trigger, that I have very rarely succeeded in hitting any animal running. Having to pull it also on full-cock, after every discharge, does away with the possibility of ready firing. You would not have time to take it from the shoulder and cock it, if charged by an animal from a short distance. It shoots with great force. I have killed spotted and other deer with it, from a hundred and forty to a hundred and sixty paces—the ball passing through them: and

as a trial of its perforating powers, I fired it through the frontal bones of the head of a full-grown male wild buffalo, which I had cut off and brought in. The bullet passed through the brain to the depth of six inches. The skull of this animal, and of the bison, is considered by many sportsmen to be impenetrable to the smooth-bore bullet. I have killed both kinds by shots below the eyes, with both the Wilkinson and Westley Richards rifles. The revolving rifle—if it could be made with a large bore, and with some arrangement, such as a shield on the left side of the revolving breech, to keep the very sharp report from the ear of the shooter—would be a very valuable weapon.

I was recommended to use three-quarters of a drachm of powder; but I lowered the sights, and now use a drachm. The weapon that would carry a conical ball of an ounce and a half weight, and a drachm and three-quarters of the best powder, would be very formidable. Great care, however, must be taken to have the proper fitting caps; for if they are the least too thick, the chambers will not revolve; if the least too loose, the caps are liable to come off; and if too tight to open, they fall off, and another chamber, besides the one you are expecting to fire, may be ignited. Of course, such carelessness recoils on the head of the shooter.

The pistols of similar bore, and by the same maker, are no doubt very fine weapons: and I am happy to

bear testimony to the very accurate boring, the finish, and, what is of chief consequence, the great penetrating powers, of all these weapons.

There are still some kinds of game which I have not mentioned: one, the Rhinoceros, so common in Africa, is met with only very rarely in India. It is to be found in the Terai forests at the foot of the Nepaul mountains, and also in the Raj Mahal hills, two hundred miles only distant from Calcutta. I have never seen him in his native jungles: but one that had been caught in the Rungpore country—I suppose in a pit—was for sale in Calcutta in 1839.

The wild Dog, or Dhole, as he is called, is not common. I have twice only found them, and both times in the Chandah district of Nagpore. Once, after I had been shooting wild duck at a large tank, in a very dense jungle, I left for the purpose of waiting for large game at drinking time, in the evening, at another tank. Just as I came to it, I saw some eight wild dogs, who had that moment run into and killed a large wild sow. One had his muzzle in the entrails of the hog, and I hit him with a rifle-ball, at about ninety yards off. I followed up, and got another very long shot, and eventually lost the wounded dog in the thick jungle. I shot and bagged one last year in the same district: he was a pup. These two packs differed very much from each other, though found not above sixty miles apart, and in the

same district—the first in the month of March, the second in the month of May. The first were long, very lean, almost red dogs, standing, I should think, about twenty-two inches high, and with short hair. The last were more like wolves, and were of a yellow colour with black muzzles, and marks down the neck and back, one being a very handsome brute. They had rather rough hair. They run down and live upon the largest deer in the jungle, and, according to the accounts of native hunters, they adopt the following plan. They run by nose; and having made themselves acquainted with the presence of sambur or other deer in the valley or jheel of the jungle, they separate, and lie in wait at the different passes from the ghât, crouching on the high ground, above the paths taken by the deer. One or two of the pack then go down and rouse the sambur, who rushes up-hill by one of the many paths.

The dog who lies in waiting springs at his victim, and fixes to his throat, and the others soon run into him. The sambur or elk, and the large neelgai, are very formidable opponents to a dog, and constantly kill him with a single blow of the fore foot, splitting his skull open: nor indeed can any but large and powerful dogs, in packs, run into and kill either of these kind of deer, which are twice as heavy and powerful as the red deer of Scotland. The natives have got an idea that these wild dogs attack and kill tigers, which is not at all probable. The idea has

arisen from the fact of tigers that were known to be in certain jungles before the wild dogs came, leaving it after their arrival. This is accounted for by the game being so much alarmed at the presence of the wild dogs, and becoming so watchful from being constantly hunted by them, that the tigers find out that they cannot fall upon them. They thus leave that part of the jungle for some other where the deer have not been so much scared.

I will endeavour to give some instructions as to beating jungles for game; though experience, and a very long one, is the only thing that can make a man at all perfect in this matter, and even with that of many years the hunter is foiled by the wild animal, who, it must be remembered, is on his native ground, with all the faculties given him by his Creator, either to defend himself against his enemy, man, or to avoid and baffle him in the pursuit.

On reaching the jungle you purpose to shoot in, let the first day be passed in obtaining personally every information with reference to the animals that inhabit it. Get round you the best village shikarees, or men of that village or the neighbouring villages, give them some tobacco, speak to them kindly, and with your own shikarees, and those of the villages, have a conversation regarding the shikar, or game. In many cases these villagers, as they obtain rewards from Government (small as they are) for the destruction of wild animals, would rather that

you should not kill the game, unless they are deer, hog, or game for which there is no reward, and which they are glad to have killed, that they may obtain some of the flesh.

Promise the amount of the Government reward to the village shikarees, who assist you in killing tigers, bears, or panthers, and pay these into their own hands, and not through any of your servants.

Whether you determine to stalk your game silently or to beat for it, and drive either quietly or with noise, the first day will be well spent in silently reconnoitering the ground, especially that part of it you intend shooting over.

You must find out the tracks of the game, and to what places these lead; whether to other jungles, or parts of the jungle, when driven from there; whether to feeding-ground or to water, sandy beds of nullahs (dry water-courses), the edges of tanks (lakes) or swamps. The rocks and caves must all be carefully examined, as well as paths, or deer-runs.

There are numerous signs known to the old hunter, such as the barking of certain trees stripped by the deer, the berries shaken off the branches by the bears, the bones of animals killed by tigers or panthers, the probing of soft banks by the wild elephants' tusks, the cropping of grains by the deer, and many others, apparent only to the skilful eye. The knowledge of this is irrespective of killing game as a science, necessary to be learnt by the young hunter who

aspires to the title of a shikaree. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

We will suppose that the jungle or forest you intend to shoot in is one of large extent; your best plan will, in all probability, be to stalk game in it, or if the soil is such that game can be tracked, take up fresh footmarks that you may come upon, and proceed most quietly, with your eyes alternately on the ground and in advance as far as you can see.

The shikarees behind you should keep a look-out, one to your right hand and the other to the left. Change every hour or so with one of your shikarees, or a good village tracker, one used to the jungle or born in it, for the strain to the sight of the leading man is very great, and after an hour the eye becomes fatigued in the heat and glare. But if you determine to drive a certain portion of this large jungle, have yourself posted near a run, or track made by the game, and let your beaters drive very quietly; in short, unless there is thick underwood, they may be about a hundred yards apart, two and two, and advance towards where you are posted in the form of a semicircle, without any beating of bushes whatever. If very thick and likely to hold tigers or panthers, and such like game, let them only make a slight noise by striking trees with the sticks they have in their hands, or by merely clapping their hands quietly. It is strange, but a fact, that tigers and such game are more easily kept moving by this quiet beating than

by shouting and hallooing. The latter often makes them rush back through the beaters or go by the sportsman at such a pace through the bushes that a snap shot only is obtained; while if the animal is quietly kept in front of the beaters he, in the heat of the day, continually stops, and turns his head to listen. In this way, if he approaches the hunter, the shot presented is a deadly one.

When other advantages can be obtained as to the posting being to leeward of the beaters, and the game is of great consequence—and, indeed, some game is more gifted with scent than either sight or hearing, and these kinds will not approach man when their noses have warned them of his neighbourhood—you must go to the spot you intend to stand upon, if possible, by a path making a détour, and always as silently as possible; place yourself and shikarees behind a tree, and below the tops of the bushes. Only one of you at a time should be standing. If your game is dropped dead by your shot or shots, do not leave your hiding-place, for game runs nearly in direct tracks, and if there is more game in the wood you will probably obtain another shot. Of course, if eatable game is lying wounded, your shikaree must be allowed to cut its throat, both to put it out of pain, as well as to make it fit for food. Now, if you fire at tigers, panthers, or bears coming towards you, or standing front on to you, so that they would see from behind what tree

or shelter the shot came, directly you have fired step boldly out, at least a couple of paces from behind the tree or shelter, in order that you may fairly face your foe, and that he may not dodge you round the tree and spring upon you and claw you or your men before you can use your rifle.

To beat a sendbund (date-grove) for hog, the riders, if more than two, are usually concealed, some in pairs, at different points, where hog are in the habit of breaking, while others proceed on either side, close to the jungle, not before the line of beaters. These sendbunds often extend for many miles, varying in breadth from twenty yards to two hundred. Hog are very fond of them, as they almost always have a small stream running through, and parallel with them, affording water in the hottest weather, while the thick and prickly foliage spreading, as it does, to the ground, affords shelter from the elements and sun, as well as protection from the tigers and panthers, who do not like the thorn, but inhabit the send-bunds to prey upon the wild hogs. A sounder of hog with a large boar or two in it is a formidable opponent to even a tiger, when it is lying in a stye formed of low date-thorn; and the tiger and panther attacks the sounder chiefly when on the move.

Again let me remind the young sportsman to take the precaution to have men up in trees, a little distance, if practicable, from the sendbund, on

either side as well as towards where the beat will end. It is often very difficult to drive hog out of a large and long sendbund, and no quantity of beaters can do it on many occasions. The best way is to place men every here and there, with either guns or pistols to be loaded with powder only and wads, with instructions to fire off, generally, directly a sounder of hog or a large boar is roused. If you have an elephant put one of your best men on it, to keep the line of beaters even, and to fire off his gun at the proper time. If all this fails in making the hog break, divide your beaters into two parties, and having them put into the sendbund, one at each end, or if too large for this about two miles apart, let them drive the hog towards each other. Of course you will first find out the best part of this large sendbund to beat, or that which is known to contain hog. The two bodies, when they approach, may make a little more noise than I have before recommended; and as the hog find that there are beaters both before and behind, they will often bolt and take clear off for another jungle. Take care you do not ride too soon or show your horses or make any noise with them; for if once they are discovered by the hog, who have been at any time before ridden after, your sport will be spoilt. The above plan is suitable for any jungle which is circumscribed or defined by boundaries as to its breadth for beating, and for any animals whatever.

The most difficult jungle to beat hog out of, unless there is other jungle close enough for them easily to reach before they can be caught by the sportsman, is a hill side in which there are deep wooded corries and ravines; or an isolated hill covered with jungle, away from other hills or cover. Hog will often leave them directly you put in the beaters, if there is jouwaree (a coarse grain used instead of wheat, the stalk of which grows oftentimes very high) near, as they know this is a shelter for them; and they constantly lie in it for days together, just as they do in sugar-cane or heavy jungle. Now if you are beating a corrie or wooded ravine, or even the side of a hill, for any game for your rifle, and there is but one sportsman out, the best place for him is to be in the bottom, and in a line with the beaters; for it is more easy to see your game moving through the bushes, and up against the side of the hill from below, than looking down from above; the sight is often intercepted in the latter case by bushes, but in these beatings, whether you have both sides of the hill beaten at the same time, or only one side at a time, always make your flanks keep a little in advance of your centre. Game run by any beater near the centre will not be able immediately to take up the hill, which is their usual run if there is any other jungle they wish to go to.

Of course I am not now describing a beat for hog, who are the most obstinate brutes in the

jungle, and will pretty generally run where they like, breaking your line, and upsetting beaters in their way. If you have two sportsmen out, let one remain below, as before described, and the other in advance of that flank of the line, and just along the edge of that side of the hill most likely to hold game. If three men are out, one on either flank of course; and if four are out, let one place himself at the very head or top of the ravine, which very commonly terminates in abrupt rocks and caves; if there are either bears, panthers, or leopards in the ravine, they are very likely to make for these caves and rocks. This kind of ground should, if possible, be reconnoitred quietly before being beaten; you will then ascertain what game frequents it, and what are the runs used by that game.

I can only give you a general idea how to beat jungle in India. Experience and long practice alone can teach you to beat successfully. In using your rifle from below at game moving above you, aim, if above seventy-five yards, at the ridge, as high nearly as the withers, if you wish to hit behind the shoulder, because bullets will dip a little in being fired up-hill; while in firing at game below you with a rifle, you are very likely to shoot over it: aim, therefore, rather low—according to the pace the animal is moving at, as well as the position from you; aim a little before him, but very little if within a hundred yards, and it is not of much use firing at longer distances.

I would impress on the young sportsman, before he enters the jungle or forest to find and attack any of the savage and wild animals, that he should have made up his mind always to follow up and kill the animals he may have wounded; because, if he does not, and they have not been mortally wounded so as to die within a very short time, animals such as tigers, panthers, bears, wild boars, elephants, bison, or buffalos, will attack and kill any persons who may inadvertently come near the place where they may be remaining. While smarting under wounds, they are very irritable, or perhaps very hungry, in the case of tigers or panthers.

This is also an additional reason for not firing at the above-mentioned animals at long distances or with random shots; for the most dangerous part of the hunter's work, and the most difficult, is the following up of wounded game. Darkness, or being quite baffled by loss of track, should alone put an end to the search for the animal; and the loss of wounded tigers or panthers is a very strong argument against following this shikar in the evening or late in the afternoon.

There is another plan followed by the native, though I have never known it done by European shikarees, as a precaution against the attack of tigers after firing at them, and this is to place a charpoy, or native cot, strung with strong twine, over the hole the hunters sit in. The legs of this cot are some two

feet high, half of which are buried in the ground at the four corners of the square hole; the mould is thrown up to within a few inches of the under part of the cot, and this forms a cover and partial protection over the shikaree; not that a determined, vicious tiger would be stopped by this if he was determined to get at his enemy.

I have omitted to mention that both tigers and panthers will often not strike a single bullock or goat when tied up as a bait.

The plan is, in these cases, to picket four or five animals near one another; the tiger or panther is thus thrown off his guard; he fancies that they belong to a herd or flock; and he will be induced to fall upon one and kill it, and the hunter will get his shot while the blood is being drunk.

I think that it is a better plan to wait for and shoot these animals when they have fallen on the tied-up bait than to beat for them with a lot of beaters in the jungle. It is also safer for your people.

Sometimes, however, and especially when deer and hog are very numerous, tigers will not kill a tied-up bullock; and thus it is very difficult to find the tiger to obtain a shot at in any way save by driving the jungle for him with a number of beaters.

I had almost forgotten to mention that a virtue in your shikaree, as well as yourself—one, too, almost as requisite as courage or endurance, is patience.

Under an Indian sun, I am sorry to say that this is more difficult to practise than can be well imagined.

In the very hot weather the wild animals by evening time become very thirsty. The tiger, hot-blooded animal as he is, rushes into the water, and throws himself along the surface in the shallow at full length—he is in ecstasy; and if you are in a jungle where the water is scarce, and you can find out from his marks that he drinks and bathes at a certain tank, the getting a shot at him there is very probable. If the tank is not too large for you to command the entire of it with your rifle, have a hole six feet deep about the centre, unless from the nature of the soil, such as sticky mud, or thorny shrubs round other parts, you find that he has a favourite drinking place. Round the hole have the mud dug out of it, piled like a wall, but up and down, that is, in a form like large notches, say six inches deep; in one of these your rifle rests, while your head is better sheltered than if you were looking over a flat-surfaced wall. You need not be within some yards of the water. The most deadly shot would be while he was stretched at length on the surface of the water; and even if it is deep, the dark object is quite visible in the shining water. If it is broad daylight, you can aim at his head as he stands at the edge drinking;—do not throw away the shot, for he may not bathe then.

A screen near the water's edge alarms, being clean

away from all other shelter, but the hole dug near the water, having the mould thrown out all round the edge, does not frighten the animals, for it differs not much from the holes made by the wild hog—very common round all tanks.

I have given, in another portion of the book, all the points of the high-caste Arab horse; all that is now required is to put the young aspirant into the way of choosing his horse for hunting. If you can purchase one sound in every way from a well-known good rider, perhaps such will be more serviceable to you than buying a fresh horse from the dealer's stalls; partly because, unless you are in the habit of breaking horses to hunt, you may very possibly purchase a fresh horse who will never become a good hunter, and partly because broken-in horses are not nearly so likely to injure themselves and overreach badly, as young horses who do not know how to go in a collected form across country. Remember that scars and fair hog-hunting blemishes do not at all deteriorate from a hunter's value.

If you determine to buy a fresh horse, and are at Bombay or Bangalore, the two best marts for the best Arab horse, get the best judge of an Arab to go with you. Height is not a matter of consequence, but do not get one under fourteen hands, unless he has some wonderful qualities to make up for his low stature. However, the most courageous, and I think as fine a jumper as I ever had, or have ever seen,

was a galloway thirteen hands three inches only in height. The most courageous horses are the dark chestnuts; and this is a very fine colour, if you can obtain high blood with it, for he is not fiery, nor of a hasty temperament. Look particularly to good legs, flat, with superior ligaments, and flexor tendons clearly developed, and away from the cannon-bones, and sound black feet, not the least too large for the legs: as for the rest, a short, compact back, and powerful quarters, are essential to a weight-carrier and a fine jumper. Do not buy a horse with sloping or long pasterns as a hunter; a little too straight here, if the shoulders are well thrown back, does not matter so much, because horses with rather straight pasterns do not bruise them and cut them on the stones so much as better-shaped and properly sloped ones.

Action is power—it is all in all; a horse without it, may do to look at—while standing still he may appear a magnificent animal, but he is not worth a shilling. A light chestnut is as bad a colour as a horse can be of; the golden chestnut, the bay, and brown, and the numerous grays (neelas), that is, those with blue skins, are all good colours. Never buy anything but a high-caste horse as a hunter; it is a common and fatal error to suppose that it is not necessary to have a blood horse for this purpose, but you had better have a blood pony than a great big low-caste brute. In stony and bad countries, your

hunter receives so many blows and injuries that incapacitate him for exercise between the days of your hunting him, that unless he is a blood horse, he cannot go, after the rest that he has been obliged to have since his last hunting. A blood horse requires only walking exercise, and he is fit to go his best for such distance as a wild hog will run; but a low-caste horse becomes gross and is blown in a quarter of a mile.

The heels of hunters get so badly cut, that they sometimes stream with blood, the buttons are completely cut off, and this will take a fortnight or more to heal. Of course, to have to gallop a horse in this condition for the purpose of keeping him in wind, is both cruel and inexpedient. A blood horse will not require it, he is always fit to go.

I remember a case in question at Hingolee, in 1850. I had a very high blood bay Anezah Arab, clear fifteen hands high, off which I scarcely ever lost the first spear. This horse was wounded by a boar, and had been laid up for twenty-two days, and had not been out of a walk until the next time I took him out hunting. We laid into a neelgai (blue bull), who had a start of a quarter of a mile. Three others, well mounted, besides myself, started by word, and when the blue bull threw himself into a quicksandy river, in which the horse stuck, after a run of two and a half miles, not a horseman was within three quarters of a mile of me. The horse was not distressed, and

had fairly out-paced the blue bull, who only, owing to the luck of the river, escaped. Any but a pure bred blood horse would have been shut up in the first half mile, at the pace we went, if he had been subjected to such a trial; and it is only the son of the desert that proves his noble descent on such occasions.

The other reason is, that a blood horse is always alive when he rolls over you, and does not crush you like a low-bred horse, who falls when blown as if he was dead.

Even as to price, count not the money you give for a real Arab—go and sell all you possess and make him your own.

If you can ride, saddle and all, twelve stone, you should get a good hunter, pure bred, fourteen hands one inch high for one thousand rupees at Bombay. You may pick up a good horse in almost any of the dealers' stables. Mahomed Bawker, I think, is as good a judge of an Arab as there is in Bombay, and I have never been disappointed in any horse I have bought of him.

Now, whether the horse you procure is a fresh Arab, or purchased from a man who has had him in work, the first thing to be done before you begin to hunt him, is to physic judiciously, and after that to exercise. Stop his grain, and give him for his mid-day food a seer—that is, two pounds weight—of boosa (bran) as a mash, which make up in the following

way:—Put the bran into a clean and well-washed stable-bucket, on it pour as much boiling water as will thoroughly scald it, stir it well up with a stick, so as not to leave any dry bran sticking to the sides. Then cover up for ten minutes; add half a handful of common salt, and one handful of grain, split—mix well; then, when cool enough to be eaten, give it. Do not stint him in grass or water this day. Give a bran mash as above, also, instead of his evening feed of grain. Let him have his walking exercise as usual. The next morning, give him another bran mash, as above, but only half his usual quantity of water, and not more than two pounds weight of hay or dried grass. At midday repeat the bran mash, as above, and then put on the muzzle, making quite sure that it fits him, and that he cannot slip it off. Give him no water at his usual afternoon watering time; but at four o'clock, P.M., have a ball made up of best aloes, five drachms, very finely pounded—if for a five-year-old horse—and one drachm of dry ginger, and one drachm of soft soap, or, indeed, any kind of soap. Mix aloes and ginger in the mortar, add the soap, and then pound together till well mixed—a few drops of water will be enough to soften the mass sufficiently—then roll into a long ball, which should be two and a half inches long by not more than an inch thick; wrap carefully in any thin paper—silver paper is the best. When ready to give, smear the ball outside with a few drops of oil.

Now give the horse a full bucket of water to drink, if in the cold weather with the chill taken off by a little hot water. Administer the ball very carefully, and you had better use the balling-iron; but do not elongate the tongue by pulling at it, merely hold it at one side of the mouth, by the pressure of the fingers of the left hand; directly you have given the ball (which place gently beyond the root of the tongue), withdraw the balling-iron, gently slap the horse under the lower jaw, which will cause him to throw his head up, and bolt the ball. A few little bits of green grass, just to take out the taste of the aloes that may have oozed through the paper. Wash his mouth, put on the saddle and bridles, and give him a gentle canter of a mile in three times, with a little walking between each canter. Have him nicely cleaned; offer him a bran mash now, which will be about six o'clock, P.M., a little warm, and prepared as before; then muzzle him for the night, giving no grass.

It is better to give the mash now than to wait until his usual feeding-time, eight o'clock or so; because, when the medicine begins to nauseate, which it usually does three or four hours after, many horses will not eat a mash at all. If the horse is young, say a colt of three years, three and a half drachms of aloes; if four years' old, four drachms will be sufficient, unless he is a very large, thick-set colt. The dose of five drachms is for horses from five to

seven years' old; after that, another half-drachm, and sometimes more, may be required. By this system, smaller doses will act more speedily, and instead of remaining twenty-fours hours in a horse's stomach and intestines, and thus nauseating him and weakening him, the giving water and a canter at these particular times will cause the medicine to commence operating twelve hours or so after it is given; and on opening the stable in the morning you will find that the medicine has purged the horse some five or six times; and if not, have him taken out and walked about briskly: this will answer.

Now it is very probable that he will not feel inclined to eat his bran-mash, which is a tasteless thing at all times. Give him water, half a bucket at a time, with the chill off, say three or four times during the day, unless he is violently purged; and in this case boil one seer, that is, two pounds of rice, in a gallon and a half of water, and make thick congee or rice-water; let it stand until nearly cold, then, by stinting him of plain water, he will drink this. You can give him more if the purging continues; and in this case, do not move him out of the stall nor have him stripped, either to be brushed or currycombed, in short, leave him as quiet as possible. Give him three or four pounds weight of hay or dry grass, but on no account green grass, when in physic. You may have a pound of grain boiled, and give him this if he refuses his mash.

After his physic is thoroughly set, let him return to his usual food, and exercise gradually. If his usual food has been four seers of grain, or eight pounds weight daily, give him half that, with half a pound of scalded bran, in each feed of grain. Always give common salt—a tablespoonful or so—in every feed of every horse you have. It keeps their stomachs in good order, and is a capital tonic. On no account ride your horse after his physic has been set, for three days, except in a walk; but the long walk in hand is good for him. It is very rare that a horse properly physicked is over-purged; sometimes such things do happen. Half-drachm doses of opium, made into a small ball, with a bit of soft bread, may be given in these cases every three hours, until the purging ceases, and complete rest, with very little water, allowed. Now a fresh horse may require altogether as much as three doses of mild physic before he is got into condition to hunt.

If a horse has a staring coat, is hide-bound, and if on turning it down the lid of the eye is yellow, if he is dull and does not feed kindly, you had better call in a veterinary surgeon, who will understand his case, and treat him better than you with your small experience. Calomel will probably be required, combined with the aloes, and calomel is a dangerous medicine in the hands of one with a little knowledge; dangerous in this as in other matters.

Arab horses are not commonly affected with liver

complaints, but Australian and imported English horses are very subject to it, and it kills annually a great proportion of them. The Deccan horse is rarely subject to it. Indeed, as this disease attacks the European more violently than the native, so it does attack horses that come from a colder climate, and it runs its course speedily; even when the horse escapes with his life, his sight is usually so much affected that he becomes useless.

Now, to exercise your horse after he has been physicked, have him very carefully shod with shoes according to the size of his feet; and their strength as to the weight of the horse's body and the ground he has to go over. If very stony and rocky, do not use very light shoes, for they will be bent; but if you only require him for hunting over cotton soil, or fields clear of stones, a light shoe will be best, but always agreeably to the strength and shape of his feet. Six nails will be ample, three on either side. Perhaps clips at the toe and on either side of the hoof, but small ones, agreeably to the size of the feet, would keep on the shoes, which are constantly knocked off on bad, uneven, stony ground. I have tried countersunk nails, and many other kinds of shoeing, and all in vain, on this kind of rocky ground, and the shoes have almost always been either broken or knocked off; and as your horse has constantly to go miles in the sun after hog, without one or more of his shoes, it is absolutely necessary to have a hunter

with strong feet, that is, if you wish to ride him over all ground. In many cases you have ridden through boggy and swampy ground, through rivers and smaller streams. Your horse's hoofs are full of clay, or almost spongy with moisture at one part of the run; at another, he has to go at full speed over rock and through bush, where no soil is visible.

The points, then, which must be obtained in a hunter, before either beauty of form or conformation of other parts, are good shoulders and good feet.

Now, when you are starting to go out hog-hunting, or indeed to ride at all hard, warn your horse-keepers or other servants that stay at home, to have plenty of hot water ready, that immediately you dismount, if your horse is cool, you may have his forelegs, one by one, fomented; or if a quiet horse, and you have two fomenting buckets, both forelegs can be put into the water as hot as they can bear it. English yellow bar-soap makes the best lather; and to the heels and pastern, and up, to just below the knee, let this be liberally applied. For at least a quarter of an hour let each leg be in the hot water, and if you have been through thorns or bushes to above the knee, then have each, one by one, thoroughly dried, but the heels not rubbed hard, so as to take the hair and skin off. Have warm, either serge bandages, such as are sold by English saddlers, or flannel, about four inches wide, with two pieces of half-inch tape, sewn at one end. Bandage very carefully and

evenly, taking two folds the first time round, from either above the knee or below it—being regulated by the height you have fomented—and let the last fold of the bandage go round the lower pastern and heels, fastening the tape not too tight round below the pastern joints. About half the breadth of the fold should be taken after the first two. The warm bandages absorb any moisture that may remain after the fomentation; and hard rubbing prevents wind-galls, and sore heels, and cracks, and greatly relieves the horse's legs, which may have been knocked about and bruised, or are stiff from hard galloping. Leave the bandages on until the horse has been thoroughly dried and cleaned. You will have some water given to him, say from one to two gallons, agreeably to the time of year and length of time the horse has been without water, and the heat or coolness of his body, a quarter of an hour or so after he has come in. Half an hour after that give him his food, or if much distressed and off his feed, give him gruel made of suttoo (flour of grain, a kind of vetch, which is usually given instead of oats. The grain is roasted, then ground in a chucken or hand-mill, and as much as a quarter of a seer weight, that is, half a pound of the suttoo mixed with the water with the hand). If the horse will drink it in water with the chill off, it will be better than cold water. But many horses will not drink it at all at first; and therefore it is a good plan to accustom them to drink it now and then

before they go out hunting, instead of their plain water. Many horses take a great fancy to it.

Suttoo is also made with equal quantities of chenna (grain) and jow (barley), both roasted, and then very finely ground in a heavy hand-mill. The barley makes it more cool to the stomach than the suttoo made from grain only. This is slightly diuretic, and you must not be continually offering it to your horses. Now, the best cordial that you can give to a tired horse is the following:—Obtain equal parts, say a quarter of seer (half a pound weight) of aniseed, carraway seeds, and green ginger, and pound very fine in a mortar each separately; then mix the three, and add to them one seer (two pounds weight) of godo (the coarsest sugar) or molasses. All these materials can be got in any bazaar, and are called ajwan, somp, and south. The carraway and aniseed are of a coarse kind. Of this mass of cordial mixture, give to a horse directly he comes in from hunting, after his water, as much as you can take up in your hand, *i. e.* a lump of the size of a cricket-ball. Have this given, as native horsekeepers well understand how to do, with the hand. A little grass is put into the horse's mouth after a portion of the cordial mass, and the jaws are opened by the horsekeeper's putting his fingers on either side of the horse's mouth, between the tusks and grinders; the animal, after he finds that it is sweet, will very often eat it of himself, and I have had racehorses drink a bottle of ale with this cordial ball mixed in it.

Your horse for hog-hunting should have been exercised sufficiently to take the flesh off him, that is, he should not be lusty, and if he is one who puts up flesh rapidly, and who will not keep in moderately light form with a two-mile gallop at half-speed, finished occasionally by a sharp brush for the last quarter of a mile at nearly his best, you must put sweating cloths on him. If not a light weight yourself—that is, if you weigh more than nine stone, without saddle, bridles, &c.—have a native boy who can ride well, put him up with some light kersey cloths. The putting on these, so that they do not fray or chafe the horse behind the elbow points, as well as to allow him free play of his shoulders, is not to be learnt in a day. You can obtain all this information from Darvill or other works, as well as how to treat horses after sweating, for they easily get cold and rheumatism, if not properly attended to at that time. Some horses will be kept sufficiently light in flesh and in wind by merely putting a lot of cloths on them when they return to their stalls after their gallop; but they must be near their stalls when pulled up, or if you have no rubbing-down place for them at the racecourse where you exercise them, you had better have them clothed doubly, and immediately they are dismounted have them walked home quickly. Give the water rather warm to encourage perspiration.

Light iron hoops, about ten inches in diameter, are

as good scrapers as you can use in India, and the horsekeepers can handle them better than English ones. Remember that some horses become very irritable when being scraped, and though perfectly quiet at other times, lash out and seize with their teeth very roughly. Heel-ropes for the hind legs, a light muzzle, with the holes at the nostrils large to admit of easy respiration, for the mouth, and a pair of light hobbles, made of soft and broad tape, for the pawing horse, will enable the horsekeepers to scrape and clean almost any but the most vicious horse.

You will find it advisable at all times to have the hay you give to your hunters weighed accurately, and from six to eight pounds will be found enough for each horse, half of it given after his morning's water and when he has been cleaned, and the other half partly between the hours he comes in from hunting or walking exercise in the evenings and after he has had his last feed at eight o'clock. When he has eaten his grass, always muzzle your hunter, or, indeed, all your horses, both in the daytime and night. A loose box is the best stable for horses, but if you have none such, let your horse be fastened with a running rope or chain, and a wooden ball for a weight, to prevent the rope or chain getting round his legs. I laways had a sheath made of wood, hollowed out with a hole in it for the chain at a distance from the ground, agreeably to the height of the horse, and a leaden ball for weight running inside the wood,

By this plan, if it is properly adjusted, the weight always keeps the chain tight, and there is no fear of its becoming entangled in the horse's legs; a little grease is necessary to make the chain run freely through the hole. I water and feed my horses as follows in India:—When they come in from their exercise and have become cool (except the mornings when they are sweated), give water to the extent of a gallon (a quarter of a common dhole or leather bucket) in the cold weather, and a gallon and a half in the hot weather; half an hour after this the first feed of grain. Supposing the horse during the entire day gets four and a half seers, or nine pounds weight of grain (which is ample for an Arab horse of fourteen hands two inches high, in common, not hunting exercise), the morning's feed will be one and a half seers; an hour after this give a dholeful of water (say three gallons). The dhole is a long leather bucket, with which, in India, the bheestee (or water-carrier) draws water, with a rope attached to it, from the well. This bucket holds from two and a half to three and a half gallons, and the bheestee waters the horses always with these. After the water, give half of his entire allowance of hay; this will be finished by half-past ten or eleven o'clock, and then your stalls should be shut up and darkened, the horse well littered down with straw up to his knees, and thus encouraged to lie down. While he is eating his hay, the syce, or horsekeeper, should be at hand, rubbing his legs, the

bandages having been taken off one by one. In some cases, where horses have delicate forelegs, or where they have had blows from hunting or in training, cold bandages of cotton cloth, not sewn at the edges, constantly kept wet with the coldest water, are required. I think the best plan is to have water put the day before in a new earthenware gurra, or pot, which for a fortnight after it has been made will remain porous. Old earthenware pots are of no use whatever.

If you can obtain ice—which you can at the Presidencies and in Upper India—this will be better than the coldest water. Two table-spoonsfull of nousagur (sal ammoniac), two of shorah (saltpetre), two of nimmuck (common salt), one quart of seerka (common vinegar), and two quarts of cold spring water. Mix and stir till dissolved, then put into a new earthenware gurra or pot, and place the latter, covered up, in the shade and a draught of wind, with a little lightly-placed straw under it to prevent breakage. This is the best lotion that can be applied, and with it the bandages should be kept constantly thoroughly wet, and should be *sewn* at the end round the pastern instead of being tied with tape. Apply these cold bandages while he is eating his hay, and after he has had his legs hand-rubbed and the warm bandages taken off. When he has finished his hay take off the cold wet bandages, dry his legs, one by one, well; then, having plenty of

straw bedding, darken the stable, and have him muzzled to lie down. Rest is of the utmost consequence. Do not allow any one to walk about or talk near the stables now.

To prevent the heels cracking, use a little calamine ointment after the heels and legs have been thoroughly dried; when you have this applied, make the horsekeeper hold the horse's feet up by putting his left hand under the fore part of the pastern; in this way all the cracks will remain open, and the ointment will get to the bottom and heal them. The usual place of washing a horse's hoofs and heels is by taking hold of the hoof near the toe; this closes the cracks in the lower and back part of the pasterns and heels, prevents the soapsuds entering and cleansing them; the sand and mud remain in, and then the ointment is rubbed in, and closing the surface of the cracks, this is the fertile source of injuries which it is intended to prevent or cure. Your time will not be thrown away by learning how to have horses' heels washed, and showing your horsekeeper how to do it. You can illustrate this and make it quite clear to the meanest capacity by opening your own hand and showing the palm of this, washing it with soap when open, then washing it half closed after you have rubbed a little earth into the cracks; after the latter operation the dirt will be found to remain in. It is as true as it is strange that so few should know or practise the proper method of washing

horses' heels and treating them after being washed. The system of many grooms of washing horses' heels, legs, and even bellies, in the open air, when they come home heated from exercise of any sort, is the prolific cause of diseases, such as swelled legs and wind-galls; diseases of the heels, such as grease and cracked heels; and diseases of the body, such as check of perspiration, causing violent colds, coughs, colics, inflammation, and numerous other fatal maladies. What appears to be a minor malady, as cracked heels, is one of serious import; for to effect a cure a horse's work must be stopped, and directly that is done his food must be reduced; generally a dose or two of purgative medicine will have to be administered; and if the animal is not properly treated while in this state of only walking exercise, he will become gross, and otherwise lose his condition; and all this time, he is, to use a common expression, eating his head off. I had forgotten to state that the rapidity with which the wet bandages dry, shows the extent, and heat, and consequent inflammation of the legs.

It is not my intention, though I have been constantly asked, to write a chapter or two on training the Arab racehorse in this second edition. My reply, which I will put on record, was this. I will not do it, as it might encourage horse-racing, which I am sorry to say in India, even as in England, is not followed for the legitimate sport, by which I

mean, running horses for public money, and the pleasure of seeing the noble horse in his highest form struggle for victory.

I have, whenever opportunity occurred, trained and raced horses for many years past; but those who asked me to write on training, know that I have always made a point of abstaining from all betting whatsoever, and that I never even took a ticket in a lottery, and scarcely ever even attended one. If all racing was followed in this manner, the gambling of racing would have no place; the legitimate and, the improvement of the horse would ensue, and the pursuit would be considered, as it was among the ancients, an honourable and manly one.

Ulysses was called the horse-nourishing Ulysses, and it was used as an honourable title. Alas! in these days, a man fond of horses is almost always looked upon with suspicion, and his fellow mortals give him no credit either for his knowledge of the animal or for the trouble and time he may expend in improving the breed or ameliorating the lot of this noble servant of man.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

(No. I.)

ON THE DIFFERENT BREEDS OF HORSES USED IN INDIA.

The Arab: his Points and Qualities—Cavalry Remounts—The Horse-Fair at Malligaum—The Kuteewar Horse—Prices of Horses—The Deccan Horse—Breeding and breaking in—Plans adopted by, or suggested to, the Government—Australian and Cape Horses.

So much has been written and published respecting the Arab horse which is imported into India, that it seems almost superfluous to write more; but as I have had a large number in use, as hacks, hunters, racers, and chargers, though none for harness, and have bred from them, I will give the results of my own experience.

In the first place, the Arab horse is the very best horse, under saddle, for all general purposes, that can be procured in India. If anything besides general opinion is required to corroborate this, it is found in the fact that in the market, the Arab horse invariably commands the highest price, whether he is bought for a racer, a charger, a hunter, or a hack. He is the

soundest horse, the most enduring, the most beautiful to the eye, the most docile, and the most courageous, and he is more easily broken in than any other. His progeny, too, partake of most of these virtues. There is so much uniformity in them, that it is very rarely indeed that in India any other horse is mistaken for an Arab; and the only occasions when I have known the mistake made has been when colts have had much Arab blood in them. Two or three times I have had horses that could not be known from high-caste imported Arabs; but then they were either pure Arabs by sire and dame, or else thoroughbred English and Arab.

Bombay and Bangalore are the chief marts for the Arab horse; and in the stables at the former place, from November to February, you may see as many as a thousand fresh horses for sale. Out of these, perhaps fifty are high-caste horses, either the Nedjd —which is the pure Arab, rarely standing above fourteen, and more commonly fourteen hands and under—or the Aneezah Arabs, the highest form of which is bred by a tribe of Aneezahs, that inhabit the Desert, some two marches from Bagdad. These horses sometimes stand very high for Arabs, constantly running up to fifteen hands. They are not pure bred, and they claim their origin from the Nedjd Arab stallion and the Turcoman mare; the grounds of the tribe being on the route for caravans passing up from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea. The

Turcoman horse stands very high for an Eastern horse, and if all the feats which are related of him, or a twentieth part of them, are true, he must be a very superior animal. This Aneezah tribe is shut out by an almost impassable desert, to cross which the water of the Kafila, for both men and cattle, has to be carried on camels to Bussorah. The tribe was too poor to send horses to a market, along the road to which water had thus to be carried for them: and so, until about eighteen years ago, the Aneezah Arab was not known in India. About that time, an European, travelling through Persia and Bagdad to India, bought a horse from this Aneezah tribe, took him down the Tigris and Euphrates, and shipped him at Bussorah for Calcutta. The horse was much larger than the Arab horse before imported; and running a race at Calcutta against other Arabs, he turned out so superior to them, that his fame was sent back by the merchants all the way to the port where he was shipped—Bussorah. This accident served to establish the trade with the Aneezahs, and was the origin of the importation of the large Aneezah Arab. Since then, many have run. Probably the largest and best was the famous Elepor. However, the very best performances of the large Aneezah Arabs have been quite equalled by the smaller, or Nedjd Arabs; such were Minuet, Child of the Islands, Glendower, Selim, and many others. So great, however, at one time was the fame of the Aneezah horse Elepor in

Calcutta, that in many races he was only allowed to run on giving his opponents a stone; and most probably, at heavy weights, none of the Nedjd horses could have vied with him.

It is worthy of notice that, with reference to carrying weight, the Arab horse runs in exact contrast to the thoroughbred English, whose best blood is derived from him. It is notorious in the English racehorse, that the tall horse cannot carry high racing weights, though in England they are very much lighter than what we put on our Arabs on racecourses in this country; but that the low horse, that cannot race under light weights, or compete successfully with the larger and longer-striding horse, can beat the latter if high racing weights are used. In India the low Arab horse cannot compete with the taller horse at heavy weights, either on a racecourse or across country: and thus we have many races, weight for inches. To look at these low, sturdy-built horses, you would think they could gallop under any weight; but the trial will undeceive you. I have known two pounds above eight stone two pounds make to a flying galloway the difference of many seconds in a two-mile race. To the large horse, on the other hand, a stone often makes very little difference; and the horse who cannot run his mile and a half in less than two minutes fifty-seven seconds with eight stone seven pounds, will run the same distance with eleven stone on his back in three

minutes four seconds. In England I should suppose that the two and a half stone would make a difference to a racehorse of nearly double that number of seconds in the same distance. In short, nine stone is considered a very high racing weight there, and is often almost the top weight put upon the best horse, handicapped for the great handicaps.

To return to the Arab horse. The favourite colours are the different grays. The neclah, that is, gray with a blue skin, is generally more hardy than the Sabza gray, with a light-coloured skin; and the feet of the former are more generally black than those of the latter. The bay and brown of different shades, and the chestnuts are also favourites. Except of these three colours you very rarely indeed see an Arab horse of blood, very, very few blacks having contributed to the fame of the Arab. On the whole, the chestnut horse, and the dark chestnut, or the mowa, as he is called here, from being the colour of that fruit, are the most courageous. The dark-coloured also are not fiery, and they are more generally weight carriers. There are more gray Arab racers than of any other colour. The roans are common, but not in the highest castes; and I have never seen an Arab piebald or parti-coloured, though there are Persian horses of mixed colours in the dealers' stables.

The high-caste Arab, like most blood horses, goes

rather near the ground, and thus the Arab generally has got a bad name for tripping in his walk. He will go at full speed over rock and stone, when the soil is not visible, or up and down the sides of a precipice, and never make a mistake if properly handled; but many of the highest caste, the Nedjds especially, appear to know but two paces, the walk and the full gallop. They evidently inherit this with the blood; for colts that could not have been more than backed in Arabia, have this style of going. They seem to be unhappy if you wish them to go at a hand-gallop.

The points of the highest caste Arab horse as compared with the English thorough-bred, are as follow: the head is more beautifully formed, and more intelligent; the forehead broader; the muzzle finer; the eye more prominent, more sleepy-looking in repose, more brilliant when the animal is excited. The ear is more beautifully picked, and of exquisite shape and sensitiveness. On the back of the trained hunter, the rider scarcely requires to keep his eye on anything but the ears of his horse, which give indications of everything that his ever-watchful eye catches sight of. The nostril is not always so open in a state of rest, and indeed often looks thick and closed; but in excitement, and when the lungs are in full play from the animal being at speed, it expands greatly, and the membrane shows scarlet and as if on fire. The game-cock throttle—that most exquisite

formation of the throat and jaws of the blood-horse—is not so commonly seen in the Arab as in the thorough-bred English racehorse; nor is the head quite so lean. The jaws, for the size of the head, are perhaps more apart, giving more room for the expansion of the windpipe. The point where the head is put on to the neck is quite as delicate as in the English horse. This junction has much more to do with the mouth of the horse than most people are aware of, and on it depends the pleasure or otherwise of the rider.

The bones, from the eye down towards the lower part of the head, should not be too concave, or of a deer's form; for this in the Arab, as in the English horse, denotes a violent temper, though it is very beautiful to look at. Proceeding to the neck, we notice that the Arab stallion has rarely the crest that an English stallion has. He has a strong, light, and muscular neck, a little short, perhaps, compared to the other, and thick. In the pure breeds the neck runs into the shoulders very gradually; and generally, if the horse has a pretty good crest, comes down rather perpendicularly into the shoulders; but often, if he is a little ewe-necked, which is not uncommon with the Arab, it runs in too straight, and low down into the shoulders. The Arab horse, however, rarely carries his head, when he is being ridden, so high in proportion as the English. He is not so well topped, which I attribute to the different way he

is reared, and to his not being broken in regularly, like the English horse, before he is put to work. His shoulders are not so flat and thin, and he is thicker through in these parts generally for his size than the English thorough-bred horse. His girth does not show so deep, that is, he does not look so deep over the heart; but between the knees and behind the saddle, where the English horse very often falls off, the Arab is barrel-ribbed; and this gives him his wonderful endurance and his great constitutional points. This also prevents him from getting knocked up in severe training or under short allowance of food, and in long marches.

His chest is quite broad enough and deep enough for either strength or bottom. The scapula, or shoulder-blade, is both in length and backward inclination, compared to the humerus, or upper bone of the arm, quite as fine in the high-caste Arab as in the English horse, while both bones are generally better furnished with muscles, better developed, and feel firmer to the hand. But some of the very fastest Arabs have their fore-legs very much under them: indeed, so much, that no judge would buy an English horse so made. Yet, whether it be that this form admits of the joints between these bones becoming more opened, when the horse extends himself, or whatever be the cause, it is a fact that blood-horses thus made are almost always fast horses. The upper part of their shoulder-blade seems to run back under

the front part of the saddle, when they are going their best.

This formation is most common in the lower-sized Arab, and apparently makes up to him for his deficiency in height. The very finest actioned Arabs have had this peculiarity of form. They are rather apt to become chafed at the elbow-points by the girths, and almost require to have saddles made on purpose for them. The elbow-point, that essential bone, which for the sake of leverage should be prominent, is fine in the Arab, and generally plays clear of the body. The fore-arm is strong and muscular, and is pretty long; the knee square, with a good speedy cut for the size of the animal, equal to the English horse; while below the knee the Arab shines very conspicuously, having a degree of power there, both in the suspensor ligaments and flexor tendons, far superior in proportion to his size to the English horse. These are distinct and away from the shank bone; they give a very deep leg, and act mechanically to great advantage.

The bone looks small, but then it is very dense; the hollow which contains the marrow being very small, and the material solid, more like ivory than bone, heavy and close-grained. The flexor tendons are nearly as large and thick as the cannon bone. The pasterns and their joints are quite in keeping with the bones above them, and are not so long, straight, and weak as those of the English horse.

The feet are generally in the same proportion; but the Arabs themselves appear to be very careless in their treatment of them. The body or centre-piece of the Arab horse has rarely too great length. This is a very uncommon fault in the pure breed; and there is no breed of horses that are more even in this respect than the Arab. Behind this, we come to a great peculiarity in the breed—his croup. I might say an Arab horse is known by it: he is so much more beautifully made in his hind quarters, and in the way his tail is put in, than most other breeds. His loins are good; he is well coupled; his quarters are powerful, and his tail carried high: and this even in castes that have very little more than a high-bred stallion to recommend them. The straight-dropped hind leg is always a recommendation, and almost all racing Arabs have it; and this, when extended, brings the hind foot under the stirrup, and the propellors being of this shape give a vast stride, without fear of overreach. The thighs and hocks are good; the latter very rarely know either kind of spavin or curbs. The points and processes are pre-eminently well adapted for the attachment of the muscles; while the flexor tendons of the hind legs generally correspond with those of the fore. The hocks are not so much let down, nor the hind legs so grayhound-like, as in the thorough-bred English horse. In stride, too, he is somewhat different, inasmuch as it is a rounder way of going, and is not

so extended or so near the ground, but is more like a bound. However, there are exceptions; and I have bred pure Arabs whose stride, for their size, was very extended, and quite like that of English racehorses.

It is thought by many that the large size of the Arab horse of the present day has been obtained by the Arabs putting their horses to English mares. How these could be obtained in the desert cannot be explained; though since the Crimean war, mares might have found their way into Turkey, and thus to the desert: but there has not been time yet for us to see their produce. I am inclined to think that the Arab sheik is much too proud of his own breed to cross with such English mares as could be picked up in this way. It is much more likely that the size of the present Arab is derived from some Eastern race, such as I have before described the Turcoman to be.

I had almost forgotten to mention two other peculiarities in the Aneezah Arab horses: one is the great prominence in the forehead which some of them, but not all, have; and the other is that they are not marked at the root of the ears with the firing-iron, like the Nedjd and other Arab horses. Sometimes, however, the dealers in Bombay mark them. The mark which is put on the highest form of Nedjd horse is a very fine crescent: it is not more than half an inch from point to point of the horns of

the crescent, and the firing iron used must be very fine indeed.

The breeds brought for sale from Bussorah, Bushire, and the Gulf, to Bombay, are very numerous. There are a great many colts, thirteen hands three inches to fourteen hands high, too small for our regular cavalry and artillery, many of which are bought for the irregular cavalry. The generality of the remounts for the Government are Gulf and Persian horses: and some are of great power. The price for remounts varies, but is generally from five hundred and fifty to six hundred rupees. If these were fine Arab horses, they would command three times this amount. Yet some people suppose that the Bombay and Madras mounted branches have Arab horses: whereas there is as much difference between their horses and high-caste Arabs, as there is between a half-bred horse and a thorough-bred in England. But they are strong and enduring; and among them, here and there, is a fine Arab thrown in, which falls to the lot of any officer entitled to have a remount. The Gulf horses are so called because bred on the shores of the Persian Gulf. They are out of Persian mares by Arab horses, and are really half-bred, or better.

In former years, before the late terrible mutiny occurred, and caused so great a strain in all the horse-marts in India, a very good three-parts-bred hunter, or a small Nedjd horse, equal to twelve stone weight,

could be picked up in the Bombay stables for 700 rupees; while at present, the same sort of horse cannot be bought for under 900 or 1,000 rupees; and if you want size and blood, for every inch above fourteen hands you may reckon 250 rupees. You could pick up a fine maiden horse at from 1,200 to 1,500 rupees, and, if a real judge, might by chance fall upon a good racer. But now, if you want to get a very fine-looking large horse, you would have to pay 1,800 to 2,000 rupees—180*l.* to 200*l.*—for him. Some of the small high-bred Arab horses have great courage. I have had some off whose backs I have speared and held bears and large boars, and who, after having been severely cut by the hog, have again and again gone close enough to let me kill him with the sabre, after I had lost my spear. They make first-rate shooting horses; and if the rider had it in him, and would risk his life, I have little doubt that a good spearsman might spear a tiger off the back of one of these blood Arab horses, if, as is often the case, the tiger took across the plain from one jungle to another. I have speared and killed a panther off a Deccan mare. Other panthers and numbers of bears have been speared and killed by hunters in the Deccan, and perhaps other parts of India, off Arab and country-bred horses. A bear, however, intimidates horses that are not afraid of hog or panthers, though in reality not nearly so formidable an animal as the latter.

There are many breeds of horses throughout Bengal and Hindoostan, besides those bred in the Government studs, with which I am but imperfectly acquainted. There have been, every now and then, some very fast country-breds from imported thorough-bred English stallions and mares; but of thousands bred, only now and then there comes out one which can compete with a first-rate Arab or Australian horse. I have no opinion of the stud-bred horses, and they are cursed with that incurable disease bursattee, which is scarcely known among any breeds in the southern parts of India.

I have bred horses for many years in the Deccan; and if I had chosen to sell my colts, when I had sometimes high offers for them, I might have carried on a lucrative trade: for I am quite convinced that no foreign horse that is imported into India—except the Arab, which comes from a hot climate—can work in the sun, and in all weathers, like the horse bred in the Deccan. Now, in the Mahratta and Pindaree campaigns, those large bodies of free-booters—for they can scarcely be called anything else—procured their horses chiefly from the Deccan: and these wonderful little horses, making their marches of sixty miles a day, for a time, completely baffled our best cavalry. The breed of the Deccan horse, according to the best information from the natives, was highly improved, in the beginning of this century, by a cross of Arab horses and mares,

five hundred of which were obtained by the Nizam and the nobles of the city of Hydrabad, direct from Arabia. This cross shows itself in a very marked manner in the form of the smaller Deccan horse, and especially in the beautiful small blood mares, bred on the banks of the Beemah river. These are called the Beemateree horse, and very rarely run above fourteen hands to fourteen hands one inch high. They have the fine limbs, broad forehead, and much of the docility of Arabs, and have been mistaken for them. They have all the enduring properties of the Arab, and are much better adapted for the use of the irregular horseman than any other bred or imported; since from the time he is weaned he is put upon his haunches, by being bitted and driven with long rope reins, without any one on his back, and taught in this way to turn by the Mahratta horse-breeder. He is not so fiery as the small and blood Arab; and whereas the latter, who is probably quite quiet when bought from the dealer's lot, becomes almost wild and quite unmanageable when he is put into the ranks, with his head tied down, a sharp bit in his mouth, and the spurs often involuntarily driven, during the press of the charge, deep into his sides, the Deccan colt, used to the sharp bit and standing martingale, submits very soon to be broken. The system of rearing the horse adopted by the Mahratta is a peculiar one. He is very careless regarding the horse he puts to

his mare; and I chiefly account for the goodness of the colt, from the good feeding he gets, and from the blood he inherits from the dam. Before he is weaned, they generally give him plenty of any sort of milk they may have: and as many of the farmers, who rear horses, live far from any town or large village, where they can dispose of the produce of their cows or baffalos, either as milk or ghee (clarified butter), they give the milk to their colts. After they are weaned, they give them large quantities of oorud, or moong, and other grain of the bean and vetch kind, which they boil to prevent the colt becoming griped by eating large quantities. They give little dry grain, as it is heating, and requires more mastication than young cattle, with imperfect grinders, will give their food. They feed on kurbee, which is the stalk of the jowaree grain, and full of saccharine matter, as sweet as sugar-cane, and very nutritious. This is far more fattening than any grass, except doob or huryali grass, which is difficult to be procured. After they have weaned their young colts, they shut them up in a dark stable; and this plan of shutting them up in the dark and feeding with soft food, encourages their growth. The soft food also does not make them so vicious as half the quantity of dry grain would do, and it is more easily digested. The colt, if quiet to handle and clean, is very rarely taken out of his stables. The chief objection to the system is, that horses

brought up in this way are very apt to shy when alone.

The great mart for Deccan horses is at a place called Malligaum, about twenty-five miles from Gungakhuir, in the direction of Hydrabad. It is off the road some ten miles, between the former place and Oodgeer. There has been a fair held there from time immemorial. The taxes, levied upon the animals sold there annually, are farmed out by the Nizam's Government for a considerable sum of money; and the renter of them makes a good thing of it, I doubt not, considering he charges the purchaser ten per cent. on his purchase, besides some two or three rupees per cent. more as choukedaree, watchman's fees, and other taxes. In former years, when the Hydrabad country was more flourishing than it now is, and when, besides the Nizam's contingent cavalry, large bodies of irregular cavalry, kept up by the Nizam and Hydrabad nobles, purchased annually some thousands of colts at the fair, the Mahrattas bred some very fine horses and sent them for sale.

The fair is held on a low range of stony hills, near the insignificant village of Malligaum. There is a good tank of water; and on the low ground immediately below this there are long, artificial mounds of earth, four or five feet high, and only broad enough to picket a horse on, and these long mounds are the only flat ground in the neighbourhood. All the horses (except the five hundred that

can be picketed on these) stand on sloping and uneven ground. For a man who is a judge of what a horse should be, it is no difficult matter to pick out a horse to suit him, if he sees the horse he is buying in moderate condition, or thin, as the Arab horses in the Bombay stables are. But it is a very different thing to buy a colt, so thickly clothed with fat, that you can scarcely make out where his shoulders end and centre-piece begins, or where his hind-quarters commence.

The rules of the fair are stringent, and are these: the intended purchaser must make his bargain with the horse-owner, before the horse is moved from his fastenings; and then if, upon the horse being exercised—that is, trotted and walked in hand—he is found to be neither lame nor blind, the bargain is concluded. The tax, or duty, must be paid; and it is to insure this, and prevent horses who are so fat from losing their condition by being continually moved from their pickets, that the rule was made.

However, knowing what was the rule of the fair, I managed one year to buy seven mares and fillies, and another year five colts, all after seeing them trotted out. I hardly moved a horse that I was disappointed in, and whose action did not correspond with his figure, and whom I did not consequently buy: nor was I in more than two instances refused the privilege of seeing the horse out. Probably out of seven or eight thousand horses and ponies you will not find a

dozen, excepting the blood mares that are brought with their produce at their heels, about four years old. They are generally two years old, but looking four. This is from the fair having been established, in the first instance, for native horsemen, who like to buy a colt, that they may break him in to their own peculiar exercise: which they can scarcely do after the joints have become stiff and set. These colts are chiefly bred away from the site of the fair, all along the Beemah and other rivers, and where the rich alluvial soils yield their grain abundantly and cheaply. The water, too, of certain rivers is considered better than that of others.

Within a circle of some sixty or seventy miles from the fair, live the class of farmers who rear the horses sold there. These buy their colts and fillies from among the young animals brought with their dams to the fair; and immediately they have sold their last year's venture, well fattened up, they go across to the other side of the tank, which is set apart for the brood mares and young produce, purchase a little colt or filly, and picket him in the place where they had the last, which they have just sold. They have strange notions about the growth of young cattle, measuring the shank bones with a stick or a bit of kurbee, and determining the height they are of necessity to grow to; forgetting that the size of the sire, of whom they cannot know or find out anything, will chiefly determine this.

The first thing that impresses the visitor to the Malligaum fair is the very many good-looking horses that are collected together. Their general roundness, caused by their very fat state; their sleek and shining coats caused by the massalahs, or spices, given them for the double purpose of improving their coats and preventing the large quantity of food from disagreeing with them, combine together to give them good looks; and there are really among them many very handsome horses. It is when they are put to hard work, with insufficiency of food, that they fall off and get angular and ugly. Many dealers come from the city of Hydrabad, and buy colts at this fair, which they break in for show, and sell to the city nobles and wealthy men for very high sums, sometimes as high as 2,400 Hydrabad rupees, 200*l.* sterling. Like people of other countries who buy horses for show, and therefore require height, the wealthy ones of India like tall horses. This has caused the deterioration of the best Deccan breeds, which, being descended from Arabs, are naturally low in stature. The large horses come from that part of the country which lies between Poonah and Ahmednuggur, about Goornuddee and Aligaum, where the Bombay government stud originally was. There were several thorough-bred English horses there, before it was found to be a great loss to Government, and was, therefore, abolished. I believe this stud turned out very few good horses, although the situa-

tion is good and adapted for horses, and though they are bred successfully in the neighbourhood by the natives. A very few Kateewar horses are brought to the fair for sale. The best breeds of this country, formerly celebrated for its fine horses, are, I believe, nearly extinct, and there are markets nearer to Kateewar than the Deccan fair.

The old Kateewar was a large and blood horse, having, what few large horses have, fine lean heads; and, with much substance below the knee, they were admirably adapted for cavalry chargers. But government studs broke up all the native private breeding establishments; for these latter could only pay, if patronized by Government; the price that the irregular cavalry can afford to pay for colts not being high enough to make the breeder go to much expense, either to keep mares or procure stallions. The Kateewar horses are very commonly of a dun colour, with black points and black manes and tails. Dun is also not an uncommon colour in the Deccanee galloways and ponies. They are notorious for their endurance and hardy constitutions, but equally so for their vice. A great many horses of all sorts are bought at the Malligaum fair for exportation from the Deccan. They are purchased and taken up by dealers into all the Mahratta States, especially Gwalior, Indore, and Nagpore. The Hydrabad country alone —that part of the Deccan under the rule of the Nizam—is capable of rearing two or three thousand

horses a year, if encouragement was given; and now, in spite of the anarchy and misrule, five hundred good colts and fillies could yearly be purchased in it at very low prices, compared with what are paid for Arabs, or with the price of Cape and Australian horses, by the time they are landed in India. Owing to the great demand for all kinds of horses since the mutiny, colts were, last year, forty or fifty per cent. dearer at the fair than usual. In former years the very finest three-year-old colts, in fact the very pick of the fair, could be purchased at from 250 to 350 rupees each; and were it known that an accredited agent of Government would annually visit the fair and pay the last-named price, he might in a few years purchase horses far superior to the present breed.

The farmers require encouragement and remunerating prices, and the Mahratta horse breeder, as he is really fond of and understands the animal, would soon produce a very fine breed of horses.

The Nizam's irregular cavalry regiments in former years, that is before 1848, procured nearly all their remounts in their own country, chiefly from this fair. In 1837 there were scarcely five Arab horses not belonging to the European officers in the five regiments. They were then, as now, notorious for their very rapid marching. After 1849, their remounts were generally procured from Bombay. I have seen both breeds of horses work, and the well-bred Deccan horse is quite as capable of long march-

ing as the Arab, or at least as such Arabs as the silladars of irregular cavalry can afford to procure. Indeed, if care is taken to admit only the low and blood Beemateree or man-horse, he is capable of working with any horse in the world. He has all the best points of the high-bred Arab without his very fine skin, irritable temper, and rather long pasterns; and he has generally better feet. The Deccan throughout was the country whence the immense number of horses required by the Mahrattas was supplied. It furnished their armies for a lengthened period, and through many years of warfare.

The present Deccanee tattoo, or pony, is a wonderful animal. Scarcely tasting any grain before he is put to work, and even then, if the property of a native, very little, he marches with a load that is enough for a pack-horse twice as big as himself. From the time he is foaled, he is brought up on what he can pick up for himself round his village. This, in the hot weather, becomes rather a precarious livelihood. His growth is thus stunted, and he is often found cat-hammed, and his fore-feet woefully turned out and otherwise more or less debilitated, from the consequences of starvation. But when he has had a few months' good feeding, our ragged friend comes out with a little muscle on him; his small blood head, with its large eyes, is carried a little higher than before; and to his owner's great delight, if he is a hog-hunter and a light-weight, some fine day he

finds that the Deccanee tat runs into his hog in rather a short distance, and that he beats heavy riders on large horses. Twenty miles within the hour have been galloped by these little Deccanees, on two occasions which are on record; once by a little dun mare, and who was only an inch or so above pony height. There was a Deccanee pony in Madras, I think in 1838, who ran his mile and a half in about three minutes and six seconds. I myself, though riding thirteen stone with saddle and all the apparatus for shikar, have killed hog off a small Deccan galloway single-handed, and in the evening, when hog are light and run their best. These horses are generally bays, browns, or chestnuts. There are not many grays among them, nor duns, except of cross-breeds, and among the ponies. The high-bred horse carries his tail very well: this is thin and light, and the muscles for elevating it always in play. The texture of the hair of the tail and the mane is fine. In spite of the disadvantages of being put to work very young, they stand knocking about often till twenty years of age.

They are all taught to amble at about four and a half to five miles an hour. This pace is very easy to the horseman, and I suppose eventually suits the horse, for he rarely goes lame in work; and when once he has been broken in to amble, that is, to use and extend the fore and hind feet on the same side together, he rarely, if ever, again walks like an

English horse; certainly they get over the ground at this pace very quickly. It requires long experience to buy horses in this district that will not turn out vicious, and it is this that has prevented their being more generally used. But many of the small breed of Deccan horses are as quiet as the high-caste Arabs, and will not fight with any other horse, nor even when dismounted from, will they move from the spot.

The great drawback to breeding horses in this country is the want of proper grazing meadows. They might perhaps be made at a great cost, but they would have to be regularly watered during all the dry weather, and planted with grass, which would constantly require to be renewed. The great changes in the seasons here, making the ground at one time a swamp, and at another parched and cracked and hard as iron, so that no grass can exist upon it, are almost insurmountable difficulties to having good, proper grazing paddocks. Hence the alternative which is adopted by the natives of stabling their colts in dark stables directly after being weaned, and feeding them on grain, oorud, moong, &c., which is boiled, in order not to disagree with them. Young animals, whose grinders have not grown, will not masticate hard dry grain; and grass will not of itself make them grow up strong, nor develop their muscles. Again, as it is contrary to the custom of the country to geld colts, they would require very

strong enclosures to confine a stallion in, and then there could be only one in a field. And further, there being, for many months in the year, no green grass, makes this plan impossible. It has, however, been tried. The result was that colts let loose took so much out of their legs by continually galloping over the hard ground, that, when required to be put to work, their legs were found to be too much injured to stand it. The old plan of turning out thorough-bred colts in large paddocks has been, I believe, abolished in England, whether from a similar cause, I do not know, and now they have very small paddocks, in yards attached to their loose boxes. I have tried making them in this country. Turning out ponies, to which no grain is given, answers very well, but then they always remain under-sized. Again, if you want them to grow, and give them grain for that purpose, they become excited, and take too much exercise. Yet, without considerable exercise, when young, the colt grows up deficient in size below the knee. I know of no plan, but by exercising them as much as possible after weaning until three years old, and driving them clothed by means of long rope reins and with a man running behind. At three years old, I put up a light and good horseman, and have them gently ridden; or, what is very good, break them in, if fillies, to the curricle, the weight of which is on the back.

It is a notorious fact that Arab colts, bred from

either pure imported stallions or mares, will not come to their strength and size until they are six, or oftener seven years old; and I believe that this light make of the produce of Arab stallions, even with other than Arab mares (the latter can scarcely be procured), was the cause of the East Indian Government taking to the English stallion, and giving up the use of the Arab. But there is a great tendency in this climate, among colts bred from any thoroughbred horses, to run very light below the knee; however, they continue to grow in this particular, till six or seven years old, and after. I can never believe that any half-bred horses, such as are used in England to get carriage horses, are adapted to get produce fit for cavalry purposes in India. Even putting out of the question that these coarse-bred horses cannot stand the sun, their thick skins, long coats, and heavy forms denote their inaptitude for fast work in the tropics. In the next place, the mares in this country are low in stature, and small in size, being usually from fourteen hands to fourteen hands three inches high. If less than this—the average size in the Deccan—they are not fitted for being covered by a stallion sixteen hands high, and of large bulk. No breed can be improved by so great a disparity in the sexes. The produce will be entirely mis-shapen, and their bodies and limbs out of all proportion. The feet also of these large horses, if not well bred, are notoriously large and flat; the heated and dried up soil of India

would, therefore, soon incurably lame them. It is natural, too, to suppose that like will, in this as in other particulars, get like. With the tide now turned against Arabs, for stallions, at the Cape and in India, I will nevertheless prophesy that at no very distant date they will again come into favour. The fact is, that, until Government have both their own brood mares as well as their own stallions, breeding will not have fair play. It will never do to let the zemindars, or landholders, be the owners of the mares, on the goodness of which that of the produce depends more than upon the good qualities of the horse: not that I am at all an advocate for Government studs; but I would procure some fine Arab stallions, and keep them in certain districts, which had been approved of as adapted for the breed of horses. I would not charge the zemindars for their use, but I would only allow fine mares to be covered by them.

I would not purchase the colts as yearlings, nor until they were quite four years old. I would give handsome prizes for the best looking colts and fillies, annually. All the fillies that were fit I would purchase for the mounted services, as I would have all the colts gelded directly they had been purchased. After four years' service, the inspector of the produce should pick out all the mares that had distinguished themselves for having worked sound, and which seemed especially fitted for breeding horses adapted

for horse artillery and cavalry purposes. These they should sell by auction to such zemindars or others as were known to be careful breeders, and rearers of stock. I would mark these mares, and take particular care that they were put to other horses adapted to their forms, and not to their own sizes, who might be still in the district. It has been too much the fashion to suppose that because an Arab is a fine racehorse he must of necessity be a proper stallion, after his racing days are done, for getting colts fit for troop horses. I have now and then seen large and blood racing Arabs, which have been highly adapted for getting fine blood horses for the service; but they are the exceptions.

It will be proved, I think, as a general rule throughout the world, that in whatever country horses are cheap, and easily procurable, that a great number of the inhabitants of that country are horsemen: for instance, take the Hungarians, the Arabs, the Cossacks, Turcomans, Circassians, Mohammedans of India, the North American Indian tribes, and the Mexicans. And it is also as clearly demonstrable that those nations whose livelihood depends upon their horses, and, indeed, whose lives and freedom are staked upon the excellence and endurance of their horses, are most careful and particular in their breeds. Of these the Arabs and Turcomans are perhaps the most particular, being, as they are, in a constant state of predatory warfare. Before our

rule in India, the warrior races, both Rajpoots and Mohammedans, bred very fine horses and very fine camels, and they were most careful how they were bred and trained, and took as much pains to teach them paces adapted for their peculiar kind of warfare as do the Arabs and Turcomans of the present day; but the fine breeds of native horses are fast disappearing, since, as I have in another place remarked, the establishment of Government studs, because there is no market profitable enough to encourage or support them. It is very doubtful whether the fine breeds of Kateewar, and Bermateree, and Man horses of the Deccan, will ever be resuscitated; and if they are, they will be only by the liberal encouragement of Government. India is so cheap a country for rearing the animal, that it does seem an extraordinary thing that a regular cavalry trooper's horse should cost twice and three times as much there as in England, but such is the case.

In the year 1843, under the name of "Single Snaffle," I wrote some articles which were published in the only sporting periodical then extant in Calcutta. My suggestions as far as mounting cavalry troopers on geldings and mares, were followed some years after by Government; and the first trials, I think, were made in the Madras presidency, where perhaps it was less required than in Bengal, from the fact of the remounts being either Arab, Gulf,

or Persian horses. Whether any one else afterwards jumped to the same conclusions, without having seen my very humble articles; or whether, taking up my idea and having some interest, or opportunity, which enabled him to persuade the Government authorities to give the plan a trial, I know not; but true it is that the system became almost universal throughout the Indian mounted branches, and equally true, that I never received one word of acknowledgment, though it could not have been difficult to find out who was "Single Snaffle," from the editor of the *Sporting Review*, who published the articles in question. In 1851, the late lamented General Gilbert was the president of a committee, sitting in Calcutta, to report upon the Bengal studs, and it was thought not improbable that their abolition would have been agreed on, because of their great cost to Government. I then brought under notice the Hydrabad Deccan, as being well worth attention as a breeding country for horses; and in the same memorandum I particularly set forth that the purchasing of colts there for the remounts would not answer, unless Government was prepared to go to the expense of an establishment for bringing them up and breaking them in, from the time they were purchased at the fair until they became four and a half or five years old and were fit for service, as it was impossible to purchase horses in any quantity above three years old; the fair at Malligaum having been established to suit

native horsemen. I believe that commissariat officers at stations in the Madras presidency were applied to for their opinions. What these were I never learnt, but concluded that they were not favourable. Indeed, they could scarcely be so, because very few of these officers could know anything either of the colts and fillies brought for sale to the Malligaum fair, or of the generality of Deccanee horses, except those ridden by natives; and these, being fed full of hot spices and massalahs, fattened up for show, and having little work, are often very vicious.

Had the opinions of old officers, who commanded the Nizam's irregular cavalry regiments from 1838 to 1848, been asked, they could have given their testimony to the breed of Deccan horses; for they had worked them in all seasons, and marched them distances which very few regiments of cavalry in any country have been able to exceed. I remarked in my memorandum in 1851, that every year the breed in the Deccan was deteriorating, and that unless Government at once took upon itself to encourage it, it would go on decreasing and deteriorating. The mutiny, however, has made it so difficult to procure horses, that thousands, undersized and of inferior castes, have been purchased which otherwise would never have been accepted. But such of these as have gone to Hindoostan must not be taken for well-bred Deccanee horses.

In two or three years we shall be able to judge of

the working of the different breeds of horses that have been lately brought from the Cape and Australia in such large quantities, to take the place of the numbers lost and destroyed during the mutinies. The Cape horse I have had but little experience of. He is reported to be both hardy and enduring in his own country; but the heat there and in India is very different. I have seen some teams, composed altogether of Cape horses, in the Madras horse artillery. The pole horses looked fine animals, but were much injured in the hocks, and were deeply fired there. This, of course, for draught, was a serious defect. They appear to be generally good-tempered—much more so than the Australian and New South Wales horses, which used to be quite unbroken and almost unmanageable when first sent over. They have very much distinguished themselves as racers and as carriage-horses; but otherwise I consider them to be the most difficult horses to break of any that can be found. Those that are brought up in stables, handled young and saddled early, may be exceptions; but I should suppose that they would be too expensive for Government to purchase for remounts. I do not think that their feet will stand the hot climate. In a couple of years, however, they will have had a pretty fair trial. Looking at the matter in a political point of view, and as it concerns the benefit of India—of the governed as well as the Government—there can be no doubt that

if horses, fit for the service, can be bred in the country, it would be much better that they should be taken for remounts than that Government should expend money on imported horses. For every colt or filly sold by a farmer enables him to cultivate so much more ground, to grow so much more grain, and to employ so much more labour: all which tends to the improvement of the country.

I am well aware that much is expected from the manufacture of blue cloth in the Bombay presidency, which will go to the Arabs in payment for horses; and I fancy that the trade in horses with the Cape and Australia is advantageous both to England and India. Yet neither of these can so directly benefit the country as the breeding of horses, which causes the circulation of money and the extended cultivation of the soil. It is also safer to have a home-market, which no war can affect, than a foreign one, which will always be more or less liable to be affected by war. A war with Turkey or Persia would very much cripple the trade in horses from the Gulf, Bushire, and Bussorah, from which places our Madras and Bombay mounted branches are at present furnished. A war with any European power that possessed a large fleet might seriously interrupt the importation of either Cape or Australian remounts.

With the exception of Gulf and Arab horses, which are born and bred in a climate nearly as hot,

no colonial or English horses can work in the sun like animals bred in India; and if the Government would encourage the breeders of horses here, I am quite sure that in a few years very good remounts might be purchased at from three hundred to four hundred rupees a head. These would always be cheaper than any imported horses; because to the original price of the latter, not only has the price of freight to be added, but insurance against the great risk of loss or injury to the animal on ship-board.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

(No. II.)

ON LIGHT IRREGULAR CAVALRY.

The Dragoon and his Accoutrements too heavy—Proof of this—A Horse made for Speed cannot carry great Weights—Light Cavalry the most effective—How the Weight may be reduced—Prices of Horses—Saddle and Bridle used by Native Horsemen—Native methods of breaking-in Horses—Comparison as to Efficiency and Cost between Regular and Irregular Cavalry—Dress and Arms of Irregular Cavalry—How Infantry can be successfully attacked by them—Movements—Cavalry in Jungles—Constitution of a Regiment—Non-commissioned Officers—Pay—The Spear—Conclusion.

THE perfection to which the weapons used by artillery and infantry have been brought in the present day, and the consequent greatly increased power of those two arms, make it advisable that nations should turn much of their attention to the improvement of their cavalry. It appears also the duty of those who have had experience in that arm, and who know what great efforts it is capable of, to put upon record the fruits of that experience; in the hope that Government, laying aside all prejudice in the matter, will fairly test the advantages or disadvantages of

suggestions put forward by its officers. For they naturally feel a pride in the successes and efficiency of their own branch of the services, as well as deep mortification that, while all around them improvement is going on, it alone is not only not progressing, but may be said to have deteriorated, during the last hundred years.

There is a preconceived opinion (which, as a cavalry soldier, I utterly differ from,) that cavalry cannot make an impression on artillery or infantry, at the commencement of an engagement; and that it cannot successfully attack either until they have been shattered and broken, or are on the move, and then only on favourable ground. Cavalry, therefore, is not now employed, as of yore, to decide battles. It is kept back sometimes until the flight of the enemy, and the end of battle—the men, sick from vainly longing to attack; the horses, tired out and wearied, from having been without food for perhaps twelve hours, and from being crushed with the weight of the modern dragoon and his cumbersome accoutrements. This arm, then, is only employed to cut up a flying enemy, or to intercept the baggage. Either duty is repulsive to the feelings of a soldier, and especially of a soldier on horseback.

Now, it appears to me, that the error which the great nations of Europe have fallen into, in the formation of their cavalry, is in imposing such an excessive weight on the horses, in riders and accou-

trements. Instead, too, of reducing this enormous weight by recruiting only light, active men, and putting them into light saddles, disencumbering them of sabretaches, valises, and other useless accoutrements, they have retained the heavy soldier and his heavy accoutrements, and vainly endeavoured to obtain an animal to carry it all.

The premises of my argument are as follow: but if my reader dissents from the premises so laid down, of course nothing on earth can make us come to the same conclusion:—

Cavalry, to be really effective, must be as rapid as possible in execution, fearless, and enduring under privation and fatigue. To enable the horses to possess these qualities, they must be of high blood, and thoroughbred, or as nearly so as possible. I need scarcely remark that a thoroughbred horse is from his very conformation—his long pasterns, light limbs, and backward inclined shoulders (which give him vast stride), together with his elastic tendons and ligaments—unable and unfit by nature to carry heavy weights: and that, in consequence of possessing the qualities which ensure speed. Nature herself, therefore, has set her limit upon the thoroughbred horse, as to his capability of carrying weight. If, then, you expect to be successful in breeding thoroughbred horses to carry two and twenty stone, and with it to move at great speed, you are striving directly against the laws of nature, and you are trying to breed

animals which never have existed and never can exist. They would be a new and, in short, an impossible genus. You can no more give the blood-horse the limbs and action of a cart-horse, than you can breed a deer to look, or work, like an ox, or give the one the capability of draught that God has given to the other. Again, if it were possible to teach this thoroughbred horse, by making him sufficiently shorten his stride, to move safely under this crushing weight, his stride would be so much shortened that he would have no pace. Consequently, he would not be fast enough for modern warfare; and such cavalry would be mown down and annihilated by artillery and infantry, armed as they are for long distance practice, before they could move across the intervening ground to attack them. In a word, the form that gives speed precludes carrying heavy weight; the form that gives the power of carrying weight precludes the possibility of great speed. I assert, therefore, that the cavalry of the great nations of modern Europe are on the horns of one of these two dilemmas: they are either mounted on horses that are strong enough to carry these enormous weights at a slow pace, and in that case they must be kept so far from the field of battle that by the time they arrive on it, even if not too late for the crisis at which they are required, their horses are fatigued, blown, and useless for the attack; or else, heavy weights are mounted on thorough-

bred horses, unfit to carry them, and thus they, too, are useless.

In the days of chivalry, when men were cased in armour, I doubt much whether they weighed more on horseback than the modern horse soldier; but the knight never attempted to ride a palfrey in battle. His heavy horse was fast enough for his work; because he had to move only a couple of hundred paces, and that against archers, or infantry not armed with fire-arms. His armour made him and his horse proof against almost everything but the cloth-yard shaft of the English bowman, and he was out of range at two hundred yards. But when artillery and rifle-armed infantry are the opponents of cavalry, what can the latter effect, if mounted on horses that cannot carry them at speed for at least a mile and a half? If cavalry, therefore, is to take its proper and noble part in the battle-field, and not be kept merely for pursuit—in which case, before long, no honourable man will enter it—the weight of the man and his accoutrements must be proportioned to the build and power of the horse: and then it will become the most formidable of all the three arms on the field of battle. It will be an irresistible missile, launched at the speed almost of the cannon-ball, sweeping armies off the field, riding down everything in its impetuous rush, like a vast swollen river in its devastating course, not to be turned by any impediments. Such cavalry will be as far superior to the

present cavalry, as the highest tempered sword-blade is to one of soft iron; and though like a cannon-ball with ten thousand steel points, will not pass over and miss an enemy by ricochetting, nor will time be lost in calculating distances. It will mow down the foe both near and far; it will require no limbering or unlimbering, no elevating or depressing, no loading or sponging. There will be no missing fire; nothing, in fact, is required, but the native courage of the most noble animal in the world—the blood-horse—aided by the spur, the spear, the sabre, and the indomitable energy of men, like those who rode the death-ride in the ranks at Balaklava; or like the Carthaginian cavalry under Asdrubal, in the battle of Cannæ, who, after driving the Roman cavalry opposed to them off the field, rode down forty thousand of the famed legions of Imperial Rome, and swept them from the face of the earth. You may depend upon it, that the Carthaginian cavalry were mounted on thoroughbred horses like the Barb or Arab of the present day, and that the men were like those of all Eastern races—much lighter-limbed than Europeans. Of course they were Moorish cavalry; and Europe, in after centuries, felt what was the edge of the curved sabre in the hand of the Saracen, mounted on the fleet horse reared in the wilds of Africa. All the ancient sculptures of men on horseback go to prove this. If anything, the men look too tall for the animal, and this favours

the argument that the horses were small blood-horses; and, as the men are generally riding bare-backed, it proves that they were an equestrian race.

Lately, there appears to have been a move in the right direction; for the East India Company have determined on sending out small men to form the cavalry required by them in lieu of the native regular cavalry, swept away by the late mutiny in Bengal. This was done just before India was brought under the government of the Crown; and whether such enlistment of small, light men will be carried on, has to be proved. It was done, doubtless, under the impression that the horses of this country were not powerful enough to carry the great weight imposed upon the English cavalry horse. If the weight of the cavalry soldier required to be reduced to enable the Indian horse to carry him, it was quite as necessary to reduce his weight to enable the English horse to carry him; for the high-bred horse used in this country, whether he be Arab, Gulf—that is, between Arab and Persian—Kateewar, or Deccanee, though a hand lower in height, is far stronger than the English thoroughbred; and he is a much faster and more enduring horse, especially in India, than the half-bred English horse; for though the latter may be actually stronger, yet, if he were fast enough—I might almost write, could go fast enough—would drop down dead under the sun of the tropics.

The price of the remount horse in England has, I believe, rarely reached so high as thirty pounds; though individual commanding officers, with large means at their disposal, may, in order to mount their regiments more efficiently, give several pounds a horse above the Government price. Still, knowing, as we do, the very high price that a thoroughbred horse, who can carry weight in the hunting field, can nowadays command—four or five hundred guineas being not uncommonly paid in the fast counties for one that can carry even fifteen stone—knowing this, I say, how can it be expected that a fast horse can be procured for thirty or forty pounds, to carry twenty-two stone or more? If the thoroughbred weight-carrier was not a most difficult animal to procure, and even to breed, he could not command the large sum that he at present does. It is the scarcity of the article that enhances the price. I have already stated, as my firm belief, that it is impossible to breed the fast and powerful horse in quantities sufficient to mount the cavalry branch of our army. Why, then, go on with the endeavour, the remedy being so easily within our reach? Enlist for cavalry soldiers only light men, of low stature, with limbs formed by nature to make them horsemen. It is the speed of the horse that makes the charge of cavalry effectual—not the weight or strength of the rider. The first only disables the horse, and the second is not required for holding a

lance, or wielding a fine-edged blade. The impetus of the horse and the keenness of the weapon are the destructive agents. A child, mounted on a powerful blood-horse, who is master of his weapons, and able to manage the horse, will kill the most powerful giant on foot, because the endurance of the horse is greater than that of the man. The horseman would only have to wheel round and round his adversary until he was helpless from fatigue, and then he could spear or sabre him.

To recruit for the cavalry, so as to have the maximum weight, with all accoutrements, reduced to thirteen stone or less, it will be necessary that the trooper should not weigh more than nine stone; and as, of course, many recruits will be growing lads, they should not be within some pounds of that weight. The recruits, also, should be made distinctly to understand that if, at any after time of life, they exceed, by more than seven pounds, the weight laid down—that is, if they become above nine stone seven pounds—they would be liable to be dismissed or transferred to either the infantry or artillery. With proper exercise on horseback, and not too much beef and beer, these short men, say from five feet two to five feet five inches, should never exceed nine stone in weight; and a man of this low stature, weighing nine stone, is more powerful from being more compact, and more capable of fatigue, than a man of five feet nine or ten, of ten stone;

while he is generally better formed for riding, and stronger in the saddle.

Let us now see what the weight of the arms and accoutrements should be:—

	lbs.	oz.
A slightly curved sword, which is the best form for both point and edge, in a wooden scabbard covered with leather	2	0
Sword and waist-belt, with pouch filled with twelve rounds	2	8
Single carbine, carrying twenty bullets to the pound, with leather sling	6	0
Or pistol of the same bore . 2 lbs.		
A hunting saddle, with holsters to fasten on with leather surcingle	17	0
Double bridles and head-stalls—one being a light chain—bits, and standing or running martingale, as the horse may require	4	0
Saddle-cloth of thin, finely-woven felt, or double-milled very thick broadcloth, to cover saddle and holsters, with surcingles	1	8
A military cloak, to fasten with two straps behind the saddle	5	0
The trooper in his jack-boots and uniform	126	0
Total	164	0

Or eleven stone ten pounds.

Here is a mounted and very efficiently armed and accoutred soldier, with everything he requires, weighing on his horse eleven stone ten pounds. This leaves a margin of eighteen pounds; and if it is actually necessary that he should, on any particular service, carry his horse's picketing-pin and chain, and some food for himself and horse, it cannot make the weight more than thirteen stone—a weight which

blood-horses can carry well. You can procure them, if Arabs, for 650 rupees, or 65*l.*, on an average; but if Kateewar (though this breed is nearly lost) or Deccanee, for 500 rupees, or 50*l.* Now the irregular cavalry horseman of India in his uniform rarely weighs more than from eight to nine stone, and with all his accoutrements, arms, and khogeer (native saddle), rarely exceeds twelve and a half stone. But then his khogeer, being made of several folds of numdah—a thick sort of felt, without a tree, in two pieces, each some twenty inches long by fifteen deep, and attached over the horse's back-bone by three strong straps of tape—weighs alone from twenty-six to twenty-eight pounds. It is the native saddle used throughout India; it is very easily clung to, and is well adapted to the ease of the rider, who, with his light limbs, is better able to cling to his horse than to keep his seat, like the European, by the muscular power of his thighs and legs. Under the khogeer is a single sheet of felt, called the aragheer; this absorbs the perspiration. Over the khogeer-holsters, and concealing everything, is a piece of thick broadcloth, called the charjama, fastened on by a surcingle, made of sambur or elk leather (which is very soft), and having two light straps—one before, over the front part of the charjama, and the other behind. These keep the saddle-cloth in its place. Then, to prevent this treeless saddle from shifting on the horse's back, there is a cloth-covered rope, which

goes round the horse's neck where it enters the shoulders, and which is attached on each side to the front of the saddle. A similar rope, fastened to either side of the back of the saddle, goes under the horse's tail, and is the native crupper. Both of these are attached loose, and so do not fray the horse. The girth is made of several folds of a soft cotton cloth, made expressly for the purpose, and having a strong but narrow strap, or thong of leather, fastened to one angle of a sort of delta-shaped stirrup-iron, while the girth is sewn to the opposite side. To similar irons is attached a strong piece of web, which passes across and over the khogeer; the thong, on each side, serving to loosen or tighten the girth. The standing martingale is invariably used, and is made either of a kind of strong, thick-webbed tape, or of cloth expressly woven for the purpose, and usually dyed red. Either of these is better than any leather, as they never fray the horse's chest. This is not the case with leather, since it becomes hard from the perspiration and constant friction. The bridle is single; but from the part where the rider's hand holds it to the end (which serves for a whip) it is sewn double. As this rein cannot, therefore, run through the hand, the man uses but one hand to it. The head-stall is of leather; but the one to which the martingale is attached is of cord, covered with broadcloth, similar to other fastenings of the saddle. The bits generally used are the ring-snaffle with moveable spikes

(called the choukra); the ring-snaffle with merely square edges, if the horse has a fine mouth, and the central-jointed, light, Mogul curb. The latter has jagged edges and a curb chain, and, though the cheeks or side pieces are short, and consequently have not the powerful leverage of our curb bits, still the joint in the centre and the jagged edge make it a terribly severe bit to a horse whose head is tied down by the standing martingale.

With such tackle, the native horseman of India, being a very light man compared with the muscular Englishman, though he is very wiry, manages the most vicious entire horse, puts him on his haunches, and rides him at speed, with as well-closed ranks as the English dragoon. The great power he has over the horse with this tackle, enables him to turn him at three-quarters speed, and almost within his own length. It enables him also to ride sixty miles at a stretch, without being fatigued; and to do this, spite of his usually leading an almost inactive life, and spite of being in no better training than is acquired by two parades a week and the sentry duty he performs. Not one man only, but many a whole regiment of irregular cavalry will do this; although in their ranks are officers and men seventy years of age. I have seen them at the end of a long march, if about to go on picket duty, prefer sitting on their horses to dismounting. Bad walkers as they are

they do not know what fatigue is on horseback, so accustomed are they from their childhood to the saddle. Now the breaking-in of horses by means of this severe tackle, while it puts them on their haunches, and makes them very handy and manageable, of course takes away, more or less, from their speed, and is liable to cause bog spavins. In a warm climate, however, this is not the detriment to action which it is in a cold climate, while it never hinders the horse taking his rest.

The colt, moreover, is so used to be put back on his haunches, from the time he is taken up after being weaned, that his hocks gradually come to look rather full, showing what in England would immediately be pronounced as spavins and thoroughpins; yet they very rarely lame a horse in India; while, in consequence of the weight being taken much off his forelegs, injuries to those most important parts—upon the soundness of which, from their being the main props and supports of the animal, the safety of the rider depends—are not nearly so common as in Europe. Broken knees are scarcely ever known in an irregular cavalry regiment, and even tripping over any bad ground scarcely ever occurs.

The Commission, now sitting in England, for the Reorganization of the Bengal Army, has advised her Majesty to have all native cavalry irregulars: thus bearing high testimony to this very hard-worked and useful arm. Perhaps, therefore, being myself an

irregular cavalry officer of twenty-four years' experience, I may be permitted to make some remarks, which I trust will give no offence to the officers of the regular cavalry, many of whom, indeed, have been among the very best and most gallant irregular cavalry leaders.

The first and great difference between regular and irregular cavalry is, what is well known to every one in India, though, probably, but to few in England, that the horses, equipments, arms, and accoutrements of the former are furnished by Government, while those of the latter are furnished by themselves. The second great difference is, that the regulars are officered, from the colonel down to the last cornet, like a European regiment of cavalry; having its European troop-commanding officers and subalterns, its adjutant, quartermaster, and veterinary surgeon, and its riding-master (non-commissioned); in all, about twenty-four European officers; while the irregular cavalry regiment has only its commanding officer, the second in command, the adjutant, and the surgeon, European,—the troop-commandants being natives.

The former, being composed of six troops, of fifty men each, which, with the native officers of all ranks, brings up its strength to about three hundred and sixty sabres, costs the Government something like thirty-five thousand rupees (three thousand five hundred pounds) a month. The latter, with the same

number of troops, but each containing from eighty to ninety men—for the number varies in different regiments and contingents—costs the Government from twenty-five thousand rupees (that is, two thousand five hundred pounds) to as low as fifteen thousand rupees (or fifteen hundred pounds) a month. The cavalry of the Hydrabad Contingent, which is not excelled by any in India, drawing pay, on the old scale at forty Hydrabad or thirty-six Company's rupees, and on the new at thirty rupees a month, cost Government the higher sum. The cavalry of the Nagpore Force and other contingents, on twenty rupees a month, cost Government less than fifteen thousand rupees. In the calculation of these two, we have, however, left out the cost of the grass or grain for feeding the horses, as well as the prices paid for the regular cavalry horses themselves. This last forms a very heavy item; for even in the Madras and Bombay cavalry, the remounts, on their first purchase, cost Government five hundred and fifty rupees, in cheap seasons; and when they have joined their regiments, and been thoroughly broken in, it is not too much to say that, one with another, they cost seven hundred and fifty rupees a head; while the stud horses in Bengal, the Australian or Cape, must have cost, at the least, a hundred more than this. The case, then, stands thus:—The native regular cavalry of, say, three hundred and seventy sabres, including all ranks, costs Government about thirty-

five thousand rupees, or three thousand five hundred pounds, a month, irrespective of the first price of their horses, or monthly consumption of grain. The irregular cavalry, of five hundred and seventy of all ranks, and when most expénsively paid, costs Government only two thousand five hundred rupees: and this paid in the lower scale amounts to, say, between fourteen to eighteen hundred pounds a month. The former get batta whenever they are out on service, and the Government commissariat provides carriage for them. The latter get nothing but their service ammunition carried for them, nor is the commissariat bound to procure baggage-cattle for either officers or men: they are always obliged to furnish them themselves. The regular cavalry, therefore, as is shown above, is very expensive.

The Madras and Bombay regiments are generally very well mounted; the horses, with the exception of the officers' chargers, being Government property. The report of the Commission in England promises better days for the irregular cavalry, a good portion of which has done right good and gallant service throughout these mutinies; and I am convinced that, if the Government will give them better pay, they are, as a class, more to be depended on than any other in India. With good pay, which makes their sillidaree assamees, or appointments, valuable, being a sufficient provision for a family, these horsemen

would always remain faithful. The service is a very favourite one, and it provides for a class of men who must either be employed in this way, or become robbers. They are descended either from the Mohammedan conquerors of India, or the Pindarees, or Mahratta freebooters. They are born horsemen, and while children the sword is put into their hand to play with. There was such a glut of these races in the market that the late Government formed in the Bengal establishment eighteen regiments of irregular cavalry, and paid them at so small a rate as twenty rupees, or two pounds, a month for man and horse, including the purchase of the animal and his equipments, and the arms, accoutrements, and uniform of the man. The consequence was, that debt became the normal state of irregular cavalry; and that to so great an extent, that the regimental soucar, or banker—who lent money at twelve per cent. per annum on a bond signed by the commanding officer of the regiment, which was the guarantee that the kists, or instalments, should be regularly cut from the men's pay—made so great a profit by this excessive interest, that in many cases, though he never got back the principal, he willingly lent all his money in the regiment. Without these regimental bankers, these regiments would often have been unable to move. But hence arose the chief inducements to the irregular cavalry to throw off their allegiance. First, there was the small

and inadequate pay; any change from which offered to be for the better. Secondly, there was their hopeless state of debt; the mutiny would at least cancel this, and if they survived it, they would start afresh in life.

There is not, throughout the armies of the world, a more respectful, gallant, and hard-working soldier than the irregular horseman of India. Of all the sects of Mahommedans, or castes of Hindoos, the Mohammedan Putan, I think, bears the palm. It was three thousand of the old Nizam's cavalry, most of them Mahommedans, that finally drove the large hordes of the Mahratta horse out of the field. This was before it became the reformed Nizam's cavalry, and was regularly officered by Europeans. They have, up to this day, never forgotten their former prestige; and so much are they dreaded by the Arabs and Rohillas, of whom the turbulent population of the Hydrabad country is chiefly composed, that the latter, even when they are apparently secure within fortresses or walled towns, almost always give themselves up as prisoners, and surrender the place; and the former, who are second to no troops in the world in defence of fortified places, have always been obliged to succumb to the keen sabre of the Nizam's Irregular Horsemen. The Second Regiment of Scinde Irregular Horse was raised in that nursery for horsemen—the Nizam's country. Throughout the mutiny the Nizam's cavalry, or Hydrabad Con-

tingent Cavalry, as it is now denominated, and the Scinde Horse, have remained faithful. Many other levies, and without the high pay enjoyed by these, have also remained faithful; but had all the underpaid levies revolted, it would have been no wonder. Men with arms in their hands will not see their wives and children starve around them.

I must beg the pardon of my reader for this wandering digression. I have been so long and intimately acquainted with the irregular horseman of this part of India, and there are so many among their native officers and men who, I am convinced, would have laid their lives down in defence of my family, that even with the terrible tragedies of Upper India still fresh in my memory, I cannot alienate myself from them. I cannot forget the gallant bearing and faithful conduct of men with whom I have spent twenty-two of the best years of my life. This will be my excuse with the forbearing reader.

But now to return to the formation of irregular cavalry for service in any part of the world. In order to be successful in that, one must not depart far from the practice, founded on experience, of the country in which such cavalry is to be raised and employed. The material, therefore, of the equipments and accoutrements may differ in Europe and Asia; yet there cannot, after all, be any great difference allowed in other respects, as similar duties are expected from all. The dress, or uniform, of

irregular cavalry regiments in India varies in colour. The mundeel, or turban, for the native officer is of red and gold, or blue; the trooper's turban being generally of one colour, red or blue. The alkalick, or native frock-coat, is made of broadcloth. It has no collar, opens at the left side if the wearer is a Mohammedan, on the right if a Hindoo, and has half-a-dozen hooks and eyes to fasten it from the neck to the waist; the skirts cross in front, and come down as low as one inch above the knee. The texture of the cloth denotes the rank of the wearer. The native commissioned officers of all ranks wear the superfine broadcloth, the non-commissioned wear cloth of an inferior quality, and the troopers a coarser kind. The belts of the first have more gold lace than those of the second, but the fine red cloth of which they are made is the same. The trooper's belt, or girdle, is of coarse red cloth. The commissioned officers wear a pouch and cross-belt—full dress with gold lace; undress, patent leather. The non-commissioned officers have patent leather for full dress, plain leather, undress: but these things vary in different regiments. The trooper's pouch is run upon a waist-belt of plain leather; tight trousers dyed a reddish brown in the babool dye, jack-boots and blue steel spurs, buckled on with leather straps, complete the uniform, the colour of which differs in different contingents and regiments.

The European officer assimilates his dress very

much to that of the native officer, except that on service he wears a fore and aft hunting cap covered with red cloth, and a turban, one fold of which comes under his chin, leaving the end open and hanging down behind his neck, to protect him from the sun, or a sabre cut. This is the best working dress for India. It is cool, the neck being in no way covered, unless on a cold night the wearer wishes to put a neckerchief on. In Europe the frock-coat would be worn. The jack-boot is indispensable; for in this country we skirmish through thorn jungles, and scour them as effectually as any hunters on foot would do, if beating for game. Without his long boot, the rider could not do this: he would become disabled by blows and thorns. For the hot weather white cotton cloth is worn by all ranks.

As regards the saddle, the treed-saddle used in Europe would also be the best in India: but many horsemen would require a saddle-cloth, and the best kind would be, as before remarked, a very thick broadcloth; for if it is not thick, it wrinkles up and gets out of shape. The double bridle and bits might still be used, but the curb rein should be a light chain, which could not be cut in two by a sabre. I think the standing martingale might with many horses be used advantageously, especially when the rider has not a strong arm, and the horse is large and powerful. I myself always use double reins, running martingale, and English hunting saddle; and I have

never seen any native broken-in horses excel my own in turning at speed: but then I use all my horses as hog-hunters. The disadvantages of the standing martingale are, that a horse cannot jump height so well as with a free head, and that his pace is more or less injured; but the advantages which the rider derives from the greater control he has over the horse, more than counterbalance these defects. A native horseman prefers a colt, not more than three years old, whose joints are not stiff, that he may put him upon his haunches, and teach him the peculiar paces that, according to his idea, are necessary in a war-horse. The Mahrattas, perhaps, are the best horse-breakers in India; they are very patient, giving a colt or filly full six months to learn thoroughly each of the paces. They take up the animal at between two and three years old, teach him first to walk fast, and turn about thoroughly when walking; then they teach him to trot for as many months more; and then to canter and gallop and turn at speed. Their horses consequently rarely understand being pulled up from speed by our bits and tackle. Nothing is so likely to injure horses' hocks as stopping him at speed, and I do not see the occasion for it; for if a horse will always obey the bridles and turn, you can ride him at speed up to the edge of a deep ravine or a precipice, in a country which you have never hunted before, and if the place is impracticable, you turn him and lose no time.

The plan of arming cavalry with double-barrelled rifle carbines and revolver pistols, making them think much of fire-arms, seems to me, I must say, of very doubtful advantage. If you teach the trooper to shoot very accurately with his rifle carbine, with raised sights at long distances, he will be filled with the idea that he can kill his enemy with it; and instead of closing with him, and using his lance or his sword, he will stop to shoot. Now, fire-arms are generally used, or should be used by cavalry, for skirmishing; and thus, since a man with his horse presents a mark at least eight times as large as the infantry rifleman lying down, he can scarcely expect, if both are equally good shots, to hit his enemy before he or his horse are disabled: the more so, that the rifleman is armed with a finer weapon, and is most probably hidden, or partially hidden, behind a tree, stone, or bush. But let the cavalry skirmisher put spurs to his horse, and with his spear or his sword go at full speed at the infantry skirmisher, and the odds are all, in my opinion, in favour of the horseman.

We, who are in the habit of firing at deer and other animals going at speed in the jungle, know how much practice it requires to kill them; in short, so much that, for one man who can do this after the practice of half a lifetime, you will find a dozen who can hit stationary objects. Now, the deer has no weapon which may make the hunter fear missing

him; but here the horseman is armed with that which the foot soldier knows he cannot hope to resist, if he fails to kill his enemy before he closes with him. If the rifleman, therefore, fires at the horseman when going as hard as his horse can carry him, at above hundred and twenty yards, the chances are that he will miss or only wound the horse, and has not time to load again. He may, or may not, kill him, if he reserves his fire till his enemy is nearer; but death awaits him almost for certain, if he fails to kill the horse or man; and, if he once turns his back to regain his regiment, unless very close to it, nothing can save him from the swoop of a daring horseman.

Instead, therefore, of wasting money and time in trying to make the mounted branch good rifle-shots, and thus instilling into their minds the notion that fire-arms are superior to the sword and the spear, let us do all we can to make them believe that their horses and selves combined are irresistible. Let us teach them to become, when in the saddle, a part of the animals they bestride. Let us give prizes to the best horsemen, swordsmen, and spearsmen; and let us make a man's promotion dependent upon his possession of these qualifications.

Instead of so much drilling in a body on parade, let the horseman be taught to act singly; for after all, wherever there is resistance, whether from the enemy's cavalry or infantry, after the charge such

resistance separates the body more or less. The issue then depends on individual courage and prowess, and chiefly on horsemanship, and on the capability of the horse to carry the rider on to the end. Woe betide the unfortunate horseman whose animal is done up, or wearied, and, consequently, comes to a standstill! Were his horse as powerful as the largest in Barclay and Perkins's dray-yard, his rider is ripe for being carved by a camp-follower on a fresh pony. His only chance is to jump off and fight it out on foot.

My opinion as to the best way of arming light cavalry, so that it shall be able to protect itself at night or in jungles, when and where, as a mounted body, it might be taken at a disadvantage, is to give eighteen men, out of a troop of eighty, the sabre and the rifled percussion carbine, or, if you will, the double-barrelled carbine; the loading of this, however, on horseback is sometimes hazardous. Eighteen others I would arm with a light spear, about eight feet long, the shaft of bamboo, shod at the lower end with iron, and having attached to it, at about a foot from the point, a small light flag, red, or whatever is the colour of the uniform of the regiment. The iron end answers also the purpose of a capital bloodless weapon for disarming prisoners. It is carried on the left side, in an iron ring fixed to the stirrup, and by a thong of leather, sewn at about four or five feet from the lower end, which the rider puts round his

bridle arm. In this way, if he wishes, he can use his sword, while carrying the spear on the sling, which partially protects the left, or undefended side. These spearsmen make first-rate skirmishers, and can reach their foe at a distance, picking him out of a bush, where swordsmen cannot touch him. The spear is never carried when the trooper goes on dismounted duty or services.

Thus, out of eighty men in each troop, we have eighteen carbineers and eighteen spearsmen, the latter having also pistols and swords. The remaining forty-four are armed with the sabre and pistol. This latter should be of the same bore, say, to carry twenty bullets to the pound, as the rifled carbine; but it should be light, not more than six inches long in the barrel, and carried always in a holster on the waist-belt; it is then useful when the man is separated, owing to whatever cause, from his horse, or if he is wounded in the sword-arm, or is going on dismounted service. In the latter case, a trooper, carrying his pistol in his left hand at full-cock, and his sword in his right, is no mean antagonist; and if he is storming a place defended by men armed with fire-arms, as he gets close, the very act of letting off his pistol in the direction of his enemy disconcerts the aim, and before his foe can load again, the swordsman ought to have come to satisfactory conclusions with him. Even when unloaded, the pistol carried in this manner acts as a kind of shield to ward off many a blow.

It is very certain that the great range obtained by projectiles, and the very large and not easily missed mark that a body of cavalry, either *en masse*, line, or column, of necessity presents when stationary, makes it of the utmost consequence to keep it either out of range or sheltered by the inequality of the ground, until the time for action arrives. If neither of these means of husbanding it are possible, let it be kept in motion, or let it attack. Nothing disheartens the soldier so much as inactivity, when fighting is going on within reach of him. The infantry soldier, if not advancing, may be kept warm by being allowed to let off his piece into the mass of the enemy, or even in their direction, though, perhaps, they are a little out of range. The now and then firing a shot, and having one come into your ranks, is exciting; but sitting on horseback, when all around you are engaged, is anything but a pleasing duty.

The lamented Captain Nolan, in his book on cavalry tactics, has placed on record his opinion, that the way to give cavalry the best chance of piercing a square of infantry is to charge on the front and one of the adjoining sides, with two troops respectively; while a third troop forms opposite the angle of the square, the two sides of which are being charged. The first two troops having drawn the fire, the third rushes down, and is upon the square before it is aware of its approach. This appears a very possible plan of attack, and does not differ much

from hurling successive bodies of horsemen fresh and fresh upon the infantry square. The front of the attacking cavalry should not be more than half the extent of the sides of the square it is charging. Physically, the infantry cannot possibly sustain the shock; but, unfortunately, the idea has taken such strong hold of men's minds that squares of infantry cannot be broken by cavalry, that it is very difficult to eradicate it, or to persuade men to listen to any argument on the subject; though, as Captain Nolan has recorded, the instances have been numerous in which the mounted branch has been successful. But to command success, or, indeed, to employ cavalry against squares of infantry or batteries of guns with any hopes of success, you must have the horses lightly weighted, so that they can move very rapidly. If they are slow in being brought into action, they must be annihilated.

What I have said about small men must not be taken in any way to mean that I think that the lighter man is a better soldier than the larger and heavier man; but that, not being able to procure thorough-bred and speedy horses capable of carrying the large men, you must enlist such men as your horses can carry. I am quite aware how much more formidable cavalry would be if they could be composed of large and powerful thorough-bred horses, capable of carrying large men and their accoutrements. Thus the Circassian cavalry, who, in attack-

ing the Russian infantry, are disposed in the form of a wedge, with the most powerful horse and most courageous man first, and then in ranks of three, five, seven, and so on, meet, we are informed, with great success. Each of these splendid mountaineers has frequently, though devoting himself to death, cut to pieces three of the enemy. Their principal weapon is the sabre; and as the Asiatic uses it with a drawing cut, no one who has not seen wounds inflicted by it when used in this manner, can have an idea of the execution performed. I have seen limbs lopped off, and gashes given, by a light sabre and a light arm, in a way which might have been deemed impossible even for a giant. But this is owing to the keen edge of the sabre, which, as it touches the body or limb, is drawn towards the striker. I have myself nearly divided large wild boars in two in this manner. The Arabs use cavalry in extended order, by moving around their enemy, and suddenly rushing down on any weak point. I believe they rarely, if ever, succeeded in piercing the French squares; though, in Egypt, the Mamelukes, as single horsemen, constantly rode through them; and the famous old Emir Abdoolkadr often escaped by springing his horse clear over the French bayonets.

I think the following movement, for employing cavalry against an infantry square, or against guns, may be worthy of trial. We will suppose the infantry, be it a regiment or battalion, to be moving

on ground not unfavourable for evolutions of horse, when it finds cavalry in its vicinity. If it has no guns, it will, of course, be thrown into a square, and prepare to receive the attack. The leader of the cavalry divides his regiment, which, we will suppose, is composed of four squadrons, into four distinct parts, sending a squadron round, so as to face each side of the square of infantry, but at a distance of half a mile, out of any certain fire, even of rifles. The squadron leaders, having arrived at their ground, again divide these squadrons into troops; one to act as the support, and the other as the attacking party. The former is posted one hundred paces in the rear of the latter.

At a given trumpet-sound, each troop of each squadron files at a trot from either flanks, the right files inclining a little to their left, and the left files to their right, until the leading files of the attacking troops approach to within forty or fifty yards of one another, and form a circular chain of open files, each pair of horsemen being some forty or fifty yards from the next link. They thus form a circle of a mile in diameter, round the squares of infantry. The reserve troops, at the same time and at the same trumpet-sound, form another circle, the files of which should be a little more open, one hundred yards behind the attacking circle. Directly the commanding officer sees that the whole have fronted towards the infantry, he sounds the advance. The

files are still at a trot, and it is taken up in course by each troop trumpeter; and thus each file, being equidistant from the infantry, approaches it at the same time, taking care not to close suddenly towards one another. They approach at this pace, until they are within two hundred yards of the square, when the gallop is sounded; and at fifty yards they charge with a shout. Until these files are as close as this, being quite separate while moving, and thus presenting a mark not at all easily hit, there is very little damage done by the infantry fire; for the cavalry is not *en masse*, or in close array, as would be the case if they charged in closed ranks. Indeed, until they are almost upon the infantry, the hits will be very few; for, under such circumstances, I defy men to take certain aim at such an object.

Nothing, I think, ought to save infantry attacked by bold horsemen in this manner, if they have been well practised at the manœuvre. The reserve, also, rushes in, and thus the infantry, if it withstands the first shock, has to bear a second, and that when its fire has been drawn. The horses, seeing other horses on their flanks, cannot easily turn aside, even if fear of the fire ever causes the horses to swerve. No reserve is required, because, of course, if the cavalry fail, it cannot be pursued by the infantry. It appears to me that guns also would be more successfully attacked in this manner than in any other; because it would be easy enough for horsemen, acting in open

files, as they approached, to avoid round shot, the course of which is so plainly seen. When they approached within reach of grape, spherical-case shot, or shrapnell, of course, these would be used; but one discharge only could be fired before the horsemen were in the battery.

With reference to the employment of the light cavalry, it appears to me that they might be more often used than they are to skirmish in jungle, and over ground which those who do not know from actual experience what properly-equipped horsemen can do, would think impracticable. A horseman even in mountainous countries can go almost wherever an infantry-man can go; indeed if you will limit the latter to the use of his feet, and not allow him to climb by the help of his hands, the active horseman will follow him anywhere, encumbered as he is with his arms. In jungles, too, of high grass and underwood, where the infantry skirmisher is hidden, and where, from the great labour of passing through opposing obstacles, he is soon completely knocked up, the horseman, with his armed heel and leather-protected legs, pushes on; nor can the nearly naked inhabitant of the jungle get away from him. I have seen this constantly done; and with native irregular cavalry I have scoured jungles which appeared impervious to horsemen, and have caught and made prisoners those who ran, which is far more difficult than to cut up those who fight. There is another

thing to be taken into account, and that is, the fear that men who inhabit jungles have of horsemen, when they find that their running away is in vain. The infantry soldier, impeded as he is with his uniform, ball ammunition, accoutrements, musket and bayonet, has no chance of succeeding against an enemy who will not stand to fight. My plan is, in beating the thickest jungles, to employ cavalry. I proceed thus: I draw up my cavalry in line on the nearest piece of clear ground fronting in the direction of the jungles which I wish to beat, and, if possible, upon a path. I explain distinctly to each squadron and troop leader, and to those in command of the reserves, the direction in which I think the enemy are concealed; the cardinal point to which the line of skirmishers is to proceed; the probable number of miles I shall proceed in that direction, if the enemy is not found: and to which hand I shall change front. If there are any objects easily kept sight of, such as hills, I point them out—observing that the camp lies between such and such hills, or that such hills are in such a direction from the camp. I remind them how they are to take any villages belonging to the enemy; how they are to treat unarmed men, and how not to trouble themselves with women or children; that if a body of armed men is met with, either posted among rocks or defended by *abattis*, they are invariably to turn their flank; how they are to give the alarm by firing off two pistol-shots

in succession, and pass the word to me; how that at whatever place the word is given by me, it is to be passed on along the entire link; that no trumpet is to sound except to take up any call given by me, because as little noise as possible should be made; that each pair of horsemen, on the left of the centre, keep sight of the next pair on the right; and those on the right of the centre the next pair on the left.

Non-commissioned officers, with small detachments of about twelve men each, keep in the rear of the centre of their divisions. Thus in a regiment, say of five hundred sabres, having six troops, there are one hundred and fifty men, including non-commissions, who are kept in reserve, but moving in rear of the links. It is the duty of the non-commissioned officer commanding these parties to take care that the links in his division are kept unbroken, and about fifty yards apart if the jungle is moderately thick; for one horseman sees another farther than a man on foot does. The duty of these reserves is also to secure and bring in all prisoners, which leaves the skirmishers free and unencumbered. The secret is to teach every man on the left of the centre to keep in sight his right-hand man, and every one on the right of the centre his left-hand man, and to adapt his pace accordingly; so that, if the line of skirmishers advance, he is to advance to his own proper front, and not to incline, unless he sees a body of the

enemy on either side of him. In this way every living thing in the jungle is kept before the line of skirmishers.

Having thus thoroughly explained to all their duty, I extend them, either from left or right flank, or centre, as required; placing the rear rank man on the left of his front rank man, if the latter is a spearsman and the former a carbine man, or *vice versa*. Spearsmen, however, when in rank, are always front rank men; but if both are swordsmen and wear pistols, it does not matter which is on the right. Having posted these at the distance they are to keep from each other, I place myself in front of the centre files of the regiment, and give the word to advance.

In this way, with a regiment of five hundred horse, I sweep a tract of jungle of about five miles. If I consider it advisable to proceed seven and a half miles in one direction, without changing front, and then change front to my right, the left flank skirmishers, by the time they have wheeled, have gone twelve miles from my first starting-point. I then proceed five miles over the ground to the flank of my right front. I then again change front to my right; and if I take all the four sides of the square before I return to my camp, I have thoroughly searched about one hundred and ten square miles of jungle. The horses, which were on the extreme left of my flank, have gone about thirty miles.

I have, of course, during this *hankwa*, or driving, stopped and watered the horses, and have been out seven hours or so; but no dismounted men could in the same time have beaten half the extent of ground. In fact, there are heavy grass jungles, through which the most determined men cannot go on foot for any length of time: they become utterly exhausted.

There are two or three things to be borne in mind in this skirmishing; such as this: that in rocky ground the sound of the horses' feet is sometimes heard at long distances, and, therefore, on going up slopes of hills, it is advisable to trot; for men who have been on the summit, looking out, are thus caught sight of when you reach the top and look down, as they are going down into nullahs or ravines. On every path or sandy watercourse, you keep your eye down for footmarks; and it is then that the experience of the man who is used to shikar comes into play. If you are beating for rebels, such as Gonds, or other tribes who live in the forest, you must keep a look out on any high or thick trees: for many of the jungle tribes in India live, during the rains, up in the trees, in order to be above the malaria, which, in that season of the year, is so deadly. The art of skirmishing in jungles is as easy to teach as that of skirmishing on the plains, but it is more difficult to learn; because the men can at times only see the files indistinctly on their right and left; and so it requires

much practice to get them in the habit of going straight to their front and to keep the chain unbroken.

There must be something, I think, radically wrong in the way in which young horses are broken in for the cavalry service of the regular armies of Europe. Something must be wanting where there is such a waste of time, and, consequently, of money, in a system that takes from six months to a year to break a horse for the ranks; and when even then he is often broken in only to go steadily in his troop, and will not sufficiently yield to the bit for the rider to be able to take him across country by himself, or to turn him at speed. A colt in this country is bought out of an Arab dealer's lot, or at the fair, or from the Mahratta horse-dealer to-day, and to-morrow he is hog-hunting, or is on parade; and by dint of the sharp bit and standing martingale, he is at once mastered and made to go straight. In a fortnight, he is not known by his awkwardness from horses that have been working in the ranks for years.

He begins to earn his food at once; while the regular cavalry troop-horse first costs the Government from six to twelve months' food—a heavy item in any country—to say nothing of the loss of the trooper's services for the time, nor the pay of riding-masters, rough riders, &c. Supposing that an officer commanding a cavalry brigade on active service has many casualties, from any cause, among his horses, it

is very probable that he may be able to procure as many remounts as he requires. But unless he can break them in at once, so as to bring them into his ranks, of what use are they for the service on which he is employed? Or the war itself may be ended in six months, and then of what use have his remounts been? That system, therefore, can be considered as the only efficient one which breaks in a horse for service at once. A hog-hunter, in India, takes a fresh Arab, that has just been bought out of the dealer's stables, and kills a hog off his back at once! It may be said, indeed, that the Arab horse is very docile; but the same can be done with a Deccanee colt or filly, if well bred.

Whether the system of sillidaree, or irregular horse, as organized for service in India, could be applied to England, I am not prepared to say: but for a threatened invasion, or in an emergency, I do not see why the system should not answer. It is a much more simple way of raising cavalry than any other; and in England, as the class that could take such service would be the yeomanry, and those only who could afford of themselves to purchase horses and arms, it appears to me that it would be no bad policy always to have a certain number of such men acquainted with their duties in each county. They would form a nucleus for light cavalry, by means of which a considerable body could be quickly organized and drilled.

These are the natural protectors of the soil; their interests are bound up with that of the Government, and I suppose that among the sons of each substantial farmer in England, there is one daredevil, whom the schoolmaster can never do anything with, who is always riding bare-backed and scaring his father's colts, or getting the old man into trouble with the squire, from his having been seen with a gun near some favourite pheasant preserve. He generally breaks from control by enlisting into a cavalry regiment bound for foreign service. The first thing his parents hear of him is, perhaps, that he is in India. Now, here is the very material required for a sillidar horseman. His father can afford to mount and equip him, and he himself has pluck and courage for all the rest. He is ready, if required, to go to the world's end, on his father's horse and with his own spurs; for the thirst of adventure is very strong in men of this temperament, and they are only wild in youth, because their love of excitement and adventure cannot be gratified in the sober old country.

The proportion of commissioned and non-commissioned officers to the number of men is, I think, all that remains now to be mentioned. If the regiment of irregular cavalry is to be native, it may be composed of six troops of eighty men a troop. After deducting men on general and regimental duties, men on leave, sick, &c., you will have sixty men, or, with the non-

commissioned, sixty-four or thirty-two files in a troop, and sixty-four in a squadron. If larger than this, they are not so easily handled, nor so correct in their wheeling and dressing. Each of these troops requires a trumpeter, standard-bearer, eight non-commissioned officers of the grade of duffadars, one kote duffadar, one jemadar, one naib rissuldar, and a rissuldar, who is the native troop commanding officer.

To each squadron is assigned an European commissioned officer, either captain or subaltern, who is the squadron commanding officer, and its leader on parade. One European officer, of the rank of major or captain, commands the whole, and is assisted by an adjutant and a medical man, a soldier surgeon. If the regiment is to be composed of Europeans, for service in England or in India, of course the number of commissioned officers must be increased; but I do not think to the extent to which our cavalry regiments are officered. The establishment, therefore, of a native irregular cavalry regiment will be as follows, and will, if properly paid, cost Government two thousand three hundred and seventy pounds a month:—

1 Commandant—European.
3 Captains or subalterns—European.

Squadron Commanding Officers.

1 Adjutant.
1 Surgeon, or assistant-surgeon.
6 Rissuldar, native, commissioned.

Troop Commanding Officers.

6 Naib rissuldars.
6 Jemadars.
6 Kote duffadars.
48 Duffadars.
6 Nishanburdars, or standard-bearers.
6 Trumpeters.
480 Troopers.
1 Woordee major, native, commissioned; and the usual establishment.

Pay and Allowances of an Irregular Regiment of Native Cavalry.

		rs.	
1	Commanding officer, . . .	1,200	per mensem.
3	Captains or subalterns, as squadron commandants, 700 rs. each .	2,100	,,
1	Adjutant, subaltern . . .	600	,,
1	Assistant-surgeon . . .	600	,,
6	Rissuldars, native commanding officers, troop commandants, 3 at 175 rs., 3 at 125 rs. . . .	900	,,
6	Naib Rissuldars, 75 rs. each . .	450	,,
6	Jemadars, at 55 rs. each . .	330	,,

Non-Commissioned Native.

		rs.	
6	Kote duffadars, at 45 rs. each .	270	per mensem.
48	Duffadars, at 35 rs. each . .	1,680	,,
6	Nishanburdars, at 35 rs. each .	210	,,
6	Trumpeters, at 32 rs. each . .	192	,,
480	Troopers, at 30 rs. each . .	14,400	,,
1	Woordee Major, staff. . .	140	,,
	Troop duffadars 6 rs. above their pay, staff	36	,,
	Trumpet-major, staff . .	6	,,
	Bazaar Establishment . .	100	,,
	Forage allowance . . .	60	,,
	Hospital Establishment . .	200	,,
2	Native doctors, 40 rs. each . .	80	,,
	Total . . .	23,700	

As all ranks have always to keep baggage-ponies, and you cannot have a regiment efficient without them, I have put down the pay of European officers higher than it at present is, but still hardly sufficiently high. It is an expensive service to belong to, for an European officer cannot carry his tent and kit, and mount his servants, which is actually necessary when marching from twenty-five to forty miles a day, for less than a hundred rupees a month for baggage-ponies, and then he marches as light as possible.

I have only to add further that the argument with reference to the size of cavalry horses and men may still be considered inconclusive, and, therefore, I wish to say a word or two more on the subject. I will concede the point, and suppose, for the sake of argument, that large blood-horses can be bred to carry, at great speed and with endurance, men and accoutrements weighing some twenty-two stone; and that Government can afford to pay five hundred guineas for each trooper's horse. With this wonderful capability, such cavalry would, as a matter of course, ride down and destroy any lighter cavalry that it met. But how would it be when opposed to artillery and rifle-armed infantry? These large horses and men, in whatever formation they might be, would present a target nearly twice as large as an equal number of moderately-sized horses and men. The shot from either artillery

or infantry would consequently cause nearly double the number of casualties in the larger body; their dead, wounded, and disabled would be in the same proportion. Besides, therefore, their very great prime cost, what an enormous outlay of money would be required to keep such cavalry horsed and efficient! Again, what a large consumption of grain and forage would these large horses require to keep them fit for work during a campaign, and at a time when both grain and forage are often very difficult to procure! It is a well-known fact that small blood-horses require very little forage, and will work well on a few pounds of grain daily, a quantity which the larger horse would starve on. Any considerable number of such costly cavalry could never be kept up by any State during a lengthened war; nor would the advantages derived from their size and weight compensate for the very great expense.

There is but little more to be said on the equipment or arming of the cavalry soldier; but as I advocate the light spear, as made in this country with a bamboo shaft, it is as well to inform my reader that the native horseman does not use it as the English lancer does. He carries his spear point to the front, in a line parallel to the body of his horse; only when he is galloping to the front to meet an enemy, or is in pursuit, or if he is about to engage in single combat, or is skirmishing, he poises the spear over the elbow of his right arm, the point

being held low, within two or three feet of the ground. The weapon is carried at right angles to the horse, and across the man's body. The arm is bent, the thumb and finger grasp tightly the butt of the spear, within about two and a half feet of the thick end, and the horse is manœuvred so as to approach or retire from the foe, or circle round him. When the rider turns his horse to the left, he does not bring the point of the spear from right to left, over the horse's head, but he raises his right and spear hand higher than his own head; and thus turning his horse, he brings the point of the spear at the same moment over and behind the croup and tail, till he has arrived at the spot where his foe is. He has then a partial rest on the elbow of the bridle arm, while the point of the spear is to the left. When the spearsman retreats, the spear point is kept playing immediately behind his horse. When the rider again wishes to turn to the right on his enemy, the hand is raised higher than his head, and the spear carried clear round behind the horse, who at the same time is turned on his haunches. This is called the Mahratta spear exercise; and they aver that young horses broken in this way never shy away from the bright blade, which would be the case if it was brought suddenly in front of their eyes, and over their heads, as in the European manner of using the lance.

It is a beautiful exercise; and to see the rapidity

and precision with which the well-broken horses and first-rate spearsmen will execute their manœuvres, wheeling round and round one another, would much astonish those who are under the impression that a spear is not a deadly weapon, or the spearsman a foe to be dreaded.

In an attack in line, I should direct the spear to be carried in the leather strap on the left arm. It would serve to partly defend that side; and the sabre should be used at the moment of collision. But immediately afterwards, when single combat ensues and becomes the order, or rather disorder, of the day, the spear should be employed. At the first concussion, the spear may be torn out of the hand of the holder, by being buried in the body of his opponent, and there may not be time to extricate it. A rear-rank swordsman might then cut down the defenceless spearsman, thus deprived of his spear, and not having had time to draw his sword.

To the young sportsman, who I trust has obtained some information from my book—to the old sportsman, who has read it, probably with the intention of comparing my system of hunting with his own—and to all other readers, who have read it for amusement —my fair ones particularly—I respectfully wish, one and all, a good-night.

THE END.

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